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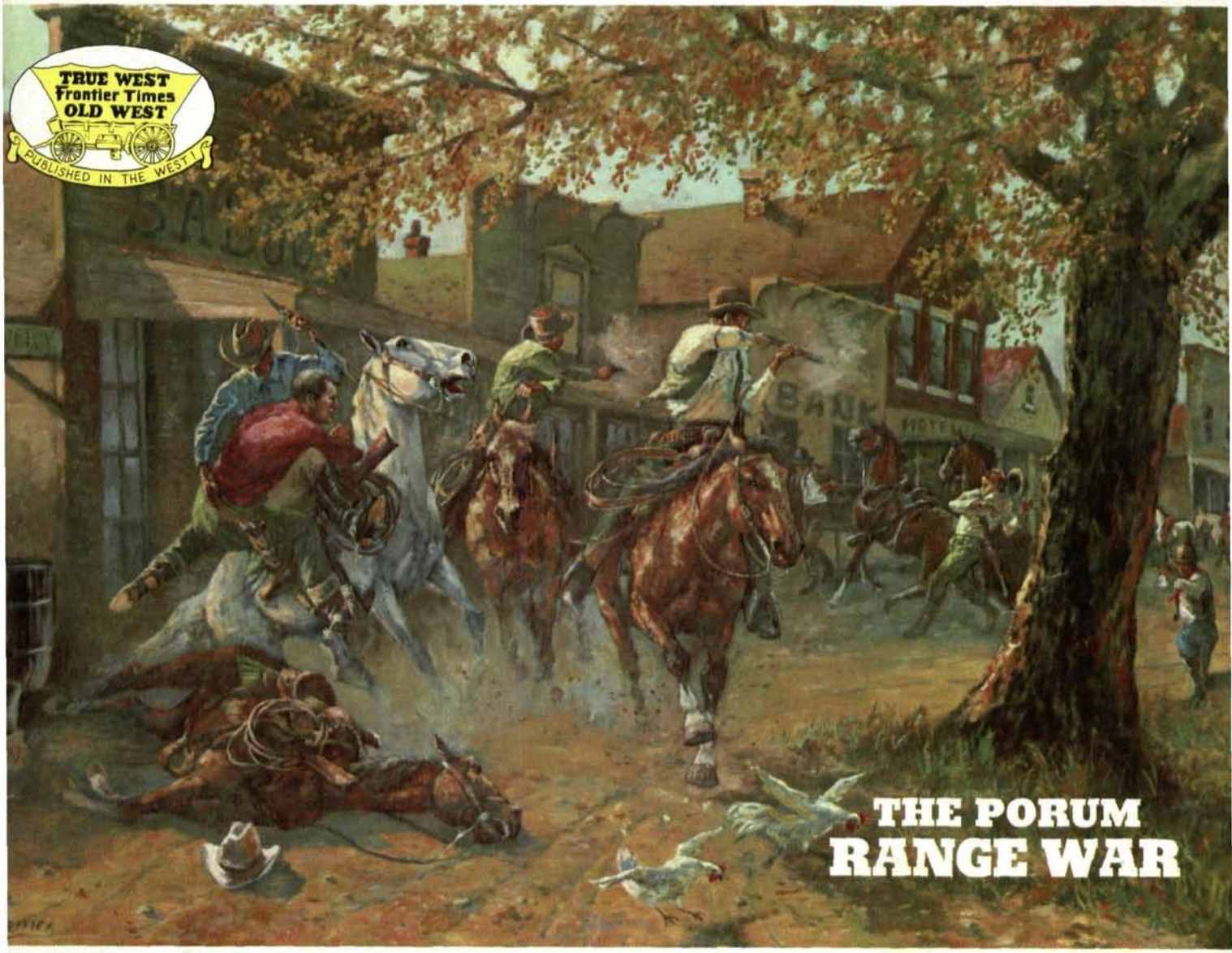

THE PORUM RANGE WAR

FLIGHT FROM THE BOSQUE REDONDO
—the Apaches' desperate gamble

LAST TRAIN THROUGH HELL
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THE THREE MYSTERIES OF INDIAN JOE

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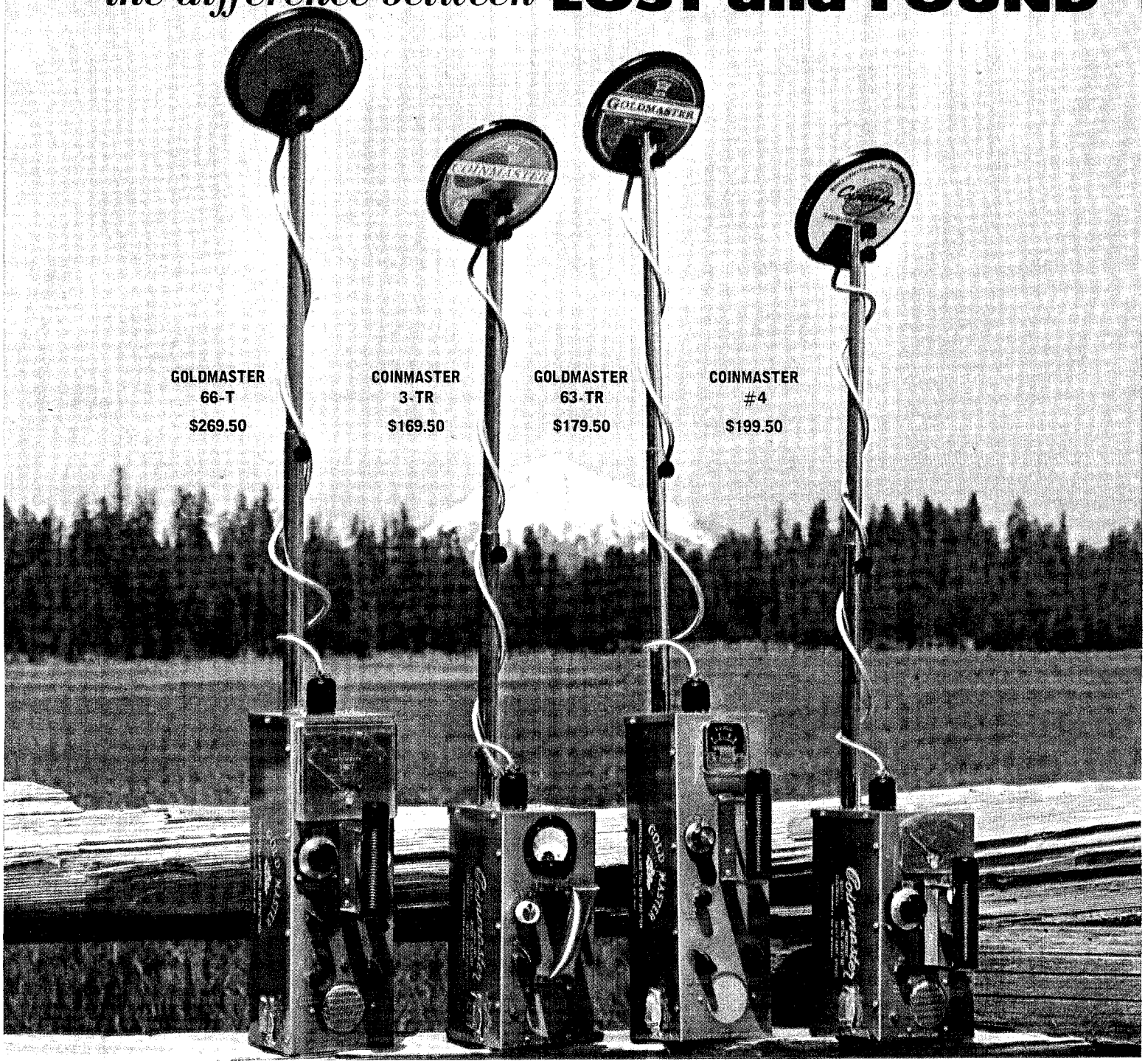

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"The Getaway"

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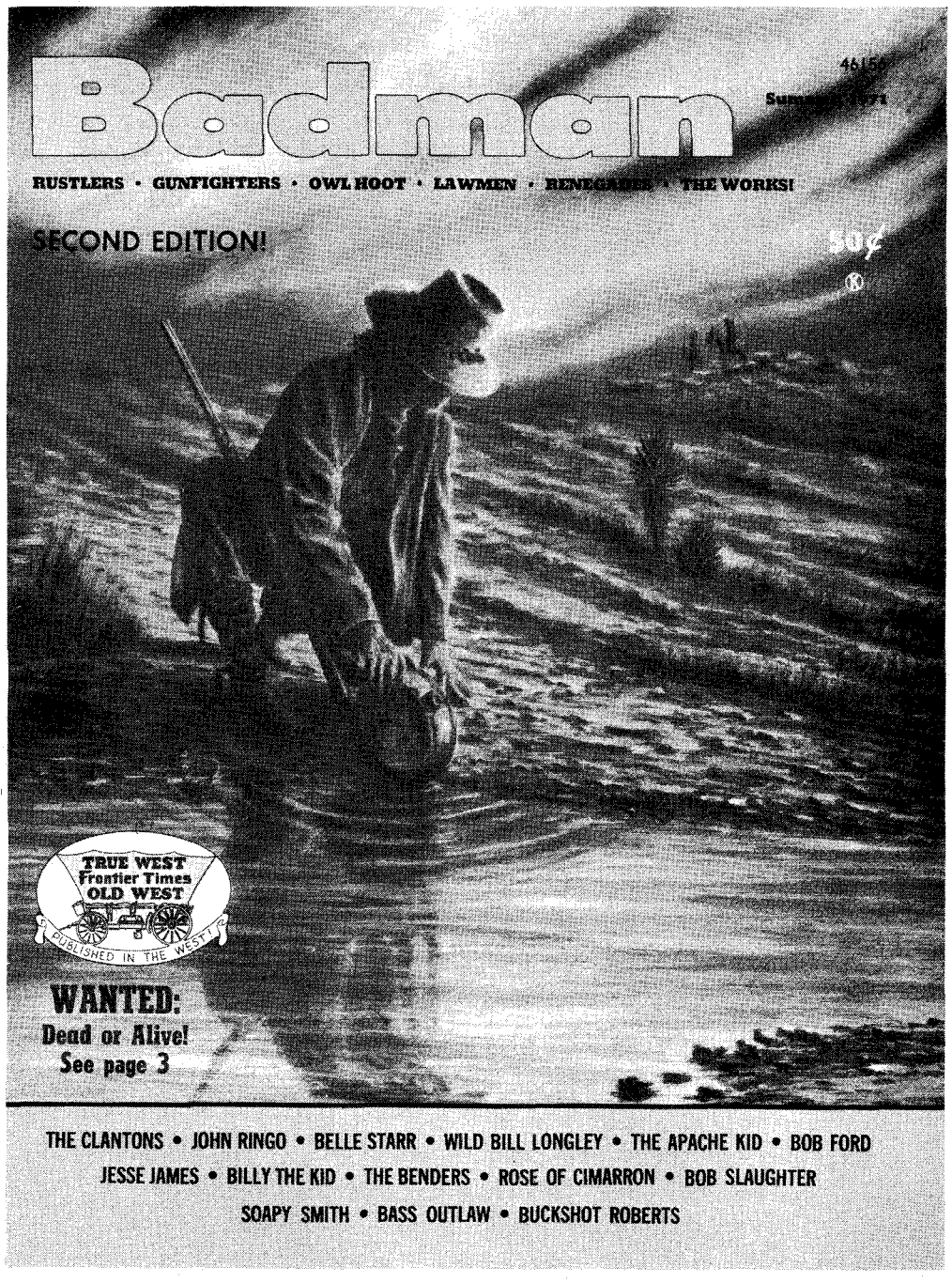

In This Issue—

AVENGER OF SKELETON CANYON
THE MYSTERIOUS JOHN RINGO
OUTLAW QUEEN
WILD BILL LONGLEY
SMOKEY JOE
MAN-EATER OF POWDERHORN CREEK
THE APACHE KID—ARIZONA TERROR
BOB FORD—"THE MAN WHO KILLED JESSE JAMES"
HELLACIOUS YOUNG HELLION
"LET'ER RIP" MONTANA
ROSE OF CIMARRON
THE ROSE OF CIMARRON MYTH
"I SAW THEM KILL SAM BASS"
CABIN OF DEATH
TOO TOUGH TO DIE!
RACE FOR HALF A MILLION
DEVIL'S GRIN
BASS OUTLAW—THE LITTLE WOLF
BUSKSHOT ROBERTS—FIGHTING MAN!
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BAD MAN
MURDER IN THE BITTERROOTS

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Truly Western

Miller's $7,500 Saddle

I read the story of the $5,000 saddle. Z. T. Miller of the 101 Ranch rented that saddle when he showed the Wild West Show in Europe. Zack told me that he showed that saddle to a saddlemaker over there and had him make a finer one which cost $7,500.

After he got out of show business he brought this saddle to my Glenco Plantation home near Jackson, Louisiana. He left the saddle under my bed for more than six months. I would like to know where this saddle is and who owns it now.

It had gold, silver, diamonds and rubies, as well as other stones. Zack and I did a lot of business together. I helped him auction off horses and mules. I also bought lots of mules from him.

My father was the largest breeder of jacks and jennets in the United States. When the war was over, tractors came into use and jacks and mules went out of style. The jacks that my father had sold for $1,000 you could not give away. So we called Zack Miller down here from the 101 Ranch and made a verbal deal with him. He was to take the jacks and jennets and colts off our ranch and sell them. He was to have half the proceeds and we were to have half. He must stand all expenses. He shipped them to the 101 Ranch, but the main point was that he must not bring them back.

We did not hear from Zack for six months. Finally he sent us a wire stating that he could ship us 500 head of good broke Mexican mules for our half of the jack deal and we would pay the freight. I wired him to let them come.

Zack Miller came along with them. Shipped them to Woodville, Mississippi. He said he would have gotten more but they got to shooting at Pancho Villa when he was swimming the mules across the river to the U.S. border. That was during the time Villa was on the run.—R. E. Thompson, Jackson, Louisiana 70748

Recognize Him?

I met this man in 1909 in southern New Mexico. My brother was one of his cowpunchers. In 1912 he sold his cattle and went to work for the Brown outfit at Ashfork, Arizona.

In 1923 he left Arizona telling his brother he was going to Montana. That is the last his brother or any of his old-timey friends heard of him. If still living he would be ninety-four years old. He might have changed his name after leaving Arizona. Anyone who knew him please contact me.—Jack Carter, 8408 Painter Avenue, Whittier, California 90602

Mr. Carter's old friend.

Many Recalled Lazy Susan Table

Would like to thank you for publishing my letter about the old Lazy Susan table in use at Alamo Hueco Ranch before the 1920s rolled around, and its final resting place (a junk pile). One of the Moorehead boys (Sam) wrote me as soon as the letter came out in TRUE WEST that he was sure the old antique was long gone before he was old enough to appreciate its background.

In fact, I had fourteen answers either commenting on the table or giving me addresses that might help locate what I was trying to find out. People are really (as a whole) very kind and helpful to take the time to explain such things and I'm so grateful for their efforts.—Maggie S. Roberson, Box 561, Chino Valley, Arizona 86323

Drowned in a Buffalo Wallow

With reference to a letter "Buffalo Wallows" by Cherokee Pete Williamson, he's 100% right. Having lived in west Texas, eastern New Mexico and western Oklahoma fifty to sixty years ago, I am familiar with these basin-shaped depressions. I played and swam in them as a kid.

And, hard as it is to believe, the large ones in the Texas Panhandle are up to a mile in diameter and forty or more feet deep in the center, below original land surfaces. Having surveyed, farmed and punched cattle on the plains, I can vouch for the above statements.

Due to immense herds and light rainfall, high winds whipped the dry dust out and away, while farther east, with fewer buffalo and damper soil, the wallows in that area "healed over" with vegetation recovering faster.

On Lake Washburn, just east of Amarillo, Texas, I have seen water waves five feet high after a heavy rain and a high westerly wind. That was forty-eight years ago, but at that time, many of us pondered the "why" of those great depressions but others have convinced me that these are truly buffalo wallows.

I have combined fifty to seventy-five bushels of wheat per acre in these "lake beds," we called them, when flatlands nearby produced five to ten bushels. A neighbor of mine drowned in one of these wallows which had twelve feet of water in it.—Lem Ball, 55317 Onaga Trail, Yucca Valley, California 92284

Bones for Sugar Refineries

I was born in 1884 at Cambridge, Nebraska and have seen 125 cars of bones going east to the sugar refineries in the South—before charcoal was used to filter the syrup. Now they use centrifuges.

We had about one acre where buffalo wallowed. Cockleburs were the only thing that did well there. I found an arrowhead and a lead ball (about 16 gauge) among the bones. Every wagon-train had guns for game and protection. Our dad was a carpenter. He built about fifteen schoolhouses. It still takes a day's wages to get a pair of shoes, but why should I complain? I have my sight and hair and can cook, as I am a widower, and batch in my own home.—M. E. Taber, 190 North 3rd, Lebanon, Oregon 97355

The Old and the New

I have been reading TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST for quite a few years and find them very nteresting. I don't believe any of my ancestors had much to do with the West but I enjoy reading what others have done. All the stories about animals have been outstanding—horses, wolves, etc. "The Love of Six-Toed Pete" in the De-

(Continued on page 57)

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By OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author and Ralph Bridewell

When the drama switched from the fence line to the courtroom it was virtually impossible to find an unbiased jury. As the presiding judge remarked, "Men with this many friends should not be fighting and killing."

THE PORUM RANGE

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EQUALING the Lincoln County War in fury, hate, bloodshed and death, the Porum Range War in Indian Territory smoldered, died almost away, then flamed again and again through twenty-five years of suspicion, bickering, fights, gunplay and murder. One bright May day the feud culminated in gun-flaming death to five men at the Pony Starr ranch.

It all began in the 1880s when the Davis family moved from their native Alabama to the Indian Territory, settling near the little village of Porum some twenty miles south of Muskogee. Ranches were few, and long-horned cattle roamed the prairie and the bottoms of the South Canadian River valley in untold numbers.

Among these vast herds was the brand of a prominent rancher who for many years had lived in the Territory, and during roundup the men who worked for Judge Hester, gathering his TLH-Connected brand, rode for a hundred miles in all directions. Judge Hester was a power in the Territory. When the Davises moved into the Judge's territory he felt resentful at the intrusion, just as ranchers have always felt.

From the very start there was bad blood between the two families. Davis' brand was Window Sash, and it was not long before the TLH-Connected was saying how easy it would be to change the TLH to the Window Sash. A simple running iron could do the trick.

Davis prospered and soon the Window Sash brand became almost as numerous on the far-flung range as the TLH-Connected. There were words between Judge Hester and Davis—cool, sharp words showing the distrust and dislike of both parties, and also showing clearly that neither side would give ground. A range war was in the making.

According to newspaper reports taken from an interview with old-timers in 1906, it was not long until a federal marshal, riding under Isaac Parker out of old Fort Smith, appeared at the Davis ranch with a warrant charging cattle stealing. Davis must go before the old "Court of No Appeal" at Fort Smith.

Through the next few years, he was to be charged again and again and taken to Fort Smith, but each time the grand jury found no true bill. In the meantime, his ranch was beginning to show signs of neglect. Davis complained that the charges were deliberately planned to keep him from his work and to allow destruction of his fences, stealing of his herds, and all kinds of harassment. Hester countercharged that Davis was too slick to be convicted, and openly stated that his (Hester's) brand was being altered.

Old Man Davis, as he had become known, had five boys: Cicero, Jack, Bob, Amon and Sam. All were approaching manhood and through their early years had listened to much talk of the cattle king Judge Hester. The "Judge" was always given an inflection of contempt

WAR

Below, an 1889 photo of U.S. Marshal Bud Ledbetter who arrested and brought in for trial Mark Alfred, a rancher who was accused of murdering Cicero Davis, oldest of the Davis boys. Below, at left, an eye-witness to the bloody events at Porum was Charlie Shoemake, eighty-eight, brother of Deputy J. A. Shoemake. He sat in his dray and watched the attack on the Starr ranch. He died in 1963. At far left is the Muskogee courthouse and jail, 20 miles north of Porum, Oklahoma. It was in this building that years of legal hassling between the Davis clan and the Hesters took place.

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

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as it was an honorary title bestowed by the small ranchers who looked up to the eminently successful Hester. But the Davis boys stood in awe of no one.

THE YEARS PASSED and the little squabbles continued with cut fences, burned barns, stolen cattle, and accusations of stealing which were hotly denied by both factions. Then on September 11, 1906, the oldest Davis boy, Cicero, was killed when he stopped to open a gate leading to his ranch. Cicero was a very wealthy man by this time, his holdings estimated at well over $100,000. The Davis spread owned by the boys now covered some two thousand acres, and there was unlimited free range. In a corner of the rail fence near the gate was a grove of small saplings and dense undergrowth. From this cover Cicero was shot with a double-barrel shotgun as he climbed down from the wagon seat to open the gate. He was found there, his head practically blown off.

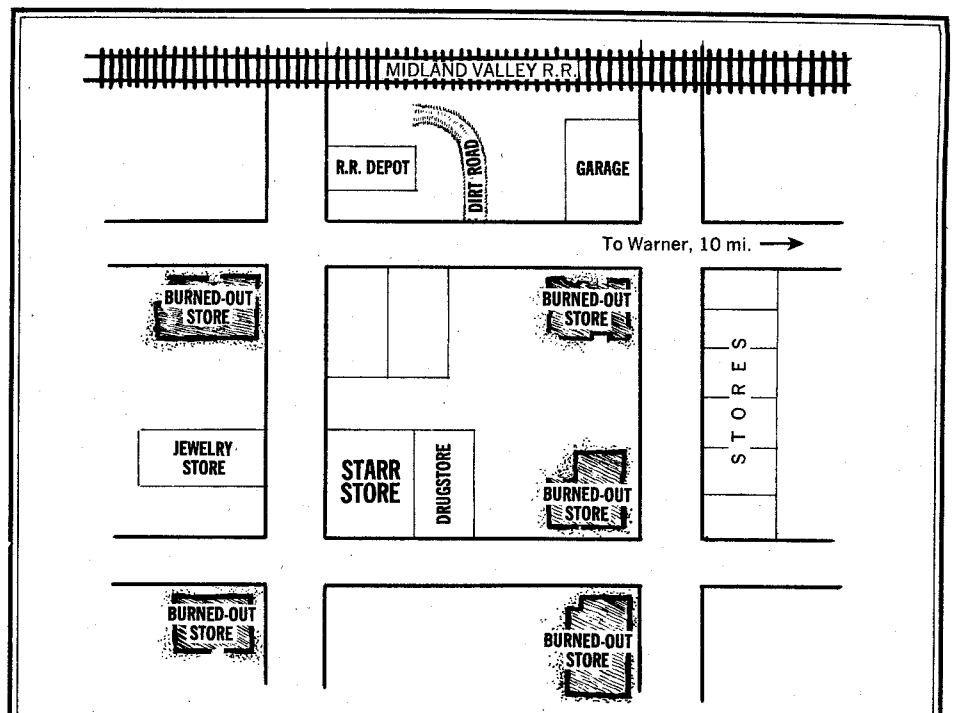
A rancher named Mack Alfred was accused of the killing and bound over for trial. He was arrested and brought in by the famous U.S. Marshal Bud Ledbetter. There was talk, threats, and speculation in the streets of Porum, on the range, wherever the cowboys met, and feelings were high and about equally divided as to whether Cicero's death was deserved or undeserved.

The newspaper account in the Muskogee *Times Democrat* of trial testimony stated, "Mack Alfred had tried to borrow money from the bank at Checotah and had been refused. Somewhere he had been told that Cicero Davis had talked against him to the banker and thus kept him from obtaining the loan. Several people said Mack Alfred had bragged that he would kill Cicero and that he 'needed killing' anyway. One account says he met Cicero and his wife in the road one day and pulled his gun, placing it near Cicero's head and telling him he was going to blow out his 'dirty brains'." It was now said that Cicero's wife begged so pitifully for her husband's life that Alfred relented and permitted them to ride on. Alfred was tried for the murder of Cicero and acquitted.

About the same time that Cicero was killed, an old man who lived alone and was rumored to keep a large amount of cash in his home, was murdered. He was known as Old Man Spivey. The house burned to the ground with the old man inside, but when the body was recovered it clearly showed bullet holes in the skull, indicating that Spivey had been murdered.

For some reason Mack Alfred was accused of this crime also and was arrested, and this time no bond was made for him. At the trial he testified that he did not kill Old Man Spivey but that he had been in a party of four who did. He swore, "I was not in the house, but I went there with Bob Davis, Huck Thornberry and Ben Graham [all members of the Davis faction] and I held the horses while they all went in to rob the old man. I was supposed to warn them if anyone was coming. I waited and waited, and pretty soon I heard a couple of shots and then they all came running out and we got out of there fast. Bob Davis had got the old man's money, but he didn't divide it that night. We got pretty anxious to get that money divided, and it was three whole weeks before Bob got around to dividing it. There was only $1,500, or so Bob claimed."

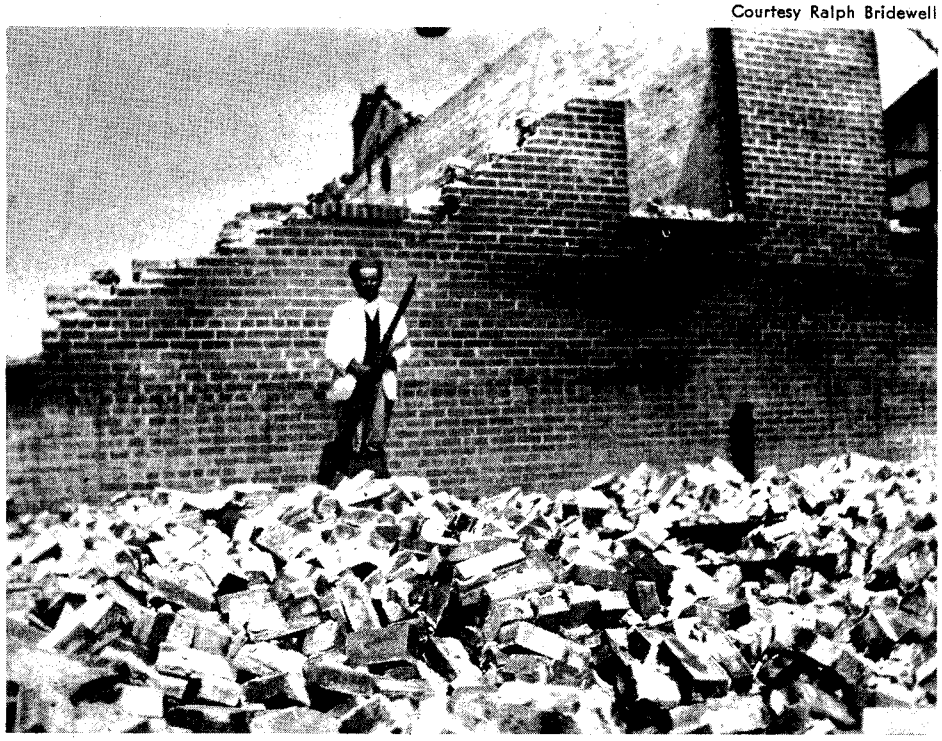
On July 23, 1907, just before the trial of the four was to come up, Mack Alfred too met death—met it at the same gate and in the same way as had Cicero Davis. Alfred and his wife had been to Porum to buy groceries and, returning home by the same road Cicero Davis had traveled, they pulled up to the gate and Mack jumped down to open it while his



This diagram of downtown Porum, Oklahoma in 1913 was provided by Mr. Ralph Bridewell, who lived in the Porum area from 1900 to 1913. The Starr family (relationship to Pony Starr unknown) owned a mercantile store in town. During the feud years various stores burned down mysteriously.

A guard watches over the charred rubble of a Porum business establishment after one of the many unexplained fires in the town.

Courtesy Ralph Bridewell



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wife held the reins. Once again a double-barrel shotgun bellowed, and once again a man fell dead, his head almost blown from his body.

"Drive right on through that gate and don't look back, Ma'am," came a command from the same clump of bushes that had shielded the killer of Cicero Davis, "and you won't be hurt at all."

Thus the star witness died and Bob Davis, Huck Thornberry and Ben Graham were acquitted.

NOW the two factions had on open, unmendable break. Cowboys riding the range swerved off at the approach of riders from the opposite faction and were under orders to guard the fences and the cattle with extra care. All riders knew that trouble was brewing; all carried Winchesters in their saddle boots, and .45 or .38 pistols strapped to their hips or stuck in their waistbands.

In Porum, tense now and watchful, they met and passed on the board sidewalks, their jingling spurs tinkling in defiance, without a nod or a greeting, each reluctant to give an inch yet each knowing the slightest incident could flare forth in a war that would see men, many of them innocent, dying. So an uneasy peace was kept.

Charges of cattle stealing and fence cutting were frequent and the Muskogee *Daily Phoenix* and the Muskogee *Democrat* printed scarcely an issue which did not attest to the fact that a first-class war was brewing at Porum.

The Davis ranch house. Joe Davis shot Deputy Work from one of the upstairs windows.

On May 4, 1911, when the Davis boys and Pony Starr (cousin of the infamous Henry Starr) were already under thousands of dollars in bond for appearance in court on cattle rustling charges Deputy Sheriff Jim Work and Bud Robertson went once again to the ranch of Bob Davis to serve a warrant for cattle stealing. The following day headlines the full width of the Muskogee *Daily Phoenix* and in letters two inches high, proclaimed: "Posse threatening to lynch Bob Davis. Special Train rushed to Porum by Sheriff Wisener. Another chapter of the bloody Davis Cattle Feud written yesterday."

In a box with dark letters, and in capital letters, appeared the following:

WANTED FOR MURDER.

BOB DAVIS, age 40, height 5′ 11″, weight 175, Eyes Blue, hair brown.

LEONARD MCCULLOUGH, age 20, height 6 ft. 170 lbs.

AMON DAVIS, the description of McCullough fits Amon Davis very closely.

The inflaming story continued: "Another chapter in the blood-stained history of the Davis Feud was written in blood yesterday in the little town of Porum when Jim Work, deputy marshal out of Muskogee, was murdered by Bob Davis, Amon Davis, and Leonard McCullough. Deputy Work was shot through the stomach while the three killers hid behind the hay in the Davis barn. Feelings are running high in the sleepy little town of Porum and there is much talk of lynching by grim, tight-lipped ranchers.

"A special train loaded with twenty deputies has been rushed to the little town along with riot guns and plenty of high-powered Winchesters. Armed posses are roaming the streets and scouring the woods in a search for the killers. It is the consensus of opinion that the men will never be taken alive, and is a well-known fact that all are excellent shots. Davis can put one bullet on top of another time after time at a distance of fifteen paces."

The news went on that the wanted men were hiding in the home of one of the Davis boys, and there was talk of burning the house down. Crowds gathered and talk ran high. Once again Sheriff Wisener of Muskogee sent out a special car over the Midland Valley to Porum, carrying riot guns and rifles and twelve deputy sheriffs. This train left Muskogee at 12:30, midnight, arriving at Porum at 1:20 a.m., and at 3 o'clock the lone telephone wire connecting Porum with the outside world was cut. Porum, seething with hate, fear and fury, was isolated from the world.

"Bob and Amon Davis arrested in Denver, Colorado," screamed the headlines on May 14. According to yellowed newspaper accounts the cause of arrest was an argument with the conductor over their fare. The brothers had tendered money instead of tickets upon boarding a train at Denver, and the conductor demanded they buy a ticket. A detective was on the train and, watching the two men, he thought it strange that one of them was so very awkward. Seemed that he could hardly walk, yet he was not drinking. Then the detective realized that it was some shiny new shoes which caused the awkwardness. Bulletins were out and Colorado had one on the wanted men. The pair was seized and searched. A large sum of money was found, but that was all. Then the detective searched their suitcase and it was here he struck paydirt—their range clothes were in the suitcase, including a well-worn pair of high-heeled cowboy boots.

Amon told it like this: "We rode

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around the posse out of Porum and made for Claremore. Here we bought those damned 'city clothes and civilized shoes.' We changed into them and as soon as we found a hiding place, we were ready to board a train that was westbound. The darned shoes pinched my feet and the 'city clothes' were so tight I could hardly move. I kept pinching at those tight shoes and I even pulled them off so my toes could rest. I'd rather have a hold of a longhorn steer than wear those things. The Indians never thought up any worse torture than 'city clothes.' I knew I'd never be able to wear those shoes all the time and besides I just didn't want to give up my old boots."

The Davis boys were frequent "guests" in the tiny 12-room Porum jail. It was here that Pony Starr and Joe Davis awaited the train to take them to Muskogee to face charges.

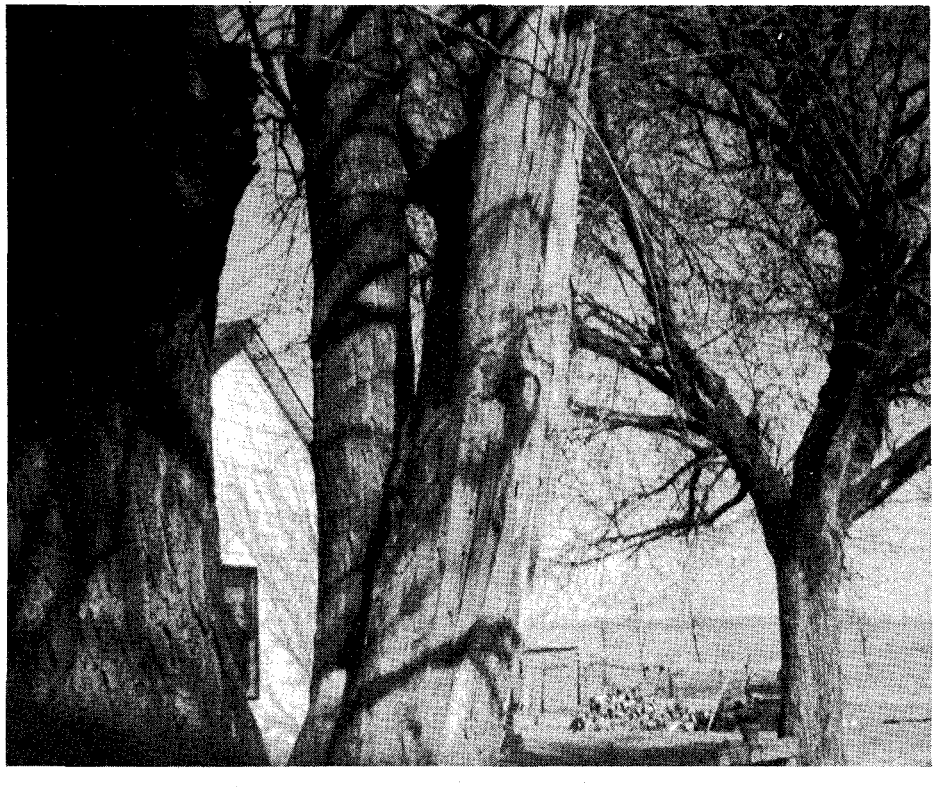
DURING THE long years of trouble Sam Davis had grown old and very wealthy. He had moved into Muskogee and bought a fine home there where he lived in semi-retirement. But everyone knew he was head of the Davis clan, after the death of the father some time before, and it was certain that whenever one of the Davis boys got into trouble Old Man Sam was present with bond money. As a consequence, much of his huge fortune was tied up in bonds for appearances of his brothers in first one cattle rustling charge and then another. Bob and Amon were returned and kept in the Muskogee jail, charged with murder, but this time no bond could be made.

With Bob, Amon, and McCullough safely in jail at Muskogee, and with Jack Davis keeping close to his ranch near Eufaula, the Davises were divided. Old Sam was in Muskogee, too old to get around much and this left Joe, the nineteen-year-old son of Jack, who with his father had been accused and arrested and under bond for cattle stealing several times, to keep check on the wide flung empire of the Davises. Joe went often to confer with Pony Starr, as Pony and Joe's father Jack and Uncle Bob had many cattle interests together.

It was while Bob and Amon were in jail that Judge Hester swore out a writ of replevin for twenty-two head of cattle which had been found in the Davis and Starr pasture and which Hester claimed had been stolen from him. Davis and Starr countered that the cattle were theirs, and Hester was trying to steal them. The cattle were removed to the Hester ranch, nevertheless.

Judge Hester had one son, Clifford, eighteen, who according to old-timers around Porum, was arrogant and somewhat spoiled by his father. A day or so after the removal of the cattle, Deputy Sheriff Dobson of Muskogee was sent to

Bullet-scarred trees remain on the old Pony Starr property.



Nina Starr (left), the daughter of Pony Starr, who at age eight saw the killings at the Starr ranch. Olevia Myers stands at right.

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Porum to serve Starr and Davis' writ of replevin on Judge Hester. Dobson told Deputy Bud Robertson he wanted him along when he served the writ, and Robertson replied, "You'd better take that writ right back to Muskogee and forget you ever had it. There's liable to be trouble out there like there was at the Davis ranch."

Deputy Dobson then chose Deputy J. A. Shoemake, who ran a butcher shop in Porum, and Charlie McClure, a rancher who had been deputized, to go along with him to serve the writ of replevin on Hester and return the cattle to the Starr ranch.

Joe Davis and Pony Starr met the deputy sheriff at the Porum depot and expressed willingness to accompany him and the deputies to the Hester ranch and return the stock. Dobson said, "That's fine." However, Deputy Shoemake was amazed. "I think that is the worst thing we could do," he said to Starr and Davis. "Old Man Hester is gonna be frothing at the mouth he'll be so mad, and there will be shooting if you boys go as sure as God made little apples."

McClure agreed with Shoemake. Davis and Starr agreed also and rode only as far as the Starr ranch, which was just on the edge of Porum and on the way to the Hester ranch. From Starr's place the three lawmen rode alone. The dark passions of murder and mob violence were gathering fast.

At the Hester ranch they dismounted and walked slowly, keeping hands away from guns, to where Judge Hester sat on his porch. As they approached he rose to his feet and waited quietly as they climbed the steps and Dobson began to read the writ of replevin on the cattle.

Suddenly from all sides of the ranch house, from the barn, the cow shed, and from every available place that could hide a man, a bunch of masked men poured forth to surround the three deputies. Guns drawn and cocked, they circled the three, and Judge Hester went into action also. Newspaper accounts say Hester put his gun in Dobson's stomach and said through gritted teeth, "Arrest me, huh? I'll blow you in two!"

A couple of the masked men, along with Judge Hester, then took the captured deputies inside the Hester ranch house, telling them they were to remain there quietly or be killed. Then the mob rode for the Starr ranch. Thirsting for blood, they pushed their horses rapidly down a sort of low swale that ended near the Starr ranch house. They halted just in front of the neat white ranch house, inside which Pony Starr, Joe Davis and Mrs. Starr were having coffee at the kitchen table while a pot of turnip greens simmered in an old iron pot on the little wood cookstove.

Mrs. Starr glanced out the kitchen window and remarked, "Pony, look at all those Negroes." Suddenly the thud of bullets was heard slamming into the cabin walls, and the whine of erupting Winchester rifles rang out in all directions. The walls, doors and windows of the little ranch house were riddled with bullets.

The men jumped from the table, Pony

Mr. R. R. Myers points to the bullet-riddled door casing to the old Pony Starr house. The owners of the Starr property today, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parsons, look on.

calling to his wife, "Run for the barn, they're trying to kill us all!" The iron pot exploded, shattered by a bullet, filling the little kitchen with steam. Mrs. Starr ran for the barn nearby, carrying a double-barrel shotgun in her hands. Being a woman meant nothing to the kill-crazy mob. Later Mrs. Starr was to count eight bullet holes in her dress and apron. One masked rider shot five times directly at her, while trying to control his rearing horse, but failed to bring down the fleeing woman. The Muskogee *Times Democrat* reported that Mrs. Starr did a brave thing—when the man threw the heavy empty .45 at her, she caught it in midair and, knowing it was empty, flung it back at her assailant with all her strength. Then she ran on for the barn.

By now two men were already down and others were screaming in pain. Horses, too, were dying and the mob seemed confused. Instead of spreading out they seemed to gather into a tight knot, according to eye-witnesses. Soon a shotgun bellowed from the barn and a man fell with a shattered right arm—almost blown off by the heavy charge of buckshot. The mob broke and ran, gathering up two of their members who lay wounded on the ground, and rode swiftly back toward the Hester ranch.

When it was over, eleven horses were dead or dying, five men were dead or dying, and only three shells remained in the Starr home. Three more shots and the two men and the woman would have been at the mercy of the mob. Mrs. Starr came from the barn with saddled ponies for Pony and Joe Davis. They mounted and rode swiftly toward Porum, passing through almost the entire population of the town which was gathered at a safe distance from the Starr ranch. The people parted to give the swiftly running horses the road and straight through the one street of Porum rode Pony Starr and nineteen-year-old Joe Davis, who this day had reached man's estate.

AT THE beginning of the attack a call had been put through to Sheriff Wisener at Muskogee and within minutes a special train was running to Porum loaded with Wisener, twelve deputies, two doctors (Dr. Claud Thompson and Dr. H. T. Tilly), and a nurse, Miss Margaret Welsh.

The townspeople hurried out to the scene of battle. Amid moaning and dying men they started removing the black stockings from the faces. The first to be

Down the now grassy street in front of this building rode Pony Starr and Joe Davis after the riot at Porum.

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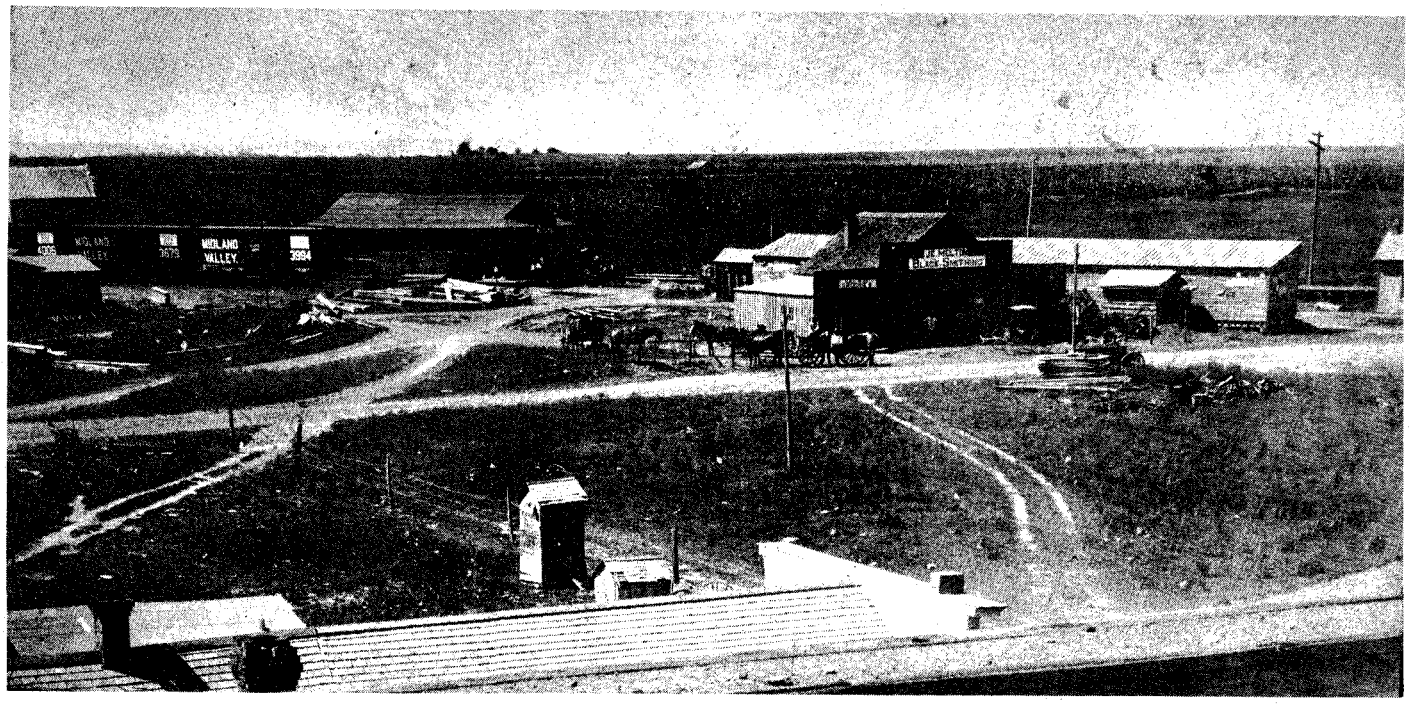


Courtesy Ralph Bridewell

The south portion of Warner, Oklahoma in November 1910. Note the Midland Valley Railroad depot and J. E. Melton's blacksmith shop. John Bridewell ran the shop for Melton.

unmasked was Cliff Hester, shot twice through the stomach. He was still alive. Next was George Maxwell, prominent, wealthy rancher—dead—shot through the right eye. Another black stocking came off—E. A. Maxwell, rancher, clearly dying, shot through the groin. Jesse Maxwell, at one time a deputy sheriff, lay with a badly mangled right arm. Pete Graham, well known farmer whose pale face showed great agony when the black stocking was removed, had a right hip shattered.

Deputy Shoemake told his brother Charlie to get a dray to load the dead and dying in, and to take them to the Porum depot to be loaded on the special which was roaring down the line from Muskogee. Charlie's answer to his brother was, "Get your own transportation. I have stayed out of this, and I aim to keep staying out." A wagon was brought and the dead and wounded were loaded.

Two hundred bullet holes were in the little ranch house, twenty-five of them through the screen kitchen door, the front door had its frame shot completely in two at the lock.

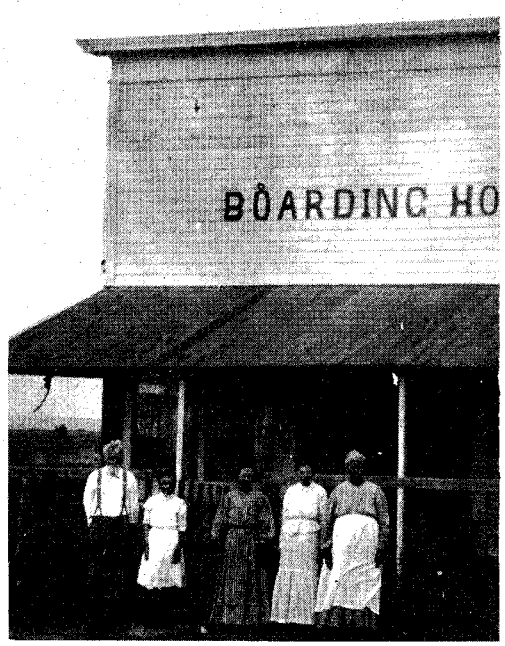
When the special arrived in Porum, armed guards alighted carrying high-powered Winchesters. The doctors and the nurse went quickly to the bleeding and moaning men. Cliff Hester was dying, and that night in the Muskogee hospital he suddenly opened wide his eyes and cried, "They're coming! I won't die —I won't die"—then he was dead. E. A. Maxwell soon followed Cliff Hester in death.

While Cliff Hester and E. A. Maxwell were dying in the Muskogee Hospital, posses were organized in Porum and armed bands of men rode the streets and searched the hills and prairies once again, this time for Joe Davis and Pony Starr who had ridden for the hills in which Bob and Amon Davis and Leonard McCullough had sought refuge only fifteen days before, after the killing of Deputy Jim Work. There was utter chaos. For no better reason than someone had at one time been friendly to the Davis side in the range war, men were whipped, threatened; barns were burned, fences cut, haystacks burned; notes were sent to entire families to get out before sundown. No lights burned in Porum or for miles around on the prairie. No cowboys rode the range. No fences were checked. The range was a battlefield where no man dared venture.

Mrs. Pony Starr went to Muskogee and notified Sheriff Wisener that Pony and Joe would surrender to him if he would give them safe passage to Muskogee. "They ran because of the mob—not for fear of what they had done," Mrs. Starr said. Sheriff Wisener agreed to this demand and arranged to have two deputies, Sam Tuck and Joe Depew, both well known to Joe and Pony, go to the ranch of Joe's father, Jack Davis, near Eufaula where Mrs. Starr told Sheriff Wisener the two men would be. This was on May 31, just about forty-eight hours after the two had ridden away from the scene of carnage at the Starr ranch.

On May 30, the morning after the fight, an old crippled man by the name of Steve Little who had been a cook in the Davis home for many years, went into Porum after mail, and while there was suddenly attacked by six masked men. They took the elderly cripple into a little blacksmith shop near the jail and after beating him until blood ran down his legs, placed a rope around his neck and forced him to go before them to the old Davis ranch, now owned by Bob. There, they made the old man go inside and gather up all the guns in the house, while Bob's wife and two small children looked on. Then driving him, the rope still around his neck, they returned to Porum and once again took the old man inside the blacksmith shop and beat him unmercifully. Soon after they put him on a southbound train, telling him that if he ever came back or tried to go to Muskogee where his friends were, they would kill him.

The old man was crippled, but he had courage. Telling the conductor what had happened, he rode the train till he met a northbound for Muskogee and Old Sam Davis. Steve Little once again rode through Porum! The conductor, knowing the situation, had taken the old man to the rest room and then locked the door, allowing no one in until the train was safely past Porum. In Muskogee, at Sam Davis' home, a doctor was quickly called, as the old man was near collapse. Dr.



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Thompson who attended Little said that it was the most savage beating he had ever seen.

Back at Porum, the long-suffering townspeople who had gone quietly about their own business and taken no part in the range war, suddenly arose en masse in protest. They armed themselves, and a number of them went to the lovely old ranch headquarters of the Davis clan. Bob's wife was there with their two children. These men from Porum patrolled the home in groups, day and night, until Sheriff Wisener appointed six special deputies to go to Porum "to remain until the feud is over."

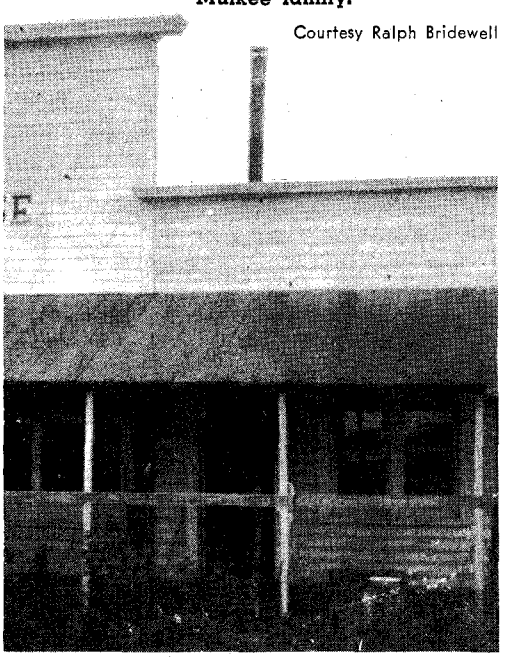
When questioned later the citizens replied, "We were tired of masked mobs and sneak killings. We decided that we'd not have the burning of the Davis ranch and perhaps the murder of a woman and little kids happening right under our noses without putting up a fight."

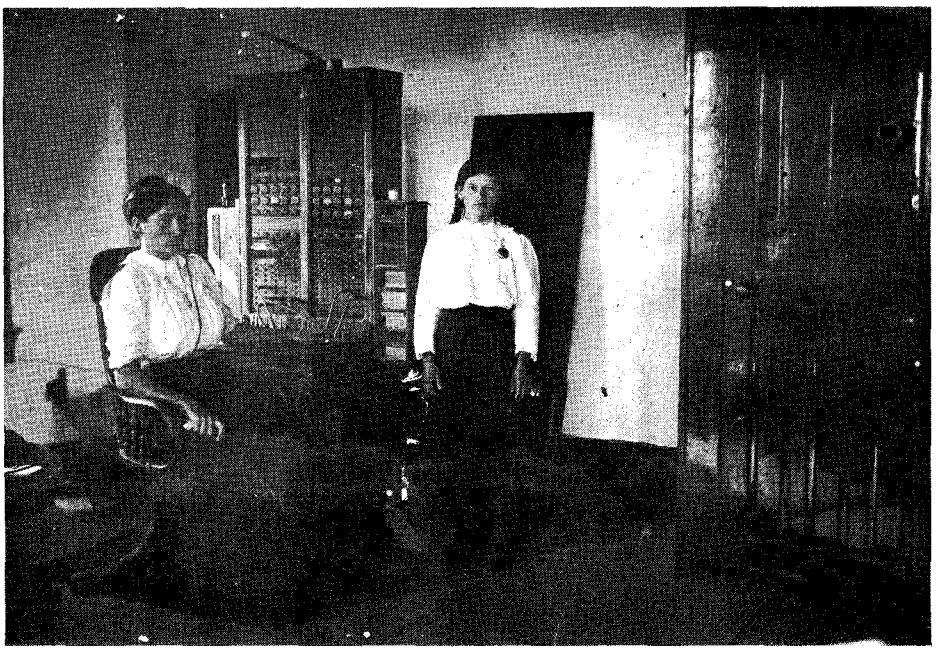
That night Winchesters barked and holes appeared in the darkened home of Charlie McClure, who had been one of the deputies who had gone to the Hester ranch and been held captive. McClure said that he and the other deputies had just taken off when the badly beaten mob returned to the Hester ranch. "They were all scared and milling, and talking about the dead, and trying to take care of the wounded, so we got out of there."

ON MAY 31, about the time Starr and Davis were surrendering to the law, the body of a man, dressed in woman's clothing, was found near the Bob Davis ranch near Checotah. The mask had been torn from the face and he lay dead beside the road, a bullet hole in his neck. He was Sonny Dunnigan, a nephew of the Davises. It was known that he had had a falling out with his uncles and now here was irrevocable proof that he had joined the Hester faction. He, like Cliff Hester, wore a red dress. The Dunnigan ranch joined the Davis holdings near Checotah, and it was asumed that Sonny was trying to reach his home. This brought the number of dead to four.

Boarding house in Warner run by the Mulkee family.

Courtesy Ralph Bridewell





Courtesy Ralph Bridewell

The Bridewell Telephone Exchange was the first in the Warner-Stigler-Webbers Falls area. The first line to Porum was cut three times the first year (1909). Girl at switchboard is Nellie Bridewell, standing is her sister Daisy.

A day or so later a man, never identified, was found dead under a bridge near Ross, a few miles from Porum. It is assumed he was one of the mob as, when found, his coat was on wrong-side-out. There were two rifle bullets in the corpse. This brought the known dead to five, and Charlie Shoemake, who witnessed the fight from beginning to end, flatly stated in 1962 (at the age of eighty-eight) that "The two men carried away by the mob were dead or dying for they hung limp as dishrags over the horses."

The Muskogee *Times Democrat*, on May 31 reported, "Pony Starr and Joe Davis, who held a mob of 30 masked men at bay Monday morning and participated in the fight which resulted in the death of two and the wounding of five, arrived in Muskogee over the Katy at 1:10 this afternoon. They were in charge of Sam Tulk and Joe Depew. Jack Davis was with them. When Pony Starr got off the train, the first person to greet him was his wife. Mrs. Starr threw her arms about his neck and hugged and kissed him. Then Pony picked up his little girl, lifted her from the platform and kissed her. Mrs. Starr clung to his arm until he went to the sheriff's office.

"After the fight Monday Starr and Young Davis went to the ranch of Jack Davis down on the Canadian near Eufaula. It was here where Sam Tulk and Joe Depew found them. They had ridden direct to the ranch after their sensational escape from the mob.

"They all got on the train at Eufaula this morning. When the train passed through Checotah, G. T. (Judge) Hester and Ben Graham were on the platform. Hester had just come from the little cemetery on the hill where he laid to rest his son, Clifford Hester, who was shot in the battle and who died in a Muskogee hospital Monday night. People on the train declare they saw Hester, standing in the rear of the crowd, attempt to draw his gun from his pocket and shoot Pony Starr through the car window. Friends of Starr who were on the platform are said to have caught his arm and prevented a tragedy. Just then the train pulled out. One of the officers who was with Starr said he saw a man draw a gun as if to shoot, but he did not know Hester and did not know whether he was the man who did it.

"When the party reached Muskogee they went directly to the office of Sheriff Wisener. Friends of the boys were there to make bond. After a conference between the district attorney and S. M. Rutherford, attorney for the boys, it was anounced that no warrant would be issued for their arrest in connection with the Porum affair. It was said that they were already under $12,000 bond each. It appears that the affair was clearly a case of self-defense and it will be left for the grand jury to investigate.

"These men will remain in Muskogee and await their trial on larceny charges. Neither of the men were wounded. During the fight a finger on Pony's left hand was nipped by a bullet, but it merely scratched the skin. Joe Davis escaped without a scratch.

" 'We did not want to fight.' said Starr, in talking to his friends. 'When we saw the masked men coming towards the house our first impulse was to try to escape. This we planned to do, but the mob opened fire and we saw no chance to get away at that time, so we stayed and fought. You can tell the world that I was scared.'

"Starr could not give an account of the fight. He said he was in all parts of the

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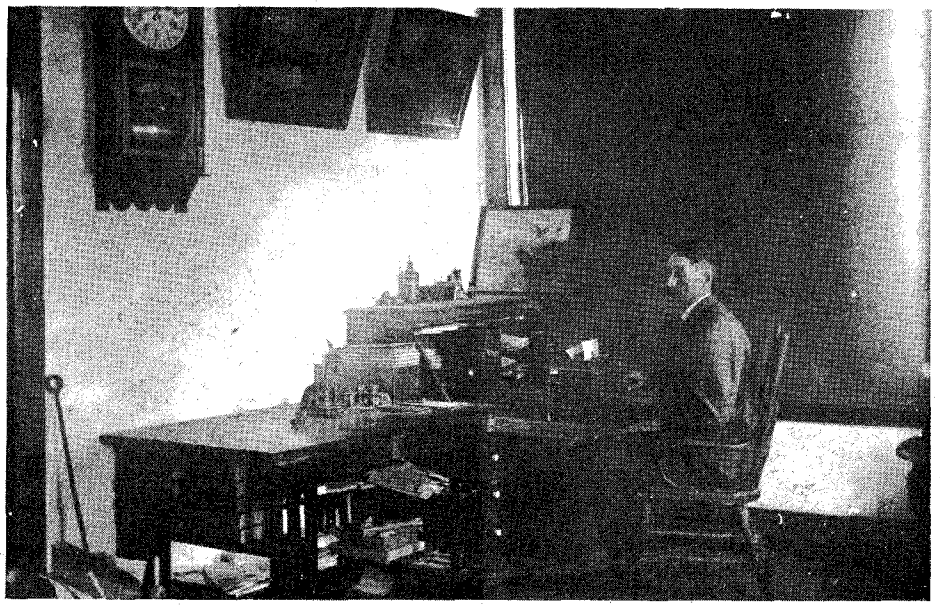


Courtesy Ralph Bridewell

John Bridewell, a Warner lawyer, at work in his office.

house and was too scared to know just where he was. Joe Davis was more calm during the battle. He said that Pony was in the inside of the house firing from a door and a window, while he was at the corner of the house. Only once did the mob get close to Joe, and that was when a board a few inches above his head was struck by bullets and the board was torn out and fell on his head.

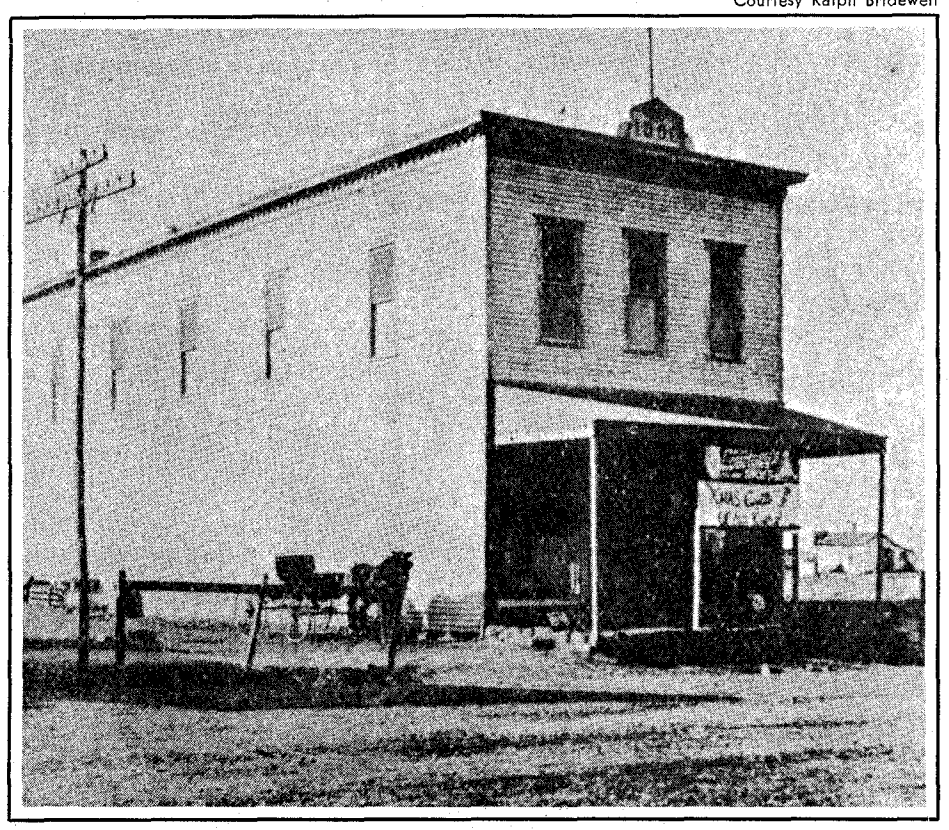
"Judge Allen of the district court this morning called a special grand jury for June 2, whose duty it will be to inquire into the conditions that have existed in and around Porum for the past few months. It is said that the jury will ascertain if possible the names of the men who composed the mob and take some action regarding the men who flogged Steve Little at Porum this morning. Little claims that even though the men were masked he will be able to recognize every one of them.

"Additional trouble is expected at Porum tonight. If the members of the mob attempt to kill Charles McClure it is said that another fight will take place.

"Excitement continued to run high in Porum this morning and all friends of the Davis boys were notified to leave the town and country. The report reached here today that members of the mob had sent word to Charles McClure that they would kill him if he was in Porum tonight. McClure was one of the men who went with Constable Dobson to identify some cattle in the pasture of 'Old Man' Hester."

The C. W. Young store in Warner. One night the store safe was blown open by two charges of explosives, but apparently the noise went unnoticed. Henry Starr was credited with the job.

Courtesy Ralph Bridewell



ON June 1, warrants were issued for the six men accused of the beating of the Davis cook, Steve Little. These warrants named Charlie Terrell, Jack Rigon, J. M. McClure, Dan Doody, Fall Reddin and Fred Oliver, all well known in Porum range country. On June 2 the grand jury convened in the case of the depredations at Porum, and on June 6 almost the entire male population of Porum was in Muskogee for the investigation. So tense was the situation and so dangerous the tempers of the two factions involved that talk flew that if the grand jury turned the men loose they would be killed right there in the courthouse, and on the other hand if they were convicted or a true bill was found the jury would find themselves the target of the guns of the Davis-Starr side of the war.

Thus the situation stood when County Attorney W. E. Disney and Judge DeGraffenried ordered the findings postponed for one day in order to get the courtroom cleared and to issue orders that on the following morning all persons entering the courtroom, either as a witness before the grand jury or as a spectator, should be searched. No weapons of any kind were permitted to be taken into the courtroom—not even a pocket knife. Judge DeGraffenried issued the same orders for the following week when the Davis boys and Starr would be tried for cattle stealing.

Here a note of humor entered as the yellowed records of the *Times Democrat* stated that a man from the East who had bought some land near Muskogee and was down to inspect his purchase entered the courthouse and was at once taken hold of by two deputies, one of whom ran his hands over the Easterner looking for weapons. The Easterner thought he was being robbed of a large amount of money he carried in an inside coat pocket. Screaming for help he had the entire courtroom outside in the hall within seconds, and the deputies stationed in the courtroom held drawn guns and fully expected a massacre by the warring ranchers. When what it was all about was finally explained he smiled rather limply and said, "When I was in Kansas City I read of the Porum range war and some men there told me I was heading into Hell's Half Section, so I was expecting almost anything, I guess."

On June 8 Bob Davis was acquitted in Muskogee of cattle stealing charges, pending jointly against him and Pony Starr. Starr was to be tried in Eufaula as the cattle had been shipped from

(Continued on page 42)

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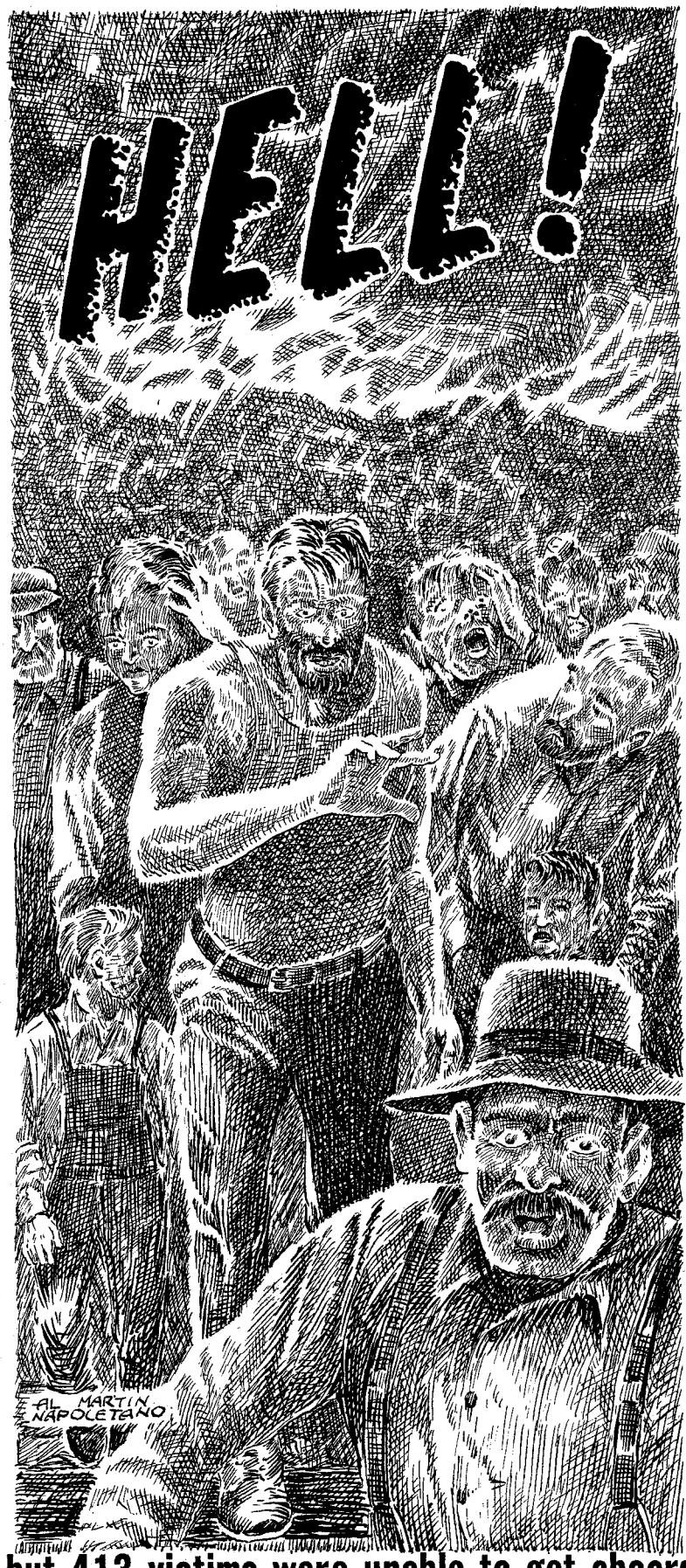
Last Train Through HELL!



—but 413 victims were unable to get aboard!

By FRANK M. FREEMAN
Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

THE TOWN of Hinckley, deep in the woods of eastern Minnesota, was shrouded in a dark blanket of smoke on the morning of September 1, 1894. An encroaching forest fire had turned the skies to a gray leaden color and the sun to a pale red disc. These were ominous signs—but not ominous enough.

The people of Hinckley were not concerned to any great extent over the advancing flames, apparently feeling that their efficient volunteer fire department was capable of beating back the fire if it threatened the community.

Twelve hundred people lived there. The town supported three churches, five hotels, several saloons, a restaurant, eight stores, a sawmill which cut 200,000 board feet of lumber every day, and a railroad roundhouse. Two railroads served Hinckley, both running north to Duluth and southwest to Minneapolis or St. Paul.

At mid-morning of September 1, conditions abruptly changed. The pall of gray which had been enveloping the town lifted for a few moments and everything was bathed in a ghastly yellow light which was not coming from the pale, sickly sun. Buildings and people appeared unnatural in the strange light. When the gray pall once more descended upon the town it was deeper and darker than it had been before.

Shortly after mid-day a stiff wind came in from the south, and riding on the wind were embers of wood which smouldered when they fell in the streets. Suddenly a cloud darker than night appeared over the timbered horizon and the telegraph operator at the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad station in Hinckley received word that Pokegama, a town nine miles south on the line, had been destroyed and most of its inhabitants had been burned to death.

The volunteer fire department was called to the outskirts of Hinckley to combat half a dozen fires which had started almost simultaneously. Father Lawler, the village priest, went running through the streets warning the people: "Run for your lives! Run for your lives!"

He was too late. A hurricane of flame commenced to engulf the town. There was no time to save possessions; frantic mothers hastily snatched up their children and fled in panic. Every man in Hinckley had been fighting the fire but they too now fled, for they realized that stopping its advance was an impossibility.

(Continued on page 48)

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By DEN GALBRAITH

Illustrations by Jackie McFarland

A PLACE CALLED "X" —WHERE THE DIAMONDS LIE!

NO ONE knew much about Cab Tabernor, before or after, except that he was an American adventurer and he had a wild tale about diamonds in that cruel, far-flung wilderness of the Canadian Shield. More cautions men would never believe a story that came from a fast-talking barber, but Tabernor did. Adventurous men want to believe. So that day in 1910, as he sat in a chair in Detroit, he heard the barber talk in a harsh, excited whisper about two old Germans, a waybill, and diamonds found in 1893 in the forlorn, isolated region of northwestern Quebec. Tabernor had heard enough. By the time his hair was cut, he had a 50-50 agreement and that crude waybill of unmapped country in his shirt pocket.

His first move was to go to New York where he checked on the story that the Dutchmen had sold their diamonds to Tiffany's. From the New York jewelers he learned that several large, mysterious stones had come to them from an unknown source. Next stop for Tabernor was Cobalt, Ontario, then the jumping-off point for an unknown northern world. Here he formed the friendship of George "Geordie" MacGregor and Jack O'Flynn and the three hell-for-leather fortune hunters laid their plans for a run on the diamonds.

Geordie MacGregor was a well-known, colorful figure in Canadian mining circles. He and his brother, Robert Alpine MacGregor, known variously as Bob, Alpine, or "The Wee MacGregor," prospected over a lot of Canada and it was Bob, writing for various news media, who finally told the story to readers of the *Canadian Mining Journal.*

CANADA had many wild rushes in the 1890s and early 1900s and many fortunes were made. Harry Oakes, Sandy McIntyre (whose real name was Alexander Oliphant), Benny Hollinger—all were penniless prospectors who were at the right place at the right time. One day sowbelly and beans and sourdough bread, the next beaver coats and limousines.

What part luck played with those prospectors cannot be ascertained, but that they were a hardy, danger-loving breed is a certainty. In the brush for months at a time they scaled ridges, wallowed in the muskegs, tumplined the portages, shot stretches of white water, single-jacked for samples, and drank birch sap and ate willow bark when their water and food gave out.

When the MacGregors needed grubstake money, they trapped marten, mink, muskrat, and wolverine around the wilderness country of Matachewan. Or they might find themselves on one end of a saw in the vast Timagami forests of Ontario. They learned how to care for themselves in the wild back country, living off the land, tobogganing and snowshoeing day after day, packing their own weight with the cruel tumplines plastered to their foreheads with salty sweat.

Booze-soaked trappers, rugged lumberjacks, and fly-bitten, grease-stained prospectors in dirty mackinaws and penetangs penetrated the great pre-Cambrian Shield and found some of America's great mines.

Geordie and Alpine MacGregor were only eighteen miles away when Benny Hollinger and Alec Gillies staked what became the Hollinger Mine, but they might as well have been in the King Albert Hotel in Toronto. Maybe luck does play a part for two lackadaisical

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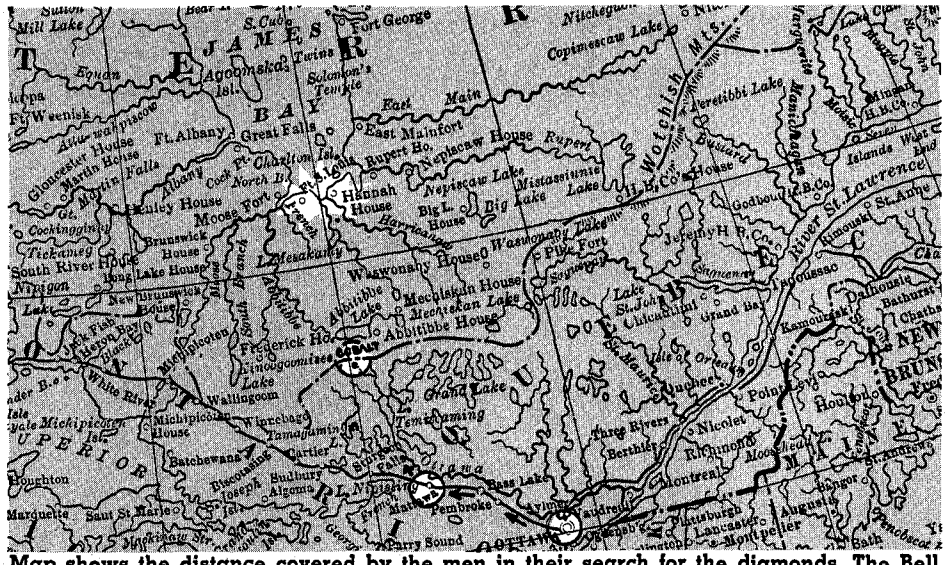

Map shows the distance covered by the men in their search for the diamonds. The Bell and Nottaway Rivers are not indicated on this map, but the X on the waybill was positioned near James Bay.

Map from **Cram's Family Atlas of the World**, 1888

Artist's sketch of Bob MacGregor taken from an old photograph.

prospectors, Bob Mustard and Reube D'Aigle, had eaten a cold lunch on the same outcrop months before Hollinger went into that jack-pine country but hadn't bothered to scrape the moss of a large quartz boulder, shot clear through with gleaming metal.

Bob MacGregor heard about the strike three months later and joined the winter rush. He found no prospects to his liking but took options and tried to sell Sandy McIntyre's claims when that fellow felt more inclined to drink than to do his assessment work. But before those claims became the famous McIntyre Mine, Bob MacGregor had sold his option for a song, dance, and a drink and had headed for Cripple Creek.

The MacGregors never found the Mother Lode but they had unbelievable experiences and a lot of fun. They knew all the great characters of the day, and they wouldn't have traded their memories for all of the gold. Later, when Bob MacGregor told some of those adventures, his favorite was the time Geor-

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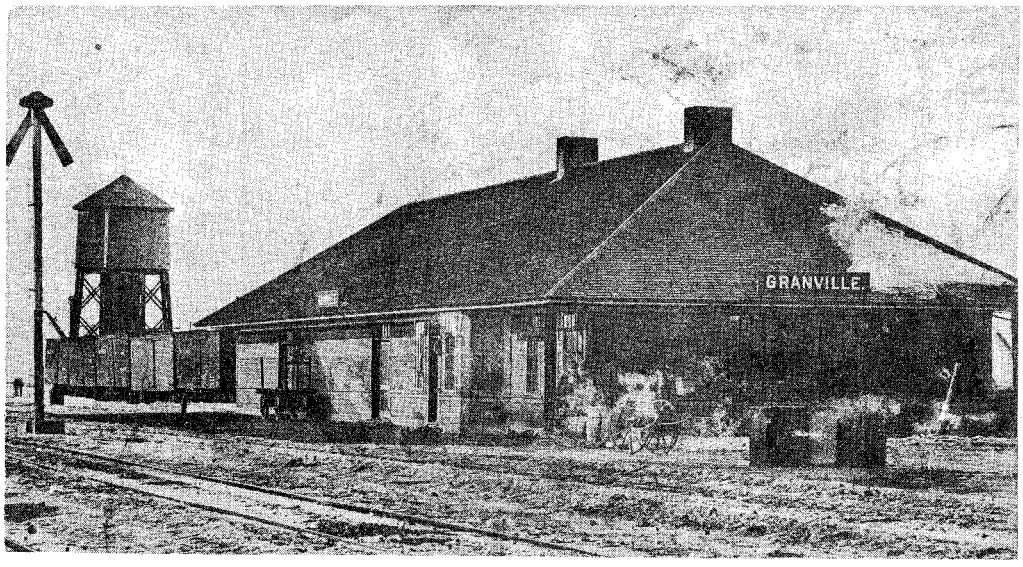


At left, the G.N. Depot at Granville held an answer to one of the mysteries. It was here that Indian Joe's body was discovered. Below (left), a red sandstone marker was placed at Indian Joe's grave. No one knows who was responsible for this act of remembrance.

His origin—His death—The name of the person who mourned him—These were

THE THREE MYSTERIES

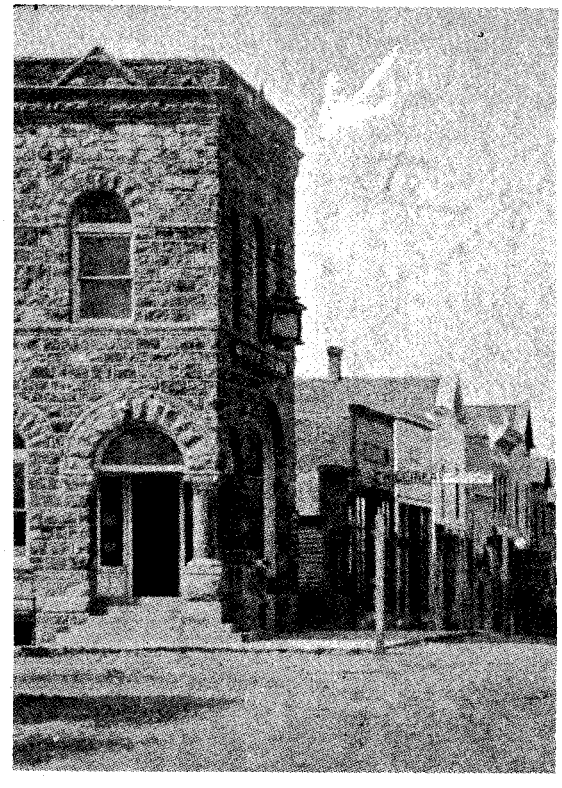
By VERNE BENEDICT

Photos Courtesy Author

THE Great Northern freight train whistled a warning as it approached the intersection of the main street in Granville, North Dakota. When its wheels finally screeched to a stop in the prairie town, the usual number of free-riders disembarked from a dozen of its empty freight cars. The year was 1901.

Among that particular group of drifters was a full-blooded Indian. His reason for leaving the freight was the same as the others—to bum something to eat and get a fresh drink of water from the town pump, then reboard the freight for other parts—better pickin's. But Fate had other plans for this particular Indian, and a most mysterious saga was to start unfolding right then and there.

Granville, a typical prairie town, was



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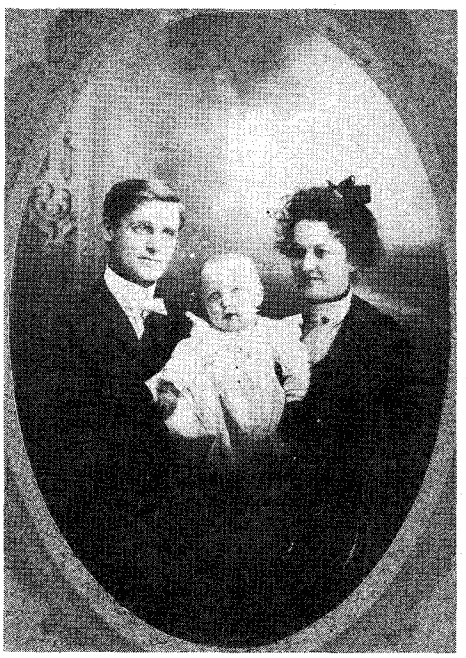
unique in that it was also the terminal for a branch-line which the railroad had built to the Canadian border. That spur, connecting with the main Great Northern, was the reason for an influx of transients coming and going either in legitimate passenger cars, or just riding the rails in the many freights that were part of the prairie's life-line. And it accounted in part for the town's having four hotels with dining rooms, a bank, three livery barns, two pool halls, four general stores and two lumber yards.

The Indian headed straight to the back door of one of the hotel dining rooms, and that's where Fate was waiting. It just so happened that the owner needed a handyman for clean-up, fix-up type of work. He not only owned the hotel dining room, but one of the pool halls as well. After feeding the Indian and offering him a steady job, he asked his name. The only answer he got was "Joe."

JOE was a mysterious figure from the start. About five-feet nine-inches tall, in his mid-thirties, he had long straggly hair and his features indicated he was Sioux. Some thought he probably had come from the reservation at Fort Totten near Devils Lake, but this they only surmised as Joe never revealed anything about his private life. The very name "Joseph" indicated he might have been christened, and might also have explained his speaking passable English.



Clayton Stubbins with his wife Molly and infant son Donald.

Prohibition was in full swing at the time, but there was never a shortage of liquor. Joe swept out the pool hall, kept plenty of fuel piled for the hotel dining room and did a number of odd jobs around the two places. In return he was fed three squares a day, had a place to sleep, and a small amount of spending money. But at regular intervals he would go on a heavy three-day drunk, rendering himself useless. Nobody could ever figure out where he got his whiskey.

Whenever a small group of Indians camped outside Granville, on their way through, Joe would always leave his sleeping quarters and hole up with the group until they moved on again. What went on at these small powwows was never discovered, but most townspeople thought it was only Joe's way of keeping in touch with his fellow tribesmen. He never left with any of them and always returned to his quarters to take up his handy-man chores as soon as his friends departed.

It was a well known fact that a great deal of liquor was smuggled into the state from Canada. Much has been written about the infamous rum-runners of that time. The risk was great, but so was the money. Granville was a lay-over stop for the rum-runners and federal investigators knew it.

One interesting story in that highly illegal business was the close call one such booze-peddler experienced when he stopped at one of the hotels and was having breakfast in the dining room. He was known only as "Zeb", and that was probably an alias. Zeb was sitting at one of the tables enjoying his meal when a well-dressed man sat down across from him and ordered something to eat. As the two men made casual conversation, the stranger revealed himself as a federal man looking for a small, dark-complexioned man who was wanted for smuggling whiskey across the border from Canada.

Zeb asked if he had any leads, and the investigator simply answered that a description like that could cover any one of a dozen men in Granville. Zeb quietly finished his breakfast, got up from the table, said his farewells, then got the hell out of there. Zeb, indeed, was the wanted man.

INDIAN JOE probably could have been the most successful blackmailer in town. People discussed personal and business matters freely in his presence. They figured he was just another Indian who understood and spoke little English; and besides, if he did understand, what could he do about it? Sitting quietly in the corner of the pool hall, unnoticed, Joe mentally absorbed many detailed incidents about some of the town's prominent citizens. He was simply taken for granted.

The only time his tongue would loosen at all was when he was on one of his three-day binges, and even then he was fairly careful about what he said. But that one weakness—liquor—was to be Joe's downfall. Knowing too much was a

(Continued on page 54)

# of INDIAN JOE

At left, Main Street in Granville, North Dakota. The two-story brick building at left is the bank which Clayton Stubbins built and operated.

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GRASS-GROWN STREETS IN SIERRA NEVADA

Part IV

Amador City, Sutter Creek, Jackson, Mokelumne Hill, San Andreas and Carson Hill

FORTY MILES may seem a short day's drive, but with a panorama of gold history drifting along with you, it's the most absorbing stretch along California's storied Highway 49. Such is the picturesque expanse of abandoned mementoes between Amador City and Carson Hill.

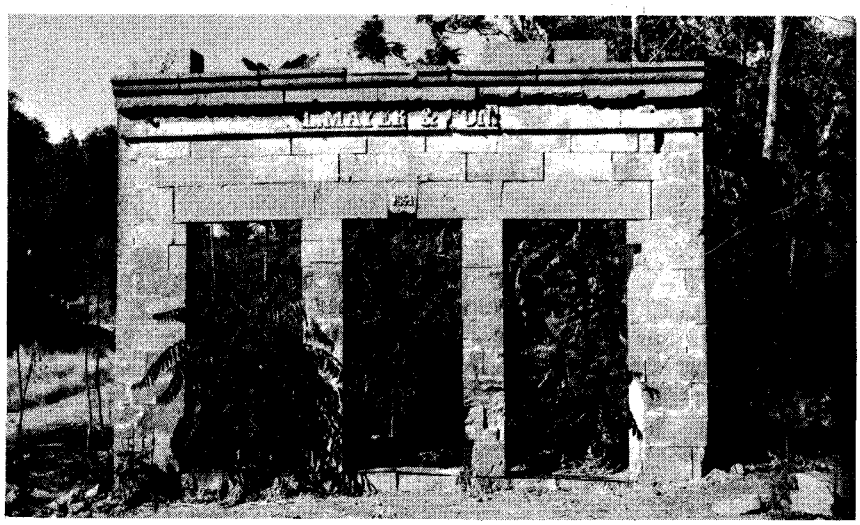
Action began in Amador City five years before the village had a name. Four ministers who had been "saving souls" among the area's camps discovered that while there were no placer deposits available the canyon walls abounded with ledges of gold-rich quartz. They staked their location forthwith, appropriately dubbing it "The Ministers' Claim Mine," and worked it daily. Being true men of the cloth, however, the four still went out nightly to carry the word to lonely prospectors—this after days of toiling with picks and shovels.

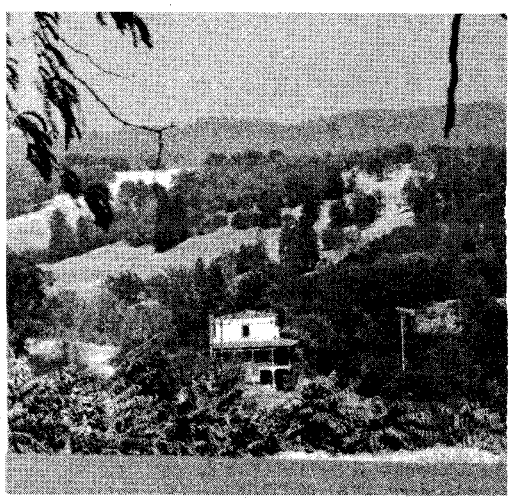
Thus a town was born—and in 1854 the area split from Calaveras County, forming a new county, naming both it and the camp after Jose Maria Amador, a famous miner and Indian fighter of that era.

Amador City grew and prospered until it reached a population of 5,000, and the fabulous Keystone Mine was sunk near the southerly outskirts of town. The old Keystone produced $24,000,000 in gold before its tunnels, shafts and adits were sealed by government order in 1942. Its headframe still sentinels the town's charming remains.

Unlike many of its neighboring communities, Amador City affords some accommodations. The Imperial Hotel is closed, but the Amador was open for guests during my last visit there. The Wells Fargo building, with its secret gold

At left, tailing wheel at the Kennedy Mine in Jackson. Below (left), the Mayer store in Mokelumne Hill.





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vault under the floor, still stands after 120 years. Another point of interest is the old country store.

Although Amador City today is only a crumbling study in the pretentious architecture of the nineteenth century, explore it, stroll its deserted backstreets. On later occasions it will invade your dreams—I know.

Just three country-lane miles south of Amador City is Sutter Creek—a village of perennial appeal for legend-seekers. Sutter Creek's story is one of failure and success—not of the town's, but of two famous citizens: John Sutter and Leland Stanford.

Soon after Jim Marshall discovered gold at Sutter's Mill, the latter gentleman became as discursive as those gold hunters who swarmed over the American River basin. He abandoned his trade and business to establish a huge agricultural empire which he named New Helvetia, and directed from his private fort.

New Helvetia, however, was a short-lived enterprise. Sutter's farm hands deserted for more lucrative work; hordes of prospectors trampled his crops into the ground; and soon the man who had triggered the nation's greatest gold rush was himself on his way to the placer fields, accompanied by an entourage of loyal Indian laborers. But even that attempt to recoup was doomed to failure. Other miners in the area considered the Indians as Sutter's slaves, and drove him from the rivers and creeks. After that the pitiable John Sutter—broke and without property—faded into obscurity.

At the brighter end of the spectrum is the story of Leland Stanford, Sutter Creek's other storied citizen.

Stanford had achieved a modicum of success as a merchant in Sacramento, and with his profits had bought control of the Lincoln Mine at Sutter Creek. Then began a series of setbacks. Exploration work in the Lincoln was fraught with nothing but failures. Finally, Stanford—down to his last dream—offered to sell the mine for $5,000. His foreman, however, persuaded him to hang on, and shortly thereafter the elusive vein was discovered. That foreman—Bob

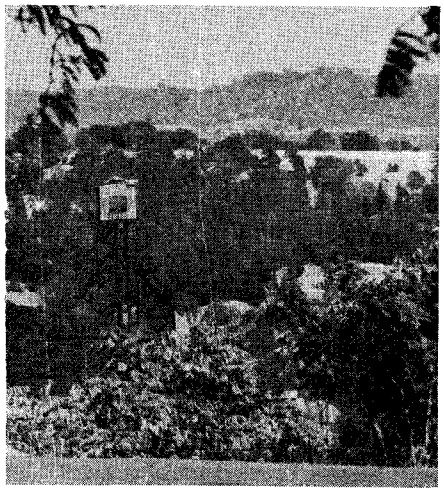
(Continued on page 50)

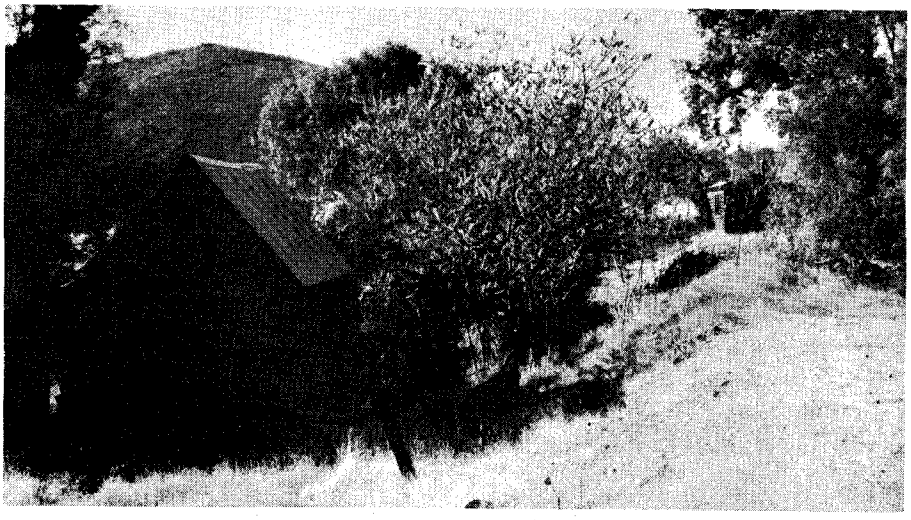
By TOM BARKDULL

Photos Courtesy Author

Above, a carpet of green covers a street in Carson Hill. At right, the old Kennedy Mine headframe at Jackson is 100 feet high and cost $210,000. Below, a plaque at Carson Hill.

Below (left), an abandoned house and hoist in Jackson. At right, the view down a street in Carson Hill.





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Shepard and Thode as a team in southern Arizona in the '30s.

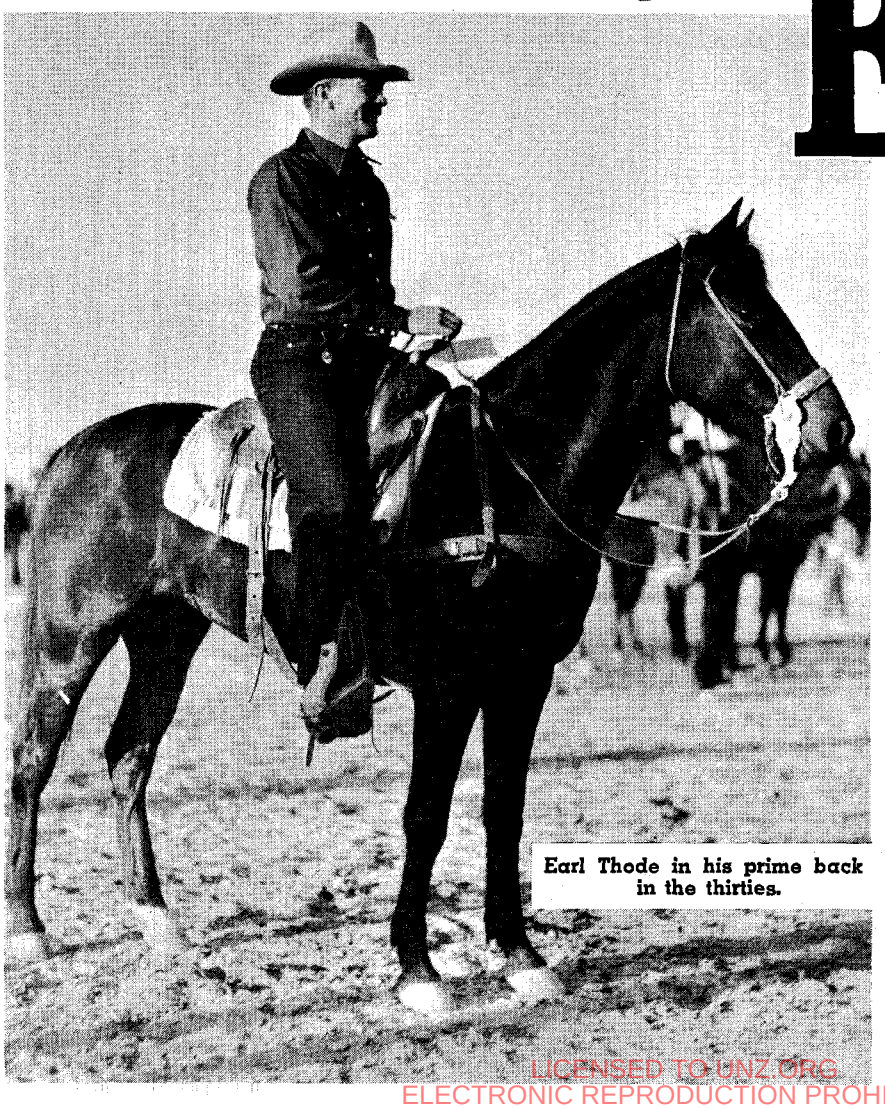
Like many others who left the ranch and entered the chute, "I was just a good bronc rider out of a job."

A MAN must be dead before he is enshrined in the Rodeo Hall of Fame. It's a shame that Earl Thode now qualifies.

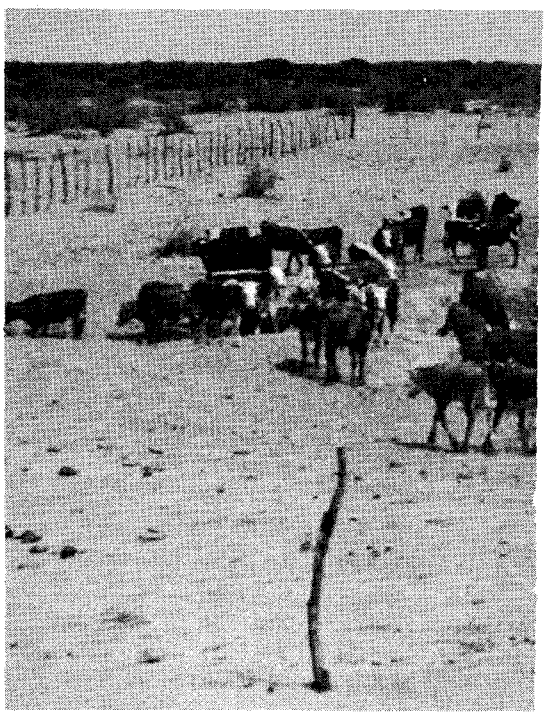
The saddle of the late Earl Thode, first all around World's Champion Cowboy under Rodeo Cowboys Association standards became part of the Rodeo Hall of Fame when it was dedicated as a part of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center in Oklahoma City, December 9, 1965.

Earl Earnest Thode was the fourth son of a western South Dakota rancher, born December 7, 1900 in Belvedere. Earl's father, Earnest, started his sons out early breaking horses for the cow work, and as he watched young Earl he seemed to realize that one day the boy would shine bright. Earl not only

Rodeo Champion EARL



Earl Thode in his prime back in the thirties.



The rancher Earl Thode is show

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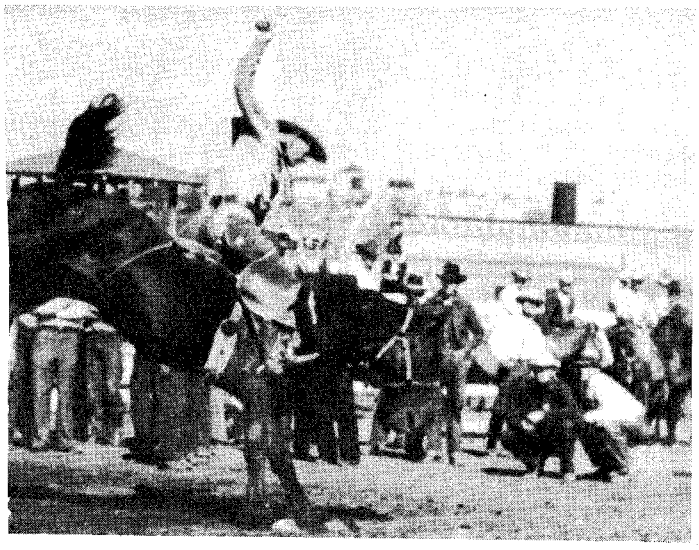

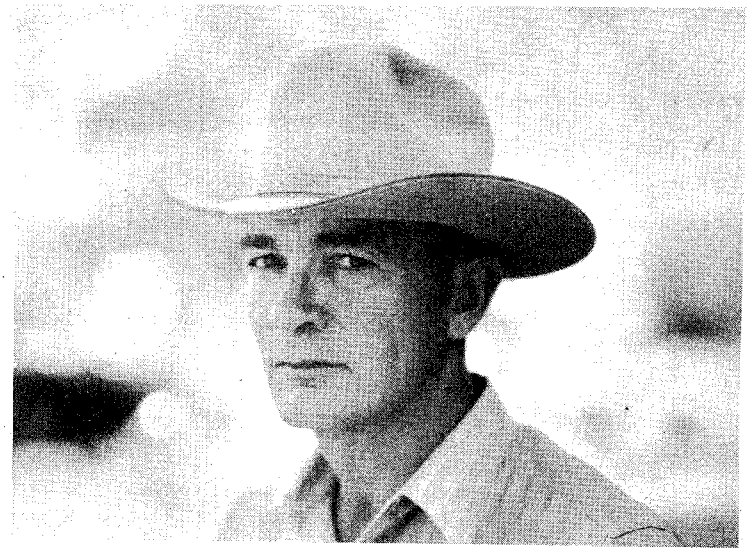

Above, Thode on Midnight at Calgary Stampede. He won world's championship in bronc riding on this horse, the title he held for four years. At right, Earl Thode, the first world champion cowboy under R.C.A. rules back in 1929.

THODE

By DAN WOODS

Photos Courtesy Author

broke horses for his father at the home ranch but for the neighboring ranches. It was commonly agreed that he seemed to have a way with livestock.

Around 1920 the Thode brothers started bronc riding around the local fairs and rodeos at White River, Belle Fourche, Buffalo Gap, and most any place the action was. In 1920 Earl surprised all the old-timers by being declared all around cowboy at the White River roundup. The White River show was considered one of the top ten in the whole country. Two years later Earl made good at another major rodeo by taking the saddle bronc and steer wrestling at Belle Fourche, South Dakota. He failed to take immediate advantage of his fine skill and natural ability, however, and it wasn't until around 1927 that he decided to turn to rodeoing as a career.

Earl Thode was a very quiet, unassuming young man and you'd never know he was on the place, but he soon won respect and recognition in the rodeo world by his ability in the arena. The first pangs of the great depression were being felt in the ranch country when Earl decided that there was more money in the rodeo game than in anything else he could turn his hand to. Like he said, "I was just another good bronc rider out of a job."

Earl won the Cheyenne bronc riding. From there he went northwest, winning and placing in Elsenburg, Shumas, Elko, Nevada; Mount Home, Idaho and Vancouver, British Columbia. After a continued winning streak he moved on to Toronto, Montreal, then down to Detroit, and wound up his rodeo year at New York's great Madison Square Garden, where only the best in the world have a chance. During that period Earl, accompanied by some more rodeo contestants, went to England. He said the bronc riders had to wrap their spurs with cloth, and quirts could not be used.

A consistent money maker during 1928, he started out early by winning the bronc riding in San Antonio, Texas; Tucson and Phoenix, Arizona; and placing at the Ft. Worth, Texas Fat Stock Show. At Madison Square Garden that fall, he won the Ken Maynard Trophy in saddle bronc and dogging.

The following year Earl became the first all around World Champion cowboy under R.C.A. standards, and was World Champion bronc rider for four years. Earl Thode didn't get into his rodeo career until well into his twenties, and in 1935 and '36 he started tapering off. By then he was a married man with a family, ranching in southern Arizona. It was at this time that he helped organize local rodeos over the country, and helped promote the nationally known Junior Parade, started by Charlie Whitlow of Florence, Arizona to raise money for the milk fund for poor kids in that district. And Earl was still considered a top money winner and a dangerous competitor for the younger cowboys.

(Continued on page 49)

as he checks one of his desert water tanks in Southern Arizona.

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By T. J. KERTTULA

Photos Courtesy Author

THEY called Granite the Silver Queen but to me she is the City in the Sky. Perched high on an outjutting ridge of Granite Mountain, she overlooked the broad upper reaches of Flint Creek valley and literally down the chimneys of her sister town, Philipsburg, at the foot of the mountain, some 1,500 feet (in elevation) below. At the approach to Philipsburg's main street one can look up, way way up, and pick out a tan scar high on the mountain. That is the dump of Montana's fabulous Granite Mountain Mine.

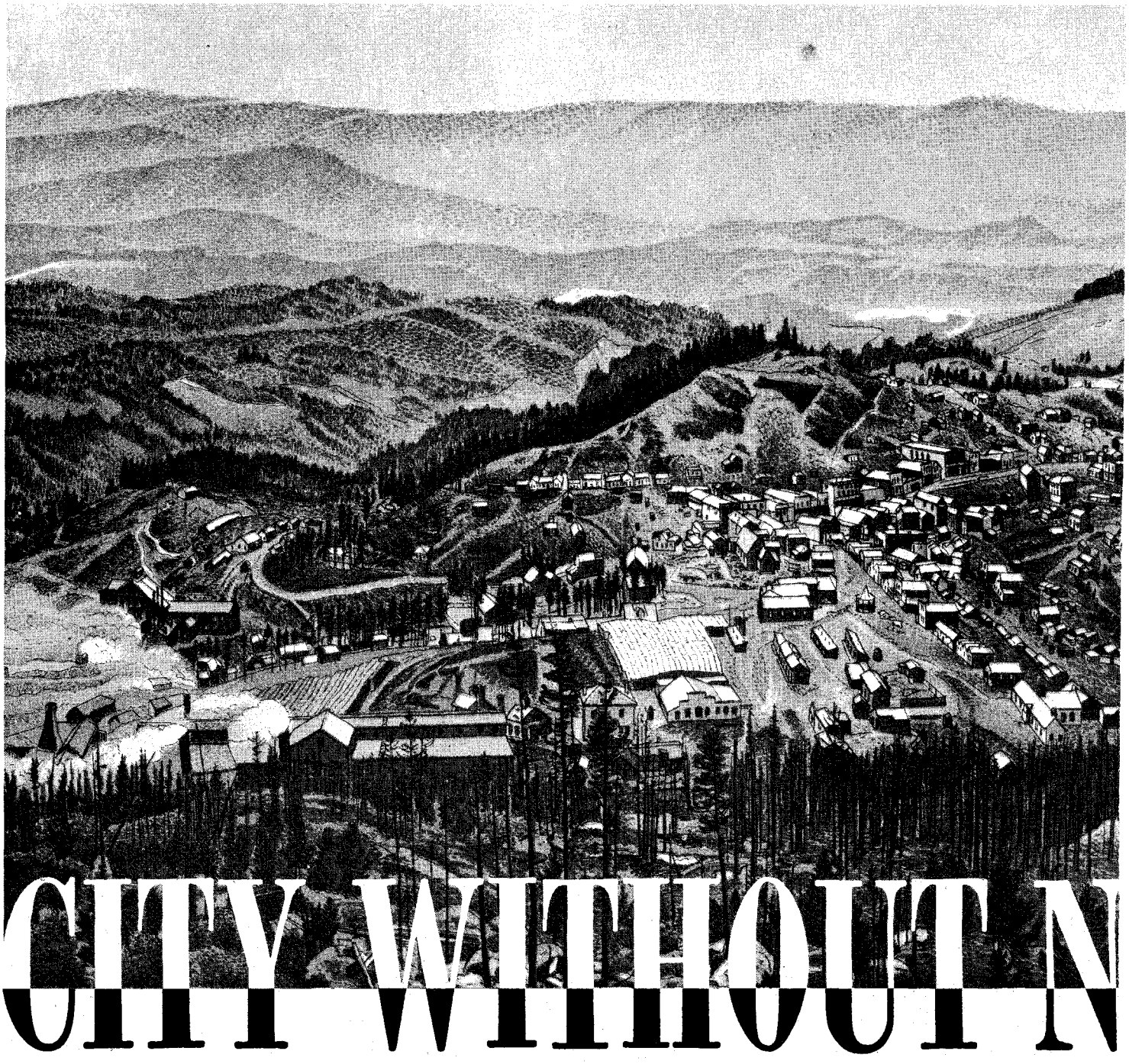
Less frequently she was also called the *City Without Night*. The mines operated around the clock and business houses stayed open to accommodate the miners. You could buy a hat as easily at 3 a.m. as 3 p.m.

Granite was rich, fabulously rich, as attested by McLure's records. From 1882 to 1893 she produced some $45 millions in silver before the panic of '93 reduced her almost to a ghost town. She came back in '98 to produce again at the rate of a million a year until 1906.

The terminal disease of most famous old mines, not actually worked out, was either the displacement of the ore body by a fault, or gushing water which sometimes drove out the miners so fast they didn't have time to pick up their lunch pails. With Granite it was neither; she was knifed by politics. After the election of 1906 the free coinage of silver, 16 to 1 ratio with gold, ceased; and silver mining, in Granite at least, became unprofitable.

But water also played a part. As the mines went deeper, the cost of handling

Nothing ever closed; nothing ever stopped



CITY WITHOUT N

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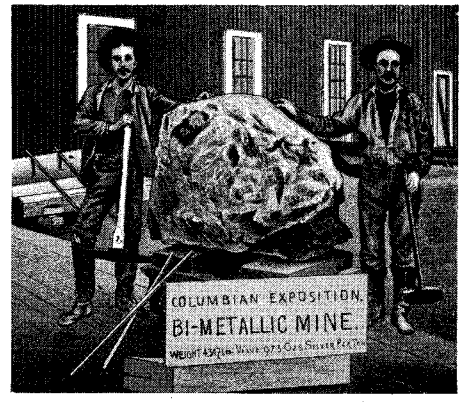
the ever increasing water drove the cost of production upward to meet the falling price of silver. As a last desperate measure the leasing system was tried and in 1906 there were still a hundred men working the leases and scavenging the dumps. But leasing didn't work and the reign of the Silver Queen was over. The mines gradually filled with water.

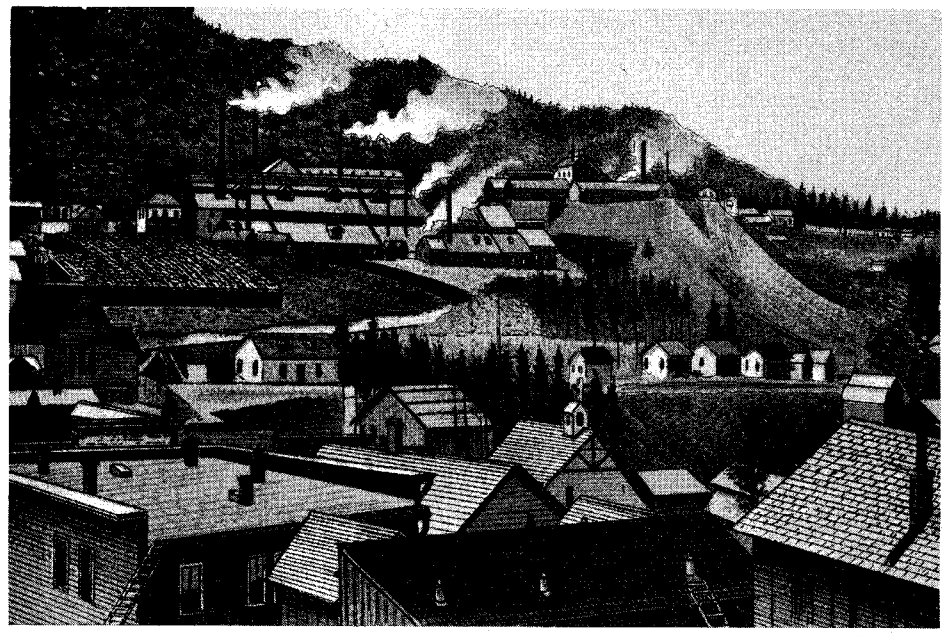
However, the fact remains that the Granite mines never "bottomed out" and the deeper they went the richer the ore became. How rich that was is indicated by an exhibit the Bi-Metallic Mine had at the Columbian Exposition (Chicago 1893). It was a two-ton block of ore which ran 973 ounces of silver to the ton. There is still silver down there, plenty of it, but the cost of reopening the mines is prohibitive, even assuming pumps capable of handling the accumulated water were available, so the Queen will continue to sleep—a long, long ghostly sleep.

SILVER was first discovered on Granite Mountain by James Hill and Eli D. Holland in 1873 when, some say, a deer they had shot kicked the dirt off the outcropping in its death struggle. Others contend the deer story resulted from too many at the bar. But it remained for Charles D. McLure to develop it into a paying mine. He too would have missed

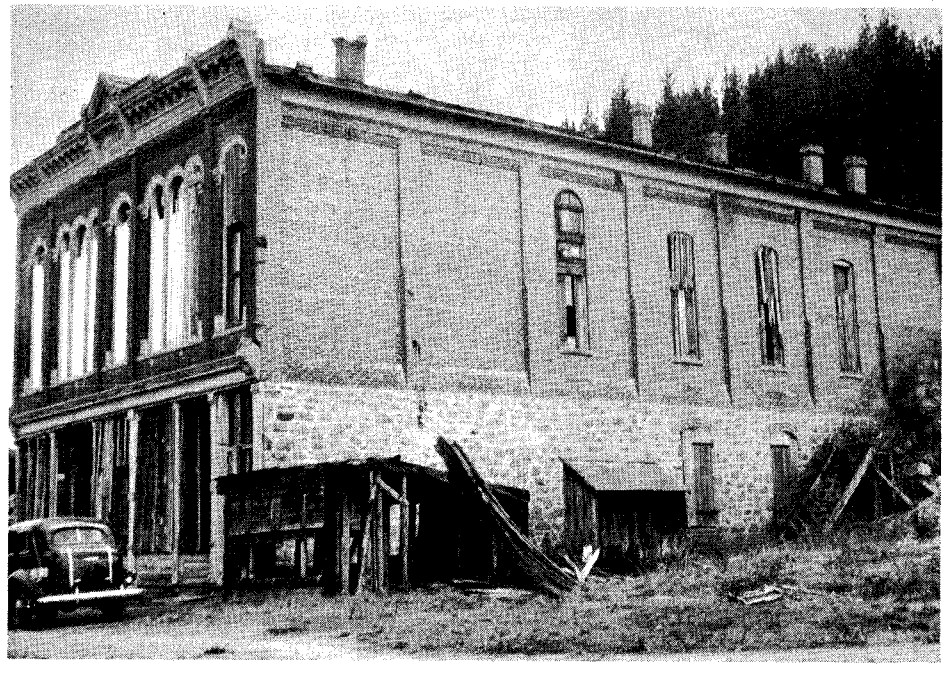


Above, the Columbian Exposition entry by Granite's Bi-Metallic Mine was a 4,307 lb. chunk of ore that assayed out at 973 ounces of silver per ton.

in Granite, Montana!



Above, the Granite mine and mill. At left, Granite, Montana as seen from above the Granite Mine. Below, the Miners Union Hall in Granite.



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Sunnyside and the old hospital building, the Granite dump and gallows frame in the rear. It was straight up this hill that the Miners Union Day footrace was run.

if a blizzard hadn't intervened to give him one more day. Many men have been ruined by blizzards but McLure's fortune was made by one.

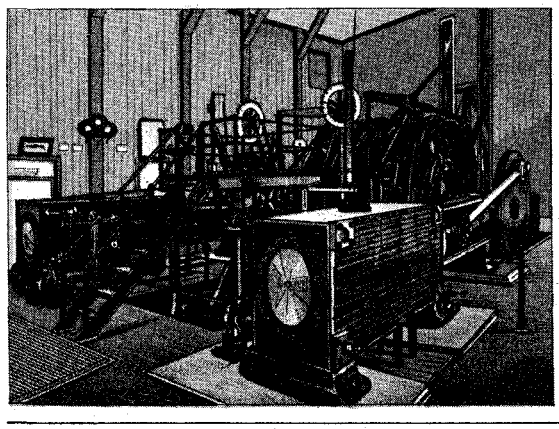
McLure was born in St. Louis and came to Denver at the age of eighteen to work freighting supplies to Virginia City, Montana by bull train. Later he freighted from Salt Lake City to Virginia and then from Ft. Benton to Helena, where he was one of the original locators of the Whitlatch Union vein in Confederate Gulch. From there he moved to Butte to become superintendent of the old Bluebird mill. He came to Philipsburg, when it was settled in 1886, as foreman at the Hope mill, where he developed a process of working the low grade ore of the Hope tailings.

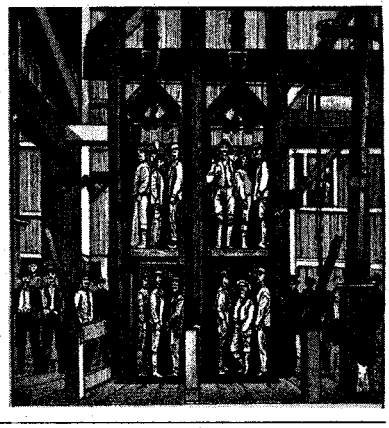
One day he picked up a piece of "ruby" silver ore from the Granite dump and took it to the Hope mill where an assay showed it ran 2,000 ounces of silver to a ton. He immediately negotiated a lease and an option on the Granite mine for $30,000. In 1880 he returned to St. Louis to interest some of the Hope directors and his brother-in-law Charles Clark, descendant of William Clark of Lewis & Clark Expedition fame, into forming a company to develop the mine.

The search was long, and by the winter of 1882 McLure was disheartened, although his faith in Granite Mountain never wavered. He feared his search was about over, since his backers, after sinking $130,000 into the mine, were showing signs of wanting to get out. Daily he expected orders to close down.

But of more immediate concern was the fact that payroll money for the miners was about gone and so were his supplies. By midwinter he had about enough powder for one more round before he would have to start letting his men go. One more round! When the smoke cleared there it lay, richer by far than he had ever dreamed it would be. Immediately he dispatched a messenger to Butte, the

Below (left), engine in Granite Mine. On right, cages which lowered miners to shafts.





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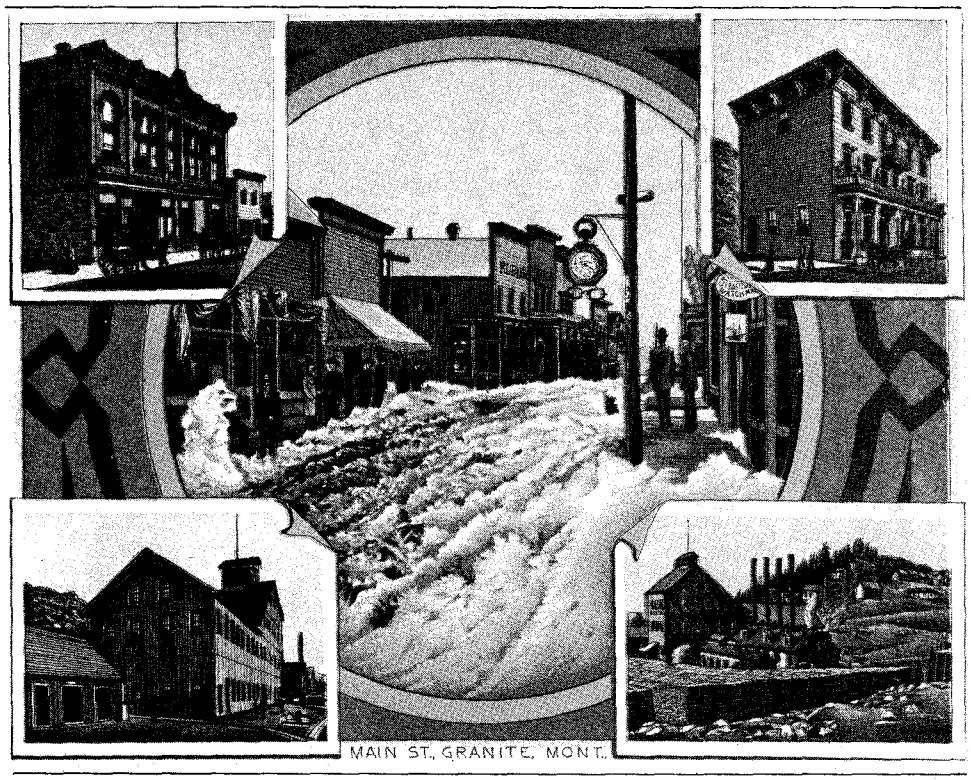


Center picture shows main street of Granite on June 9, 1891, after a 2-foot snowfall. Upper left, the Miners Union Hall; upper right, the Moore House, H. T. Cumming, Prop.; lower left, Granite Mining Co. hoist; lower right, the Bi-Metallic Mine.

The residence of Thomas Weir, a Granite Mill company official.

nearest telegraph office, to wire the news to his backers.

Somewhere along the torturous sixty-mile route he met a Pony Express rider pushing his foam-flecked horse toward the 'Burg, as Philipsburg is usually called, and the rider was carrying a message from St. Louis ordering McLure to cease work. Actually the telegram had arrived in Butte several days earlier but due to a severe blizzard the rider had delayed his departure one day—McLure's day!

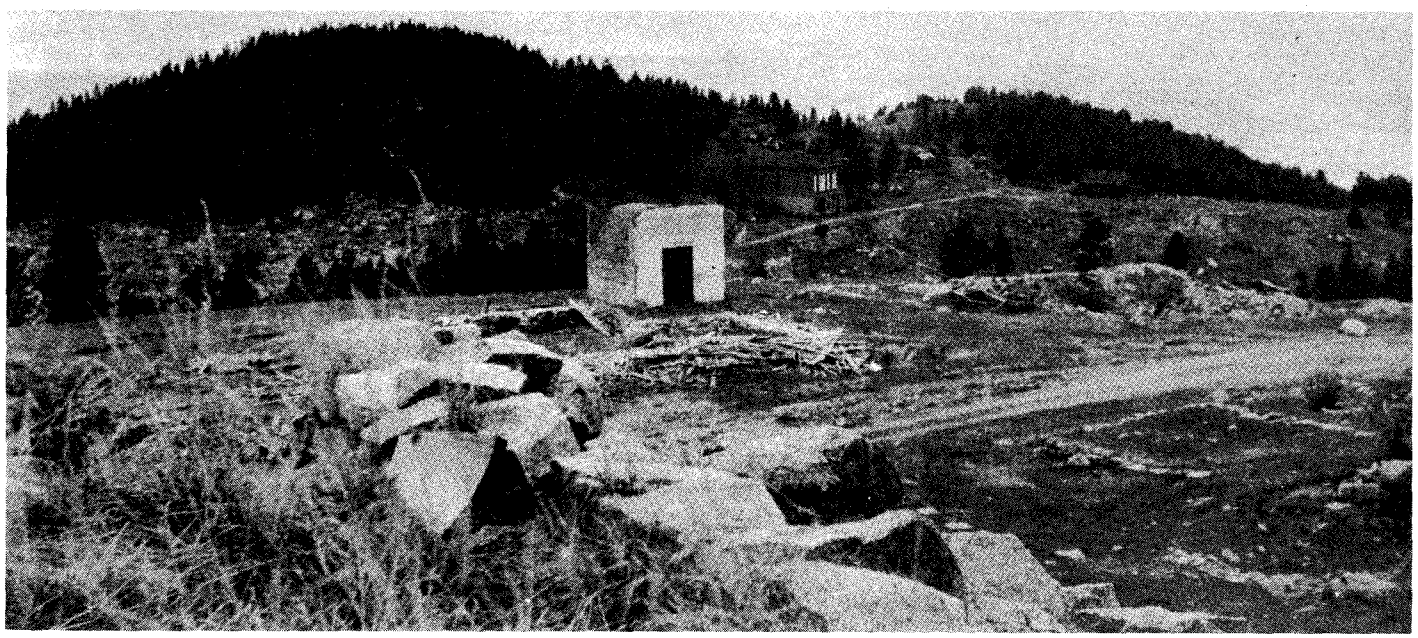
Construction of a mill was begun immediately and a town began to grow around the mine. Upon completion of the mill, Granite Mountain Mine began paying dividends to its owners at the rate of $100,000 a month and continued uninterruptedly in this amount for almost eleven years. More than $12,000,000 in dividends on some $33,000,000 in silver produced!

MCLURE, Dr. Clark, and Dr. J. M. Merrill purchased the James G. Blaine claim and organized the Bi-Metallic Mining Co. This mine was to produce some $12,000,000 in silver during the next decade. The Blaine claim was an extension of the Granite Mountain lode and maybe a quarter of a mile down the hill from the Granite. Eighty per cent of it was owned by the same interests who ran Granite Mountain, but the Bi-Metallic was operated as a separate company until the two were consolidated as the Granite Bi-Metallic Mining company in 1898.

There were a few other small mines in the area but alongside these two giant jewels in the crown of the Silver Queen they didn't shine very brightly. Today they are either ignored or completely forgotten.

After the first Granite mill went into operation, two more mills were built at the foot of the mountain, one at Rumsey and the other at Hasmark. Both were a little over a mile from the mine—beeline.

Looking northwest from the Granite Mine site. Miners Union Hall can be seen in distance. The main street ran along the road in front ot the hall. Concrete structure in foreground is supposedly the old vault of the company offices.



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Around both of them small towns started growing.

That Granite's population never exceeded 3,000 is due largely to the location of her sister town, Philipsburg, four miles away by road, and other little settlements, such as Rumsey, which kept the population from concentrating in Granite. Some Philipsburg men walked to work in Granite, via a shortcut, climbing and descending again a good quarter of a mile (straight up) in the process. Actually Granite had a payroll which would have been considered very good for any eastern town of five times her population.

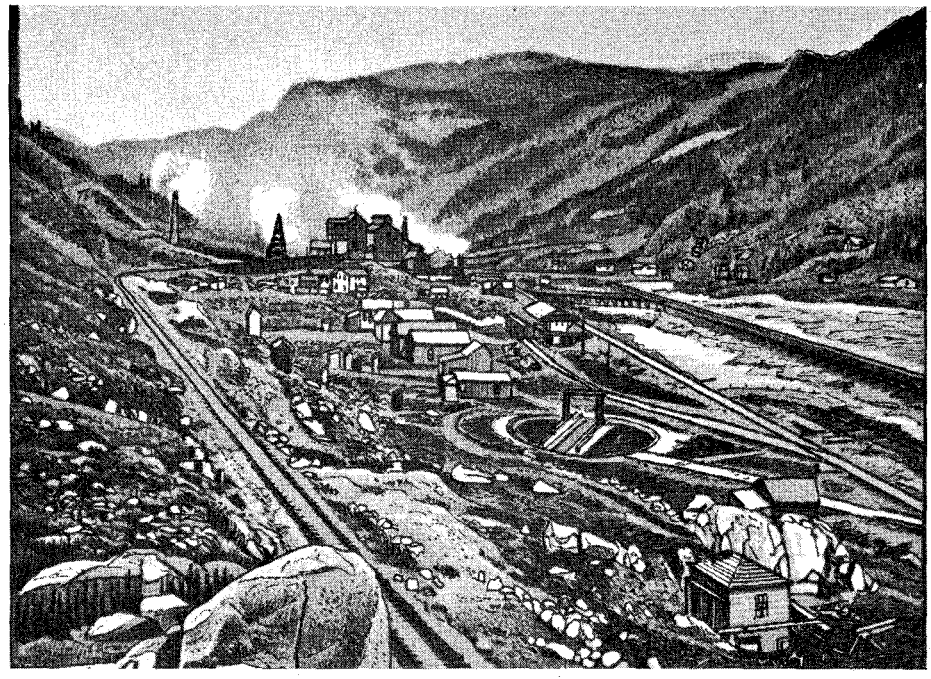
The Silver Queen's years were from 1882 to 1893, at which time the silver panic almost made her a premature ghost town. After the 1898 consolidation numerous changes were made to cope with the twin threats to Granite's prosperity—the low market price of silver and water.

As the mines went deeper, water increased and the cost of handling it rose sharply. To reduce pumping costs a mile-long drain tunnel was driven from Douglas Creek to hit the Bi-Metallic at the 1,000′ level and the Granite at 1,450′.

A subsidiary electric company was formed which built a reservoir, now known as Georgetown Lake, and a powerhouse to provide the mines and mills with all the cheap electric power they needed. Now a part of the Montana Power Company network, this is the only one of the old Granite works in operation today.

The mills at Rumsey and Hasmark were abandoned and a 100 stamp chloridizing mill was built on Douglas Creek, a mile from Philipsburg. Ore was carried from the mines to the mill in huge buckets along a wire tramway. The company might have considered the buckets a cheap way to transport ore but the men found them an easy, free ride up and down the hill, a practice severely condemned by company officials.

A young Granite miner, returning from visiting his girl in the 'Burg one night, decided to ride the bucket back up the hill. Half way up the mountain it suddenly stopped. There he hung, too high to jump, all that bitter, cold winter night. When he finally got rescued his ardor had cooled considerably; in fact, he reportedly didn't speak to any girl again for months.



Rumsey, Montana, where the Granite Mining Co. had a mill.

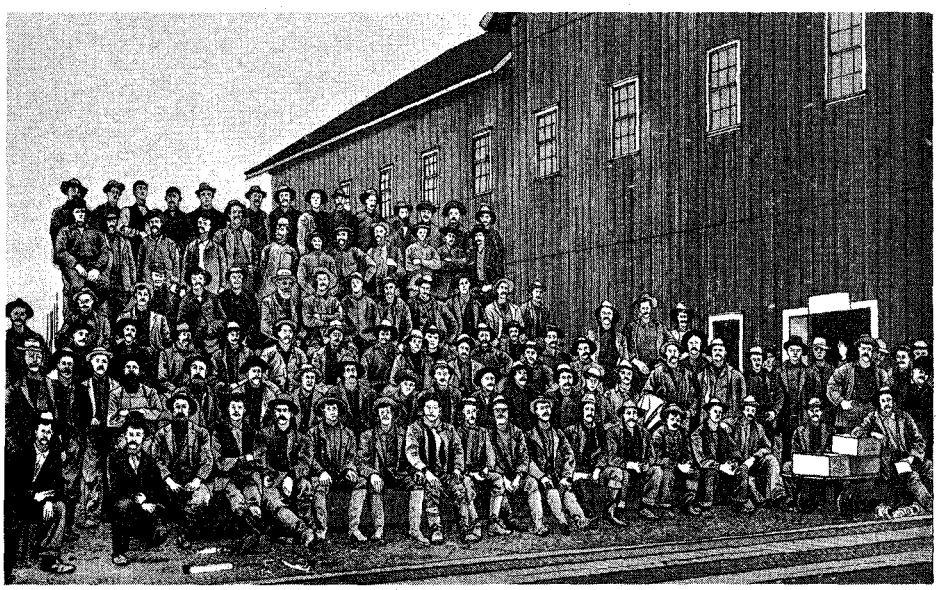
Granite was one of the most pleasant mining camps in which to live. The first workers were lodged in huge boarding houses. Then the company began leasing building lots for $2.50 and log cabins, frame houses, and business buildings soon spilled down both sides of the ridge. The first business house constructed was a three-story hotel, the Moore House, by H. T. Cummings. Its first two floors were elaborately finished in hand-carved black walnut. It was as proud of being the first three-story building in the area as it was of its tables, topped with Tennessee marble.

Wages were $4.00 a day for the millmen and $3.00 for the miners. For a dollar a month either could enjoy the company operated bath—reading room located at the Granite Mine. The bathhouse contained a 16′ x 16′ steam heated plunge and adjoining it was a reading room well stocked with current newspapers and periodicals, some of which were in foreign languages.

The company also operated a small hospital directly downhill from the mine in what was known as the Sunnyside district. It was probably so named because facing west it received the late afternoon sun for hours after Main Street was in shadow.

Five doctors—Dickson, Hall, Schley, Pleasant, and Powers—practiced in Granite and at times were very busy, but not from the most common disease of boom camps—lead poisoning. In spite of the eighteen saloons, old-timers insist that Granite wasn't any wilder than a town of the same size today. They do hedge a bit with the story of the man who, exhilarated by firewater, ground out the marshal's eye with his boot heel!

Miners of the Granite Mine.



HARDLY had the town started, in 1884, when black diphtheria struck hard. At least thirty-five children and a large, but unknown number of adults, died. Typical, perhaps, is the story of Mrs. John Hickey who came to Granite to live in the first family house constructed there. Of her four children only one survived and during the time her hair turned white. But after the death of her children, Mammo, as Granite affectionately called her, became a familiar sight as she went from home to home helping to nurse other sick children.

Little, except the slowly deteriorating Miners Union Hall, is left of Granite

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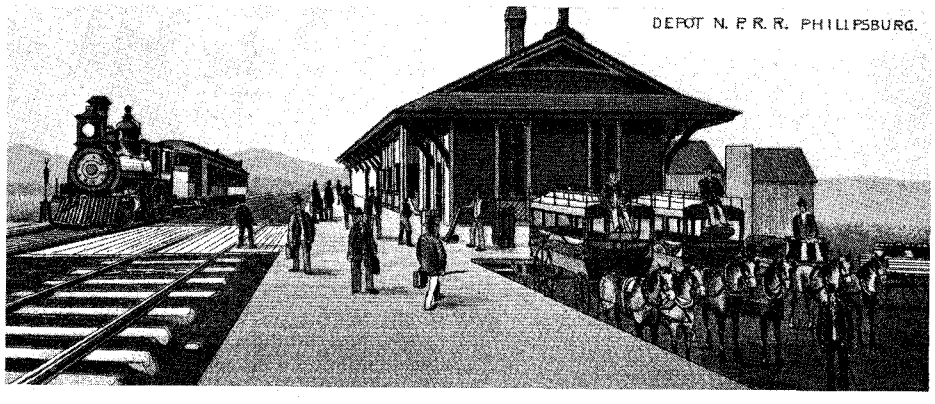
now. Surveying the townsite from the mine dump one wonders how a town crowded on that narrow ridge. Where among the expanding clumps of trees, for instance, were Magnolia, Tram, Broadway, and Strauss Avenues? Which way did Donegal and Cornish Row and Finlander Lane run? Where and what was Whiskey Hollow?

Mine officials, businessmen and professional people lived on Magnolia Avenue, better known as Silk Stocking Row or Snob Hill. The girls were in a little gulch off the main street, where Granite's fireworks usually started. A miner, shot in a gulch fight, walked into the Kentucky Saloon, leaned on the bar and said to the bartender in a matter-of-fact voice, "I'm dying." Before the barkeep could even answer the miner slumped to the floor dead. He was buried in Philipsburg, for Granite never had a boot hill. Funeral services were conducted from its churches but interment had to be in the 'Burg cemetery.

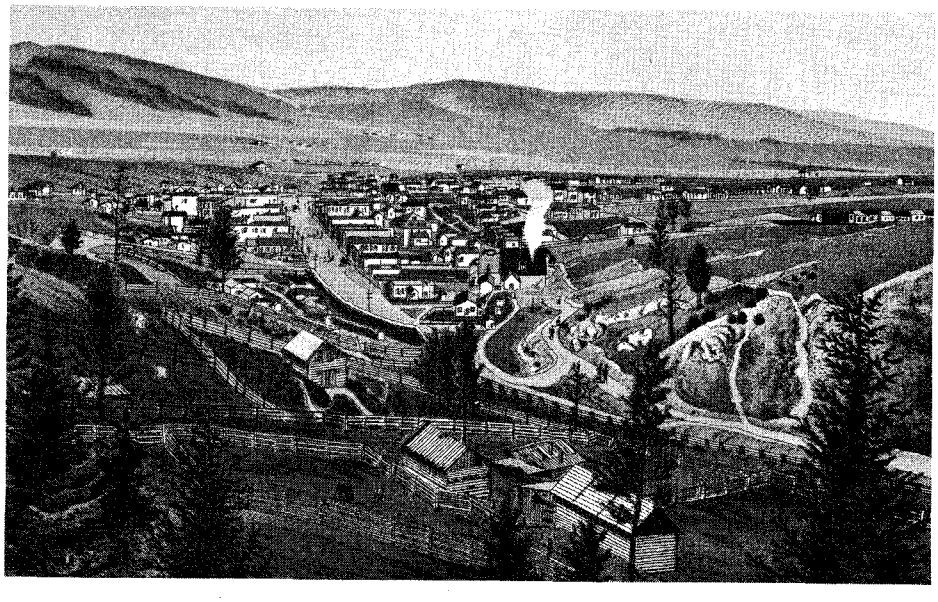
Walt was a gambler and the proud owner of the only Prince Albert coat in town. One night a real donnybrook started in the Trevall and Penrose Saloon. Tables were overturned, chairs sailed through the air, and glasses and bottles smashed against the walls. In no time Walt's Prince Albert was liberally sloshed with beer. With a cry of anguish, Walt stripped off his coat and bundled it into a tight roll. Then, with the roll clutched against his stomach and shielded by his body, he charged through the melee and disappeared into the night to parade the streets of the Silver Queen no more.

Hauling cable for the Granite Mine. This load weighed about 22,500 pounds and took a great deal of skill and teamwork on the part of the teamsters.

While most of Granite's saloons were the usual poor man's clubs some, like the Gem, were very elaborate and boasted of its cancan dancers and other similar entertainment. Granite also had four well attended churches—Episcopal, Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist—and a modern four-room school. It had been built for the future, expecting to become the state's leading town, but in the end it disappeared quicker than most boom camps. Many of its homes were moved to Philipsburg and its larger business buildings were torn down for construction material elsewhere.



Above, the depot of the N.P.R.R. at Philipsburg. Below, Philipsburg, Montana as viewed from Granite Mountain.



The Miners Union Hall was the center of activities. Here were held most of the community dances which the whole family attended. Babies were put to sleep on benches along the wall. The hall was renowned for its dance floor, reputedly one of the best in the Northwest. Other entertainment consisted of touring minstrel shows, melodramas of the day, and vaudeville acts. Such long forgotten performers as Abbie Carrington, Harry Lauder, and the Georgia Minstrels reputedly played to capacity crowds.

When I first visited Granite, about 1938, the hall was in excellent shape. Downstairs the pool tables were still in place, the cues and the balls neatly in their racks. But the upstairs hall gave me that poignant feeling of ghost town sadness—sadness that a town so happy and gay should have to die so suddenly.

Feeble shafts of light filtered through the boarded windows to cast shadow-patterns on the floor. It was empty, as if last used for a dance, but up in the gloom of the stage the scenery was still in place, just as it was left after the last player said his last line. Who was the player? What was the play? Nobody now knows.

When the mines closed, everybody rushed off to find a new place to work and a new place to live. Many left everything including their clothes, and some never returned for them. The company looked after much of the property at first, but in time sold many of the homes.

But there was something about Granite—even as a ghost she kept drawing her own back. Taken away as children they would, after decades, torture their cars up the steep rugged road to return to scrawl such inscriptions on the old hall's walls as, "We danced here;" "Bill; left in '06, returned in '26."

Another popular entertainment spot was the roller rink between the Bi-Me-

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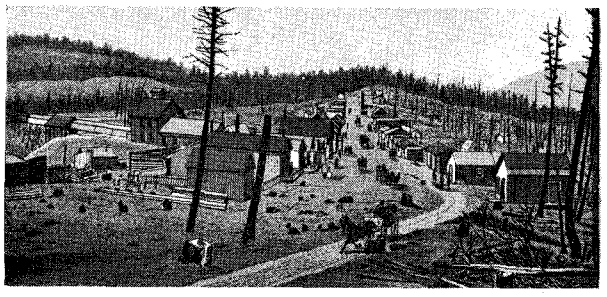
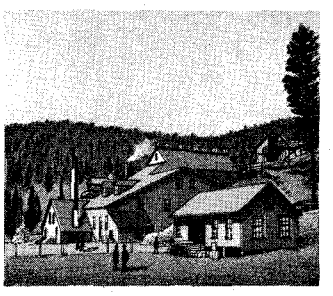




Above (left), Black Pine, Montana, located across the valley, about twenty miles north of Granite. On right, the Black Pine Mill.

tallic and the hospital. It was the scene of many costume affairs and here were held such sporting events as fights. One, in '99, featured Dan (Big Fish) McLeod, U.S. Deputy Marshal in Granite, against Frank Freeman of Butte. Butte bet Freeman would stop the marshal in six rounds but Granite couldn't see it. Big Fish got it in the third and that night Granite was a silverless silver camp. It all went to Butte, the copper camp.

The big day in Granite was June 13, Miners Union Day. The celebration started early and ended with an all night dance in the open air pavilion at the ball park a mile or so out of town. Ball games, foot races, beauty contests, tug of war and drilling contests were some of the main events. To the drilling contests other camps often sent teams. The outcome frequently resulted in swinging that had nothing to do with drilling. One irked Butte team accused the Granite blacksmith of dulling their steel instead of sharpening it, which Granite resented to the man, and that Miners Union day went down in history as one of the most exciting.

ON the basis of skill, stamina, and coordination a drilling contest was something to watch. A team usually consisted of two men—one who held the steel and the other who swung the hammer. The drill was round or octagon steel, about an inch in diameter, flattened and sharpened on one end.

One man knelt beside the rock, holding the drill while the other drove it with a heavy sledge hammer. He put all his power into those blows and they had to be precisely placed or he would crush his partner's hands. Timing was equally important, but between the blows the holder had to turn the steel and periodically pour water into the hole to cool the drill and wash out the dust and chips. They started with a short steel and as the hole progressed the holder kept changing to longer ones in between blows without interfering with his partner's timing. As one man tired they would change places so fast there was hardly a pause in the rhythmic clang of steel on steel.

The winner, of course, was the team who could drive the deepest hole into a block of granite in a given time. There were also single contests where one man held the steel and drove it with a short-handled single jack hammer.

Next in interest was the tug of war between teams from the Granite and Bi-Metallic Mines. One such contest in 1892 lasted 2½ hours and would have continued but the Granite anchorman fainted from the heat, and Bi-Metallic won. That match caused so much bitterness between the two mines that a rematch was scheduled for the Fourth of July celebration.

This time Granite had a new anchorman who plopped himself into a saddle, dallied the rope around the saddle horn and dug his heels into the dirt of the ball park. That contest ended in a draw and the feud was over. Presumably the two teams split the usual $500 prize money. Many claim the new Granite anchor man was Strangler Lewis of wrestling fame. Others contend it wasn't the Strangler; just his kid brother.

The main foot race was a mankilling dash up the steep, rocky face of Granite Mountain to the top and back, a distance of about a mile and a half each way. The prizes were $50, $25, and $15 for the first three.

The winner of the beauty or popularity contest got a gold-cased watch set with diamonds, and properly inscribed. And never a chance to sit out a dance! One such watch was still keeping perfect time, without ever being in a repair shop, some fifty years later.

In the winter it was skating parties on a nearby ice pond and fast bobsled rides down the road to Philipsburg. Considering the road, the rate of speed must have been terrific. At the bottom they hooked onto the first passing freighter for a ride back up the mountain. Sometimes skis were substituted for sleds. Then the girl stood behind her companion and, clasping him tightly around the waist, hoped he wasn't in a playful mood. If he were, somewhere along the way he would give his skis a flip and she would wind up in a snow drift.

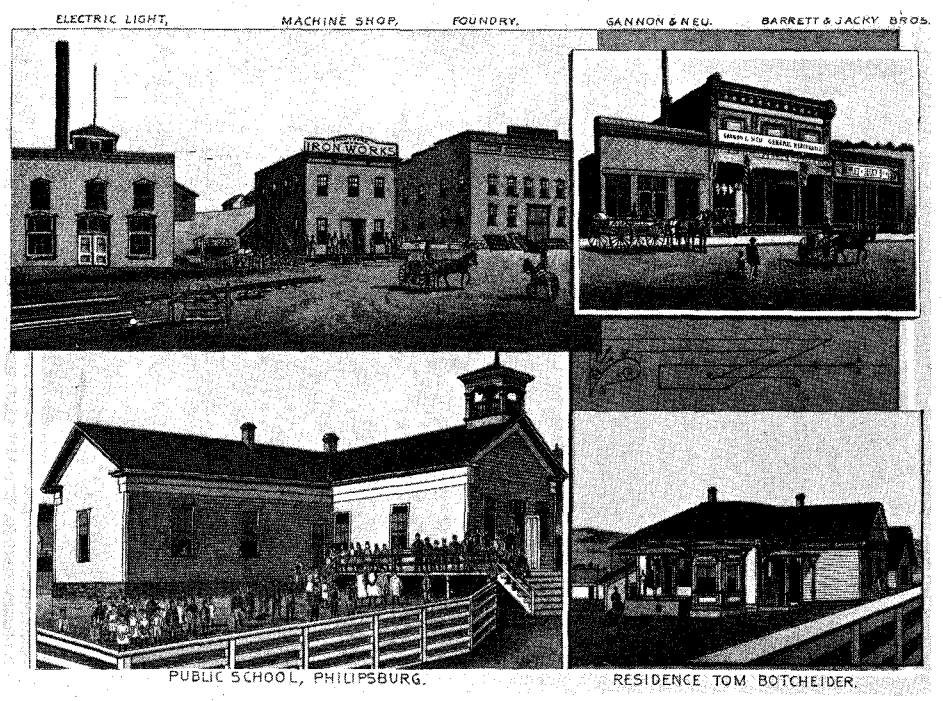
Granite's "lover's lane" was a large, flat rock half way down the road to Philipsburg. It was shaded by a huge pine tree into which the town's urchins climbed to eavesdrop. Many a couple was surprised to find the town knew all their plans before the newly engaged girl had even had time to tell her mother.

Wood and water were very hard to come by in many a mining camp. When the mines and mills used steam engines, Granite must have used a great quantity of wood. More men than were needed by mining fanned out through the mountains, cutting and transporting fuel for the camp. As the terrain frequently made the use of wagons impractical, wood was cut into cordwood lengths, four feet long, and packed into town on mules. Long mule-trains trailed through the streets at all hours bringing in the fuel. These were individual operations.

But water was company business. It was obtained from Fred Burr Lake higher up in the mountains southeast of town, and brought in along a long wooden flume for storage in a huge wooden tank near the Granite Mine. From there water wagons—carts loaded with barrels of water—distributed it. For each subscriber the daily ration was twenty gallons, with an extra allowance on wash and bath days. The lake was loaded with

(Continued on page 67)

Scenes around Philipsburg.



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GALVESTON DISASTER IN 1900

The son of a tugboat captain remembers the hurricane belt and his father's valiant fight against the storm

WHEN the terrible hurricane swept in from the Gulf of Mexico in September 1900, leaving death and destruction in its wake, we were living across the bay from Galveston in the town of La Porte.

La Porte was above the high water danger, but we felt the fury of the storm. By evening it had reached its peak and the building in which we lived upstairs over McNeil's general store was twisting and shuddering as if about to collapse. Above the screaming of the wind we heard the splintering of wood when the back gallery was torn loose and crashed into the outbuildings on the back of the lot. A section of roof ripped off and the rain poured in. The kerosene lamp on the table made some grotesque steps like an adagio dancer and flickered out, but in the gathering darkness I could see my mother's white face and the dread in her eyes.

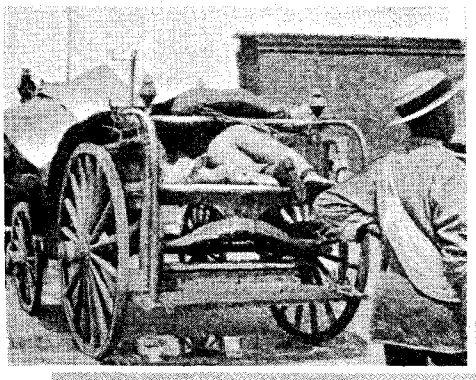
I know now that her fear was for my father, Captain Bruce Moss. He was the captain of the tugboat *John P. Smith* and was somewhere out in the storm.

My little sister was scared, but was trying not to show it. I was almost thirteen and wanted to be brave, but wasn't doing very well at it. How long we huddled there I don't know, but finally a man's voice called out, "Ahoy the house! Get ready! We'll take you to a safer place."

(Continued on page 60)

By TOM MOSS

Photos from **The Great Galveston Disaster**, by Paul Lester; Globe Bible Publishing Co., Philadelphia, 1900; Courtesy John Wallace



At left, fire department hauling bodies to a morgue. At right, bodies among the ruins were an unpleasant but common scene after the disaster. Below, a house overturned at Avenue K and 16th Street.

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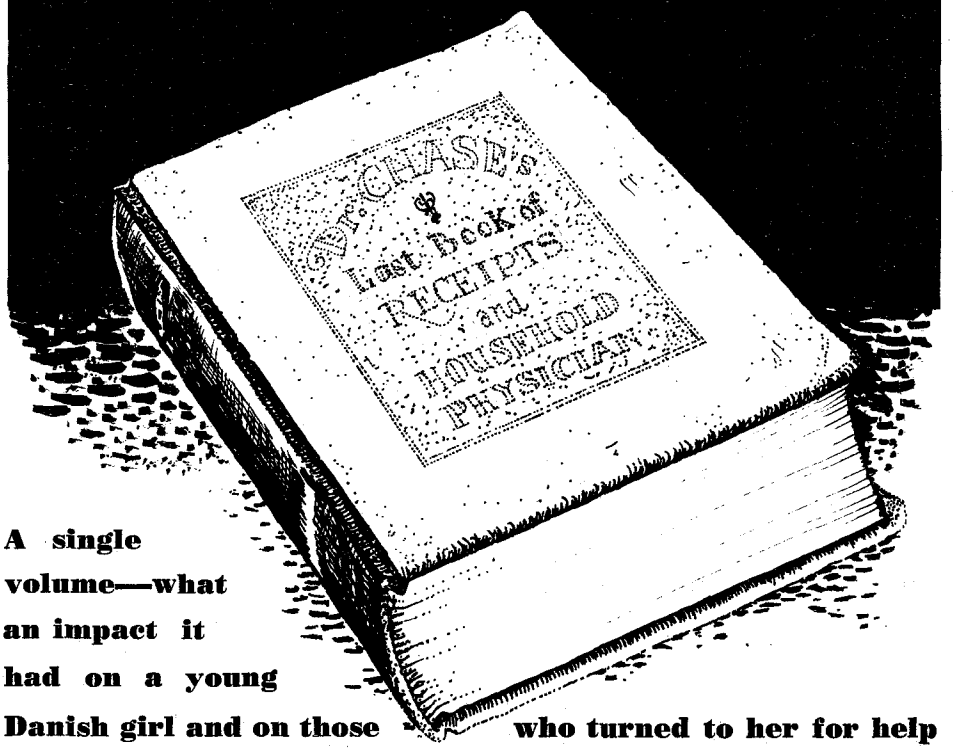
Ettie with son Charles (Lashbrook) and daughter Grace (Webb).

ETTIE and the DOCTOR BOOK

By GRACE ROFFEY PRATT

Photos Courtesy Author



A single volume—what an impact it had on a young Danish girl and on those who turned to her for help

"PACK your bags tight and light, Mrs. Lashbrook, and don't put in anything you're not going to need. The tail end of the road, all the way from Eagle Rock to Junction, we go by wagon and it will be loaded before we get in. There won't be room to waste on non-essentials." Mrs. Ed Johnson spoke briskly to the young woman she had hired to work for the summer (1884) at her husband's sawmill in Lemhi County, Idaho.

Ettie Lashbrook's "bags" were a small trunk and a valise, not affording much space for what she would need for herself and her two-year-old son, but she managed to slip in what Mrs. Johnson would undoubtedly have considered "non-essentials"—the Bible, a dictionary, a book entitled *Etiquette and Deportment*, and Dr. Chase's *Last Book of Receipts and Household Physician*. To their owner, these four books were a must.

Ettie had just turned nineteen the spring morning she prepared to leave Salt Lake City. She was five feet two inches tall and weighed a hundred and ten pounds, but she was a woman, not a girl. Her life had matured her. Of it only the first four years of childhood had been easy ones. She had been born in Denmark, on the Island of Bornholm where her father was foreman at the Black Hat Mine. With his sudden death the good life he had provided for his wife and two little daughters came to an end. The mother began sewing to support herself and her children; four-year-old Ettie went to school with her seven-year-old sister, Marie. When Ettie was eleven, her mother died after a long illness and the girls' schooldays were over. Ettie was brought to Utah to live with relatives; Marie was left in Denmark. The sisters never saw each other again.

"Mother said for me to be a brave girl, to go to school and to get a good education," Ettie told her aunt when she arrived in Salt Lake City.

"You've got book learning enough now, all you need," was the aunt's reply. "What you need to learn now is how to work." And work Ettie did. She washed clothes on the washboard, ironed with eight-pound sadirons heated on a wood-burning stove, and scrubbed floors on her hands and knees. When she occasionally ran out of work in her aunt's house she was lent to neighbors who kept her well supplied with chores and all without pay.

Shortly before her fourteenth birthday Ettie managed to escape from her relatives and was advised by a friend, "Put up your hair and put down your skirts. Say you are eighteen and you won't be expected to work for nothing."

With her red hair piled high on her head and her full skirts touching her

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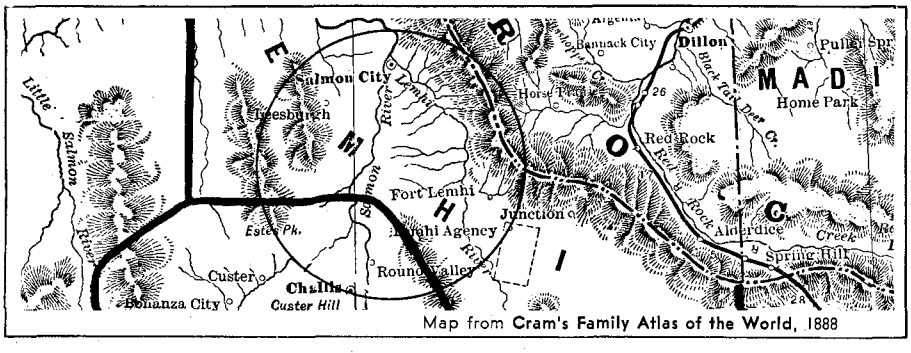
Ettie N. Webb holds her first grandchild, Mary Etta Pratt.



Map from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888

ankles, no one thought to question Ettie's age when she sought work in a general merchandise store. With her first pay envelope she bought a dictionary. The other books followed and without help or encouragement her interrupted education was resumed.

ETTIE married at sixteen and at seventeen and a half was once more alone in the world except for her infant son, Charles. The difficulties she encountered in finding work where she could keep her child with her were responsible for her decision to go to Idaho.

Ettie found the sparsely settled Lemhi different from anything else she had ever known. She was accustomed to the hard work, had expected the loneliness, but it wasn't easy to adjust to the raw pioneer life. Nevertheless, she never returned to Utah.

In time Ettie remarried; in time she gave birth to a second son on a bitterly cold February night in a house so buried with snow that only the stovepipe was visible. Later a daughter joined the family.

Ettie kept small post offices and stage stations. She lived through one of the longest and worst depressions this nation has ever known. (It was called a "panic," then.) She made over and made do, and accomplished it with dignity. Through it all her little library, to which she added a book or magazine when she was able, was a source of comfort, inspiration and education. After her day's work was done and others were in bed, Ettie read, studied and memorized. Sometimes by the light of a kerosene lamp, sometimes by the flicker of a tallow candle.

When it was time for Charles to start to school there was none near enough for him to attend. So Ettie taught her son. By that time she had acquired a book of Longfellow's poems, a *Stepping Stones to Literature* reader, and had subscribed to *The Youth's Companion*, a weekly magazine with the subtitle, "For All The Family." It included a special Children's Page with appropriate stories and verse. With these and a slate as equipment, Ettie became schoolteacher. When Charles entered a real school later, it was at the fourth grade level and he was not behind other children of his age.

Because of the time and place, perhaps it was Dr. Chase's book that Ettie turned to most often. Today when a doctor can usually be contacted within a few minutes of need and when a hospital is seldom more than an hour away, it is impossible for those who never knew to understand what a "doctor book" meant to people living in remote areas in the early West.

In the Lemhi of the nineteenth century and first decade of the twentieth, there were no railroads, no telephones, no automobiles. The only doctor was at Salmon City at the northern end of the sixty-mile-long valley. People living in side gulches and up in the mountains were a hundred miles or more from a doctor, and the mileage was only one factor; the roads and trails were another. Their condition was controlled for the most part by the weather. When days were warm, dry and windy, travel was in a smother of dust. When it rained, wagons sank deep into the ruts, became heavy with mud, and slowed the horses down to a crawl. In winter, icy winds swept the roads bare of snow in places and in others piled it up ten feet deep. During a blizzard, when the temperature dropped to thirty or more degrees below zero and dry whirling snow cut the skin like splintered glass, only the ignorant or the foolhardy ventured far from home.

Under favorable conditions a man on a good horse might average ten miles per hour; with team and wagon he did well to make five. In the upper or middle Lemhi if an emergency required the services of a doctor, it took between three and six days to bring one. By that time the emergency was usually over, one way or another. To take a seriously injured or ill person to the doctor at Salmon City took less time, but was hardly to be recommended. Few owned a conveyance suitable for moving the sick. Most wagons were of the "dead X" type (no springs), and whatever the

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weather the roads were a succession of rocks and chuckholes. A ride over them was wearisome to the well and agony to the afflicted.

ETTIE learned soon after coming to the Lemhi that pioneers depended little upon doctors and much on themselves. As one put it, "You learn what to do and do it, or you die. Take your choice." True, many survived both illness and accident with little or no treatment. Some felt that a bottle of whiskey was a sure cure for everything from sniffles to snakebite. But there were many others who owed their lives to someone who knew what to do and did it when disaster struck.

Ettie was one of those who learned what to do. She kept on hand as many of the drugs called for by Dr. Chase as she could afford. In her medicine cabinet was blue mass, calomel, herb tea, slippery elm bark, iodide of potassium, tincture of iron, carbolic acid, laudanum, morphine and alcohol. There were few controls and Montgomery Ward of Chicago could furnish almost any drug ordered. In Ettie's hands the drugs were as safe as in the hands of a physician, used only according to Dr. Chase's directions. No one touched them but Ettie.

She made use of native plants, yarrow, elderberry, sage and princess pine. She learned the value of tea leaf poultices to relieve snow blindness and take the swelling and pain from hornet stings and spider bites; hot vinegar compresses for pain of various ailments such as rheumatism; quinine for fevers; burnt alum for proud flesh; epsom salts for infections; and numerous other simple remedies which brought relief and often cures. She treated such children's diseases as mumps, measles, whooping cough, pinkeye and scarlet fever. She treated a child who had swallowed lye, one who was badly scalded, a baby so tortured with eczema that its entire head and the greater part of its body was a mass of sores oozing blood and pus. All completely recovered.

With the aid of Dr. Chase, Ettie took care of a young man desperately ill with Bright's disease, and another so paralyzed with lead poisoning that he was unable to dress or feed himself. Both young men got well. Dr. Chase had a chapter on midwifery. Ettie made that knowledge her own. Her record in that department was unblemished by the loss of even one mother or one babe.

Sometimes, of course, a case required more than Ettie had to give. Not long after her marriage to James Webb, a young man from Utah was shot in a hunting accident. Both his brother and friend realized that he was badly injured but had no idea what to do even to stop the bleeding. A native happened along and told them, "Get him to Webb's. The missus has a doctor book."

So they brought him to the Webb home. Ettie stopped the bleeding, cleaned and dressed the wound, but she had neither the equipment nor the skill to remove the deeply imbedded bullet. She made the young man a cup of tea and most likely gave him something to ease the pain. She helped the brother make a good bed in the back of a spring wagon and made the patient as comfortable as possible for the journey to the railroad town, where a doctor removed the bullet and put the injured man on the train for his home in Utah. The operation had seemed to be successful but the young fellow died less than a week after reaching home. Nevertheless, the bereaved family was so grateful for the care and kindness shown by Ettie that the brother came all the way back to the Lemhi to thank her and bring her two pictures taken at the funeral.

Another case over which Ettie was saddened and one which she felt "didn't need to be" was that of little Ella Manson. Mr. Manson, a neighbor, came to Ettie one morning, saying, "Can you come right away? Ella is awful sick and we don't have any idea what is wrong with her."

Ettie went, looked at the pathetic child, lying with eyes partly closed, her mouth wide open showing a swollen throat, and her breath coming in gasps. "She has diphtheria," Ettie said.

"Oh, she can't possibly. She hasn't been anywhere to catch it. None of us have been anywhere near a case of diphtheria." Mrs. Manson was very positive.

But Ettie knew the disease. She had seen a number of children die from it and had very nearly died herself from the same when she was a young girl. "Have you any sulphur?" she asked.

Mrs. Manson had sulphur. Almost every family kept a box of sulphur in the house to go with cream of tartar and molasses for a spring tonic. Dosing children each spring with the mixture was standard procedure.

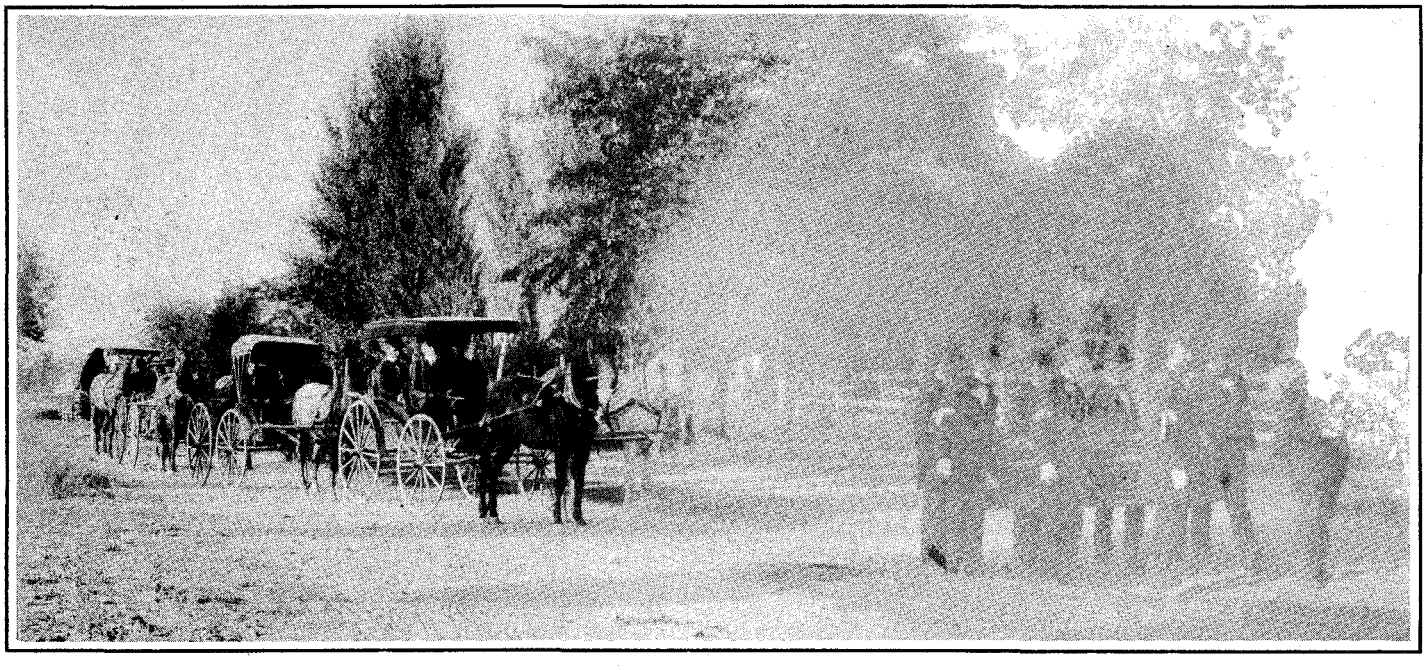
Ettie made a big tube of smooth writing paper, filled it with sulphur powder and blew it down the child's throat. Almost immediately Ella breathed easier as the sulphur cleared the membrane-like growth that was slowly closing her throat. Ettie followed up with treatment prescribed by Dr. Chase and in less than twenty-four hours there was noticeable improvement in the little girl's condition. In a week Ella was sitting up in bed playing with her dolls and anxious to be dressed. "But you must stay in bed awhile yet," Etta told her. "Soon you will be all well again."

Before Ella had taken sick the Mansons had planned to go to Salt Lake City to spend Christmas with Mrs. Manson's parents. When Ella seemed to be making such a good recovery they decided to go ahead with their plans.

"Don't do it," Ettie warned when they told her what they had in mind. "Ella is getting along fine but diphtheria can affect both the heart and kidneys, and that long, cold ride over those rough roads can give her a backset. Don't

(Continued on page 61)

One of the photos brought to Ettie by the brothers of the young man from Utah shot in the hunting accident.



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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Coffer-Turner

I was six years old when my father, Elliott Van Buran Coffer, died. He had been married, divorced, and had three children prior to his marriage to my mother. He was one of four boys who came West in the 1860s and was a leader for a wagontrain. One boy, Joseph, died, and I believe a headstone was placed at his grave, wherever it is. The other two boys, Jackson and Roucher, settled in the state of Washington. They had a second-hand store for years and perhaps someone will know what town it was in.

There was one sister, married name Turner, who had a family at Joplin, Missouri. One of her daughters was Mable, and the last time I heard from her was in 1919 or 1920.

I thought my father's folks were from Missouri, but a man in Springfield told me the Coffer family was originally from Tennessee or Kentucky. I don't know my grandfather's name, but my grandmother was Rachel Elliott before she married. If any of the Turners are living around Joplin, I would like to hear from them, and I'd be grateful to anyone who knows anything of my father's family. —Mrs. Rachel Coffer Young, Box 417, Lakeview, Oregon 97630

Frasier-Russell

Alexander (Alex), Will, Jasper and their sister Mary were all born between 1840 and 1860 in Tennessee, the children of Richmond Frasier. Jasper reportedly homesteaded land around Ricardo, New Mexico around 1900. Will and Alex were either sheriffs or Texas Rangers.

Mary married a Mr. Heffleman and had three children, Will, Harry and Guilda. They were living near Stella, Missouri in the late 1890s or early 1900s. After coming to Texas around 1860, Richmond Frasier and family were known to have lived in these counties: Montague, Hill, Cooke, McLennan and Bosque, where he is buried.

I would appreciate information on these and on Calvin and Matthew Russell, sons of Mahalia (Boultinghouse) and Daniel Willis Russell. These men left Texas for Oklahoma when it was opened for settlement.—Mrs. Carl Frasier, Rt. 1, Marble Falls, Texas 78654

Waterhouse-Ward

My grandfather, Hazen Mabry Waterhouse, died nearly thirty-five years ago. He went from Massachusetts to Kansas in the early 1800s, I believe. He homesteaded in Hodgeman County and wed his first wife, Laura. They were married only a short time before she was killed in an accident in which she was dragged by a cow.

He then married Gertrude Ward, who died in the late 1940s or early 1950s. She and Grandfather had seven living children and a little boy who died in infancy. My father is the youngest child.

I believe that Grandmother was born into a large family, and as they were unable to care for her, she lived with another family that operated a "Last Chance" store in Hodgeman County, Kansas.

Grandfather worked as a civilian mail carrier from Fort Larned to Fort Zarah and Fort Hays. He had several close calls with hostile Indians. In the late 1890 and 1900s, I believe, he was justice of the peace at Jetmore when it was a new city.

Grandfather passed away a few years prior to my parents' wedding. Dad doesn't know much of Grandpa's family history, so I am hoping some of your readers will help me.

My grandparents are buried at Burdett, just nine miles from the old homestead which my parents still occupy. The house is rock and stands as sound as when it was built nearly 100 years ago, —Lois L. Waterhouse, 610 Sunnyside, Dodge City, Kansas 67801

Blunt-Blount

My great-great-grandfather was born about 1795 in either Tennessee or Alabama. I do not know his first name. He went to Louisiana, where my great-grandfather, Hugh Blunt, was born in 1822.

My great-great-grandfather fought for Texas in the war with Mexico and was given a grant of Texas land for his services. He failed to prove the land up and it was later sold for taxes. I have written so many counties for records on this sheriff's sale. Some have not even replied, and I find it impossible to write them all.

I am sure of this land grant and tax sale as so many elderly relatives from different parts of the country tell the same story. I can remember as late as 1931 some lawyers came to Oklahoma to try to talk my father into a law suit against Texas to recover the land. My grandfather, James B. Blunt, and his brother, Nelson Blunt, made several trips to Texas between 1880 and 1910 trying to get the land back. I am not interested in the land. All I want is to find out for sure who my great-great-grandfather was. I'm told a rather large city now sits on this land. As a boy, I thought it was Austin but I am unable to find anything on this.

I am about at the end of my rope on this search, so if someone going through old records comes across a man named Blunt or Blount whose land was sold for taxes, I would appreciate hearing from them.—C. E. Blunt, 2804 Warwick Dr., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73116

Josiah R. Fisher

Josiah R. Fisher, a member of the twelve-man Town Company which organized McPherson, Kansas in 1872, was born October 12, 1840 in Upper Augusta, Northampton County, Pennsylvania. During the Civil War while living in Peru, Huron County, Ohio, he enlisted on August 19, 1862, at Norwalk, Ohio and served in the 123rd Ohio Infantry. He was discharged from the service on January 18, 1864 with one-half disability from wounds.

Fisher came to McPherson County, Kansas in the early 70s, living on a farm in the northern part of the county in the Paint Creek area. He was county clerk and clerk of the district court. A brother, Simon Peter, also lived in the northern part of the county. Fisher was president of the Town Company in 1872.

Fisher married Emma Lou Miller of Crawfordville, Indiana on December 8, 1875. They had one daughter, Mae Eleanor. The family moved to Kansas City, Missouri about 1900 and later to Washington State. He died in the Veterans' Home in Retsil, Washington on July 19, 1923 at the age of eighty-three. His widow died at Randle, Washington, January 22, 1928. His daughter Mae was first married to Bert Davis and later to a Jones. She died February 25, 1961 at Kent, Washington.

I am very interested in securing a picture and more biographical facts on J. R. Fisher. I would appreciate hearing from any relatives or descendents.—Linn Peterson, 540 E. Hill St., McPherson, Kansas 67460

Merritt-Webster-Roberson

My grandmother, Lydia Merritt, married her sister's widower, Dr. Lawson Webster. They had two children, Columbus and Mollie, who was my mother. My father and mother separated before I was born. His name was Newt Roberson, and I know only that he was a very religious man and that he lived at Corn Hill, Bell County, Texas. Mother later married a man by the name of Connors. He left us after Mother's death. I was quite small when Mother died and was raised by my Grandmother Webster. Any information on any of them would be appreciated.—Jessie C. Roberson, Box 264, Crawford, Texas 76638

George Vaughn's Letter

I would like to quote a letter found in my grandmother's personal effects shortly after her death a few years ago. I

(Continued on page 72)

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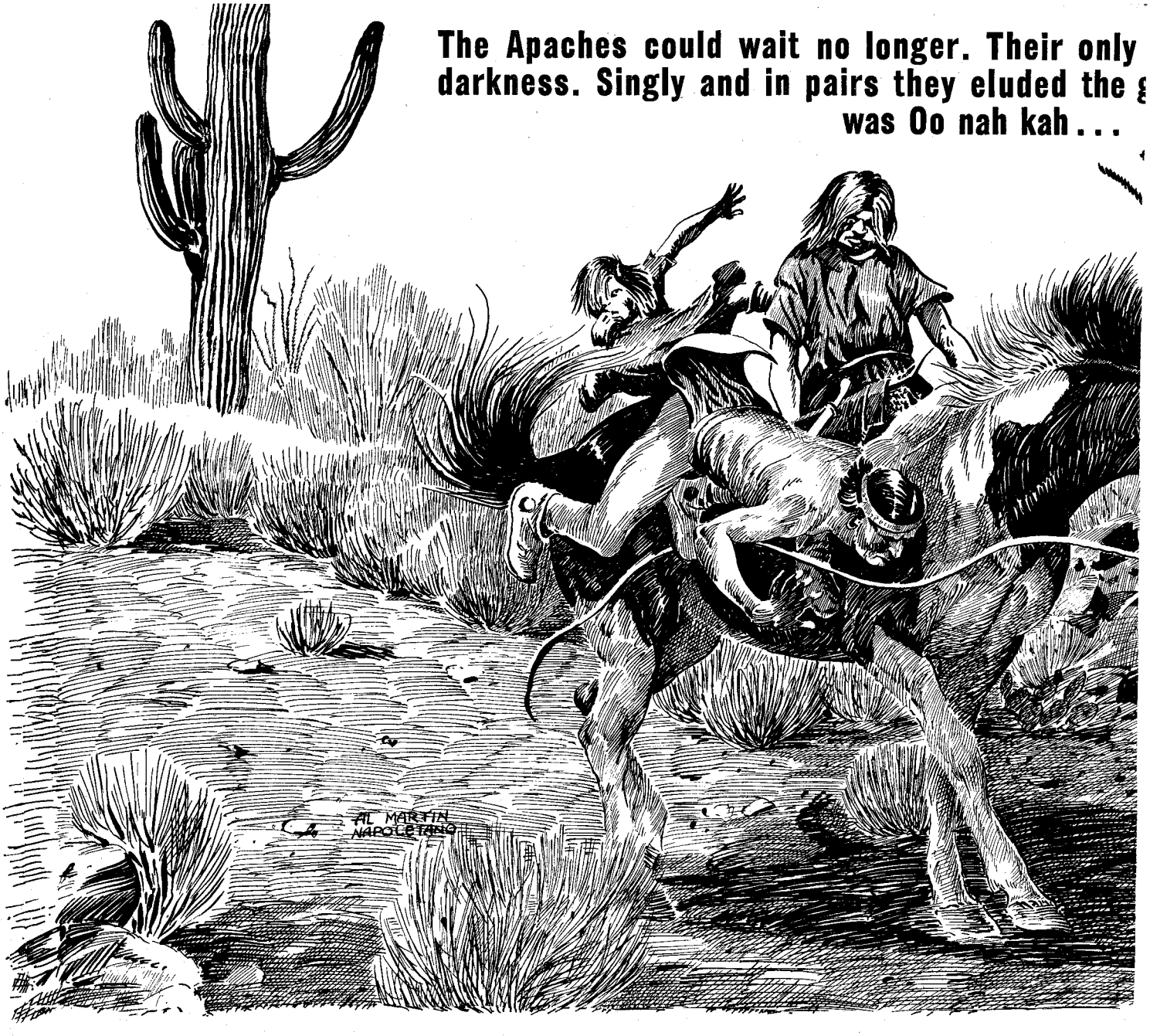
The Apaches could wait no longer. Their only darkness. Singly and in pairs they eluded the was Oo nah kah . . .



FLIGHT FROM THE BOSQUE REDONDO

MAY SECOND, daughter of the last Mescalero Apache chief, Peso, sat before the fireplace. "It is around the campfires at night when the snow is deep, that the stories of the old days are told," she said. "When the Dipper is in the right place—that is the time. If my people do not hear the owl, they may tell the stories of long ago. But the Old Ones say that we are never to tell the stories in the summer, nor in the spring—just in winter. Because, if we do, the snakes—they get angry.

"But few of us keep the old customs now. Still, I wouldn't tell a coyote story in any house; but there is one of a brave girl which my father often repeated for the children when everything was right. So did Kah zhan, the medicine man, and the father of Bessie Big Rope. It is about the grandmother of Fred and Maggie Pellman, Oo nah kah, and it is a true story."

AS Oo nah kah stooped to dip the water jug into the sluggish Pecos, something sinister moved beneath the surface. The mass of maggots parted and a bloated corpse drifted slowly past the flat stone upon which the two Apache girls stood. They fled up the bank of the river. At the top the older girl caught Too neh's hand and stopped her.

"The sun is already setting," she said, "and you know that we must bring water before night."

"We can not drink that filthy stuff," replied the younger girl.

"Our mother will strain it through cloth to get the worms out. And we'll have to drink it, for there is nothing else to drink. Even a Mescalero cannot

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ıope was out there in the uards. One of the bravest

By EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

live without water." She drew the younger child back with her to the water's edge and averting her eyes, stopped and dipped the wicker jug into the loathsome water. When they reached the brush arbor their mother looked into the jug, and without comment strained its contents.

"Your father is in council with Cadette and the medicine man," said the mother. "They have summoned the warriors; but in order that the guards may not know, the warriors are in the fields, turning water into the ditches. They have long spoken of running away from this prison camp, and they have seen the water. It is the dark of the moon, and I think that they may go, and soon—perhaps tonight."

Tonight! The night of which the Apaches had long talked. It meant leaving the concentration camp at the Bosque Redondo where their hated enemy, General Carleton, had forced them to go.

"I'm thirsty," said the little brother, as he entered the arbor.

"The water is bad," said his mother, "but we have no other. You may drink."

The child looked into the jug, and refused its contents. He seated himself beside his older sister. She slipped an arm about him and said, "I can well remember the cold, clear, sweet mountain water in the little river that flows from our Sacred Mountain [Sierra Blanca in southern New Mexico]. How good it was! It may not be long until we go back to our old home where the water is good and the deer plentiful. Too long we have gone hungry in this terrible place. Even when my feast was made we had no venison; nor did we have buckskin for my ceremonial robe. But when our sister is old enough for the Puberty Rites she may have those things."

While they awaited the homecoming of the father, the family occupied its time with making preparations for their flight from the Bosque. First and most important was checking each ration bag and seeing that it was filled with dried meat, pounded for compactness; in a second compartment they carried dried and pulverized corn. Next, the flimsy cotton blankets issued by the military authorities were folded and put into readiness for carrying across the left shoulder. Such weapons as the family possessed were to be taken; but not the water jugs, for they would be following the river and could exist without those.

"Your father," said Oo nah kah's mother slowly, "is one of the very few warriors who has a rifle and ammunition. He and others who do will have the duty of being the last to leave; for it is necessary for some of the men to stay here and keep the fires burning so that our absence may escape notice. But it is also a duty entailing great danger.

"Now listen carefully while I tell you again exactly what each is to do. We will cross to the west side of the Pecos and go down the river, several days' journey, to the place where the mountain comes down near the river [present-day Carlsbad, New Mexico]. We are not to stay along the banks, but some distance from them, because when the soldiers discover our absence they will follow. And they will ride along the banks—the west bank, for there are streams on that side from the mountains and the water in them is good. We, too, will stay on the west side, but far enough away from the water that they do not find us. We are to travel by night and rest by day. And under no circumstances is anyone to build a fire.

"Because women with babies in tsachs [cradles] and little children whom they must keep with them, can only travel slowly, they are to start first. But they are not to stay together, but must travel separately so that if pursued some may live.

"Next will go the adolescent boys with the aged who are unable to walk that distance. Though the Navajos have stolen many horses and the soldiers have taken more, we still have managed to keep five hidden—enough to carry the Old Ones. Big Mouth, though small, is to go with them.

"When they have got well on their way, the girls are to start. Oo nah kah is to take our one knife and with it she is to protect her sister, even with her life. You know well what it means to be captured by either soldiers or Navajos. You must never forget that our women are chaste, so that even the white Nan tan [Captain Lawrence G. Murphy] respects them. He so respects them that any soldier who comes to our camp after dark is doing so under threat of death. If you are captured, Oo nah kah is to kill her sister, and then herself. There is no other way."

FOR the first time she could recall, the older daughter questioned the dictates of her mother. She refused to take the knife. "We are young," she said, "and can run fast. You will have the baby on your back and must keep our little brother with you. It is you who needs the knife. Please do not bid me take it."

The mother said nothing. She stood silently for a short time, and then replaced the weapon in the sheath at her belt. Presently she sent Oo nah kah for wood and drew Too neh into the rear of the arbor.

"My father comes!" said the little boy, and he rushed to throw himself into the arms of the returning warrior. They seated themselves about the fire hole to eat their meager supper and remained silent until it was finished. When her father asked for water Oo nah kah arose to bring the jug. He frowned when he smelled it, but drank. He passed the jug to his wife who followed his example; but when it was passed to the older daughter she shrank from the ordeal.

"Drink!" her father ordered. Then he added, apologetically, "It is necessary. Not even an Apache can live without water; and I think it may be the last time we will be forced to drink of this terrible stuff. By morning we should all be far enough down the river that the water will not be bad. We may even find fresh water in little streams coming into the river from the west." The other children drank without protest.

When dusk made visibility uncertain, the warrior nodded to his wife. Without a word she arose, laid her blanket over her left shoulder, lifted the tsach to her back and put the strap across her forehead, leaving her arms free. She took her little son by the hand and stole quietly into the darkness.

The night of November 3, 1865 was chilly, and the father put another root on the fire. All sat in silence until he thought sufficient time had elapsed to start the boys on their way. Then he stole from camp and was gone for what seemed a long time to the girls. When he returned he motioned to them to remain seated. It was not yet time for their leaving.

(Continued on page 52)

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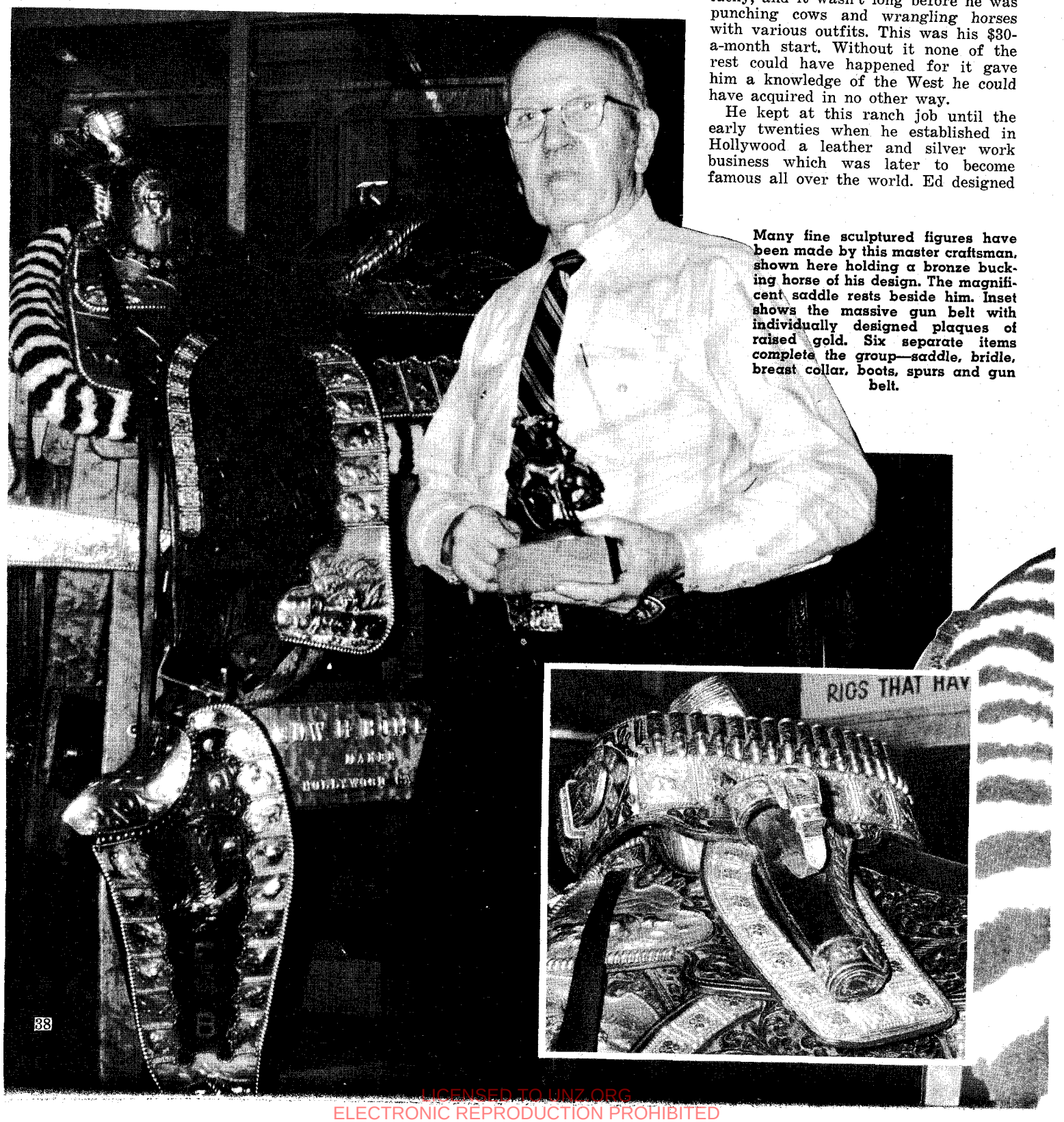
The $125,000

By FRANK DEAN
Photos Courtesy Author

A $125,000 saddle and a $30-a-month cowhand might not appear to have much chance of getting together—but that's what makes the West interesting.

When Ed Bohlin first came to this country as a seventeen-year-old Swedish immigrant in 1912, he trekked to Montana hoping to get a ranch job. He was lucky, and it wasn't long before he was punching cows and wrangling horses with various outfits. This was his $30-a-month start. Without it none of the rest could have happened for it gave him a knowledge of the West he could have acquired in no other way.

He kept at this ranch job until the early twenties when he established in Hollywood a leather and silver work business which was later to become famous all over the world. Ed designed



Many fine sculptured figures have been made by this master craftsman, shown here holding a bronze bucking horse of his design. The magnificent saddle rests beside him. Inset shows the massive gun belt with individually designed plaques of raised gold. Six separate items complete the group—saddle, bridle, breast collar, boots, spurs and gun belt.

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Saddle!

Ed Bohlin's dazzling creation of silver, gold and leather!

and produced the fabulous $125,000 saddle for himself. It is without doubt the most elaborate outfit he has ever created.

Ed's reputation as a silversmith is verified by the variety of customers who have ordered special silvered-mounted saddles from the Ed Bohlin Saddlery. Ed made six for the Sultan of Jaipur in India, five for the Prince of Ghawar in Arabia, two for the Prince of Buraida, one for Emperor Hirohito of Japan, two for Tom Mix, three for the chewing gum magnate P. K. Wrigley—and the list goes on and on.

Ed Bohlin's life is a rags to riches type of story. When he left his home in Stockholm to come to America his young life to date had been an unhappy one, full of frustrations. He liked to draw and still recalls a sketch he did of his sister—which was about the full extent of his artistic experience. But he was highly observant. His life in Montana and Wyoming left him with a wealth of mental pictures which later on appeared in minute detail in gold and silver or hand carved on his saddles.

ED BOHLIN is another Charles Russell—not on canvas but on silver, gold and leather. On his special saddle there are more than a hundred silver plaques each having a different central character done in relief in three shades of gold!

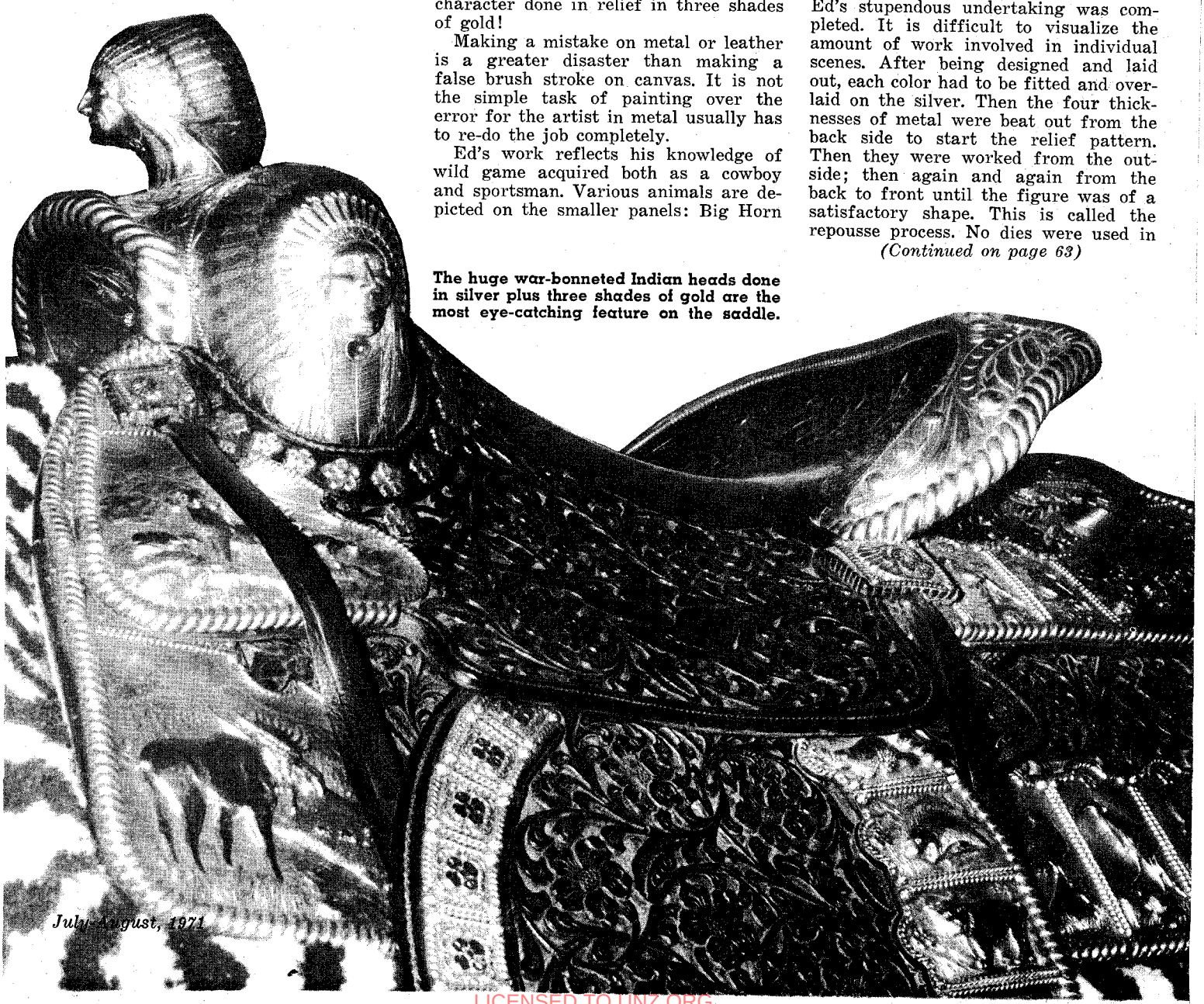
Making a mistake on metal or leather is a greater disaster than making a false brush stroke on canvas. It is not the simple task of painting over the error for the artist in metal usually has to re-do the job completely.

Ed's work reflects his knowledge of wild game acquired both as a cowboy and sportsman. Various animals are depicted on the smaller panels: Big Horn sheep, the Rocky Mountain goat, elk, moose, deer, buffalo and antelope are all there, plus more than fifty other wild animals typical of the Rocky Mountains and the West. Two massive heads—Sioux Indians complete with eagle-feather warbonnets are handcrafted out of gold and silver onto the swells of the saddle, and another is made into a saddle horn, the most eye-catching detail of this entire creation.

The general scene idea is carried over into other decorations on the matching bridle, breast collar, boots, spurs, and ornate gun holsters. Another large matching Indian head is in the center of the breast collar.

Fourteen years were to pass before Ed's stupendous undertaking was completed. It is difficult to visualize the amount of work involved in individual scenes. After being designed and laid out, each color had to be fitted and overlaid on the silver. Then the four thicknesses of metal were beat out from the back side to start the relief pattern. Then they were worked from the outside; then again and again from the back to front until the figure was of a satisfactory shape. This is called the repousse process. No dies were used in

(Continued on page 63)



The huge war-bonneted Indian heads done in silver plus three shades of gold are the most eye-catching feature on the saddle.

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Wild Old Days!

The "Doc" Crosby farm, three miles west of Springview, Nebraska in 1886.

SPINNING WINDMILL ON THE PRAIRIE

By Erma Kulhavy

MY MOTHER'S family, the Crosbys, came to northern Nebraska in 1884. They improved a quarter-section of land three miles west of the small inland town of Springview. The windmill tower on that farm became Mother's favorite spot—from it she could see for miles and watch for marauding Indians. She often remarked that if she had a dollar for every time she had climbed that tower she would be rich.

Her father, Rolandus LeGrand Crosby, had lived in Iowa near Odebolt most of his life. There in 1879 he had lost his wife Em, leaving him with three small children: George, Fred, and Gertrude, my mother. Two years later he married Em's widowed sister, Mary Jillson, who had two boys Bert and Wilbur (Wib for short). So Mother's cousins became her step-brothers. Later Guy was born so she had brothers, step-brothers, and a half-brother. They got along well and were a happy family all their lives.

Grandfather was called Doc by almost everyone because of his helping sick neighbors and friends. No matter what time of day or night, if he heard of illness he was right there. He also lent money to friends in time of need, charging a fair rate of interest if they were able to pay. Sometimes the interest came in the form of pork, beef, and vegetables for the table, and that was fine with him.

In 1883 he made a trip by train into frontier Nebraska. The Northwestern Railroad had almost followed the Niobrara River into that part of the country causing quite a scramble for land. Since the settlers were anxious to borrow money to buy cattle, obtain equipment, and hire help to expand their operations it seemed a good location for a bank. In those days it didn't take too much money to open a bank. Grandfather liked the flat country around Springview best and decided to locate there. He could hardly wait to get back to Iowa and tell the family the good news.

THE FAMILY couldn't quite share his enthusiasm as they had heard many stories of outlaws and Indians. Nevertheless, the Iowa farm was sold and the Crosbys were on their way to the open range country bordered on the northwest by the Rosebud Indian Reservation, the Badlands and the Black Hills with the booming gold-mining camps. A few miles to the south, the Niobrara cut its way through white chalk bluffs and beyound that was the Sandhills region where scattered ranchers fought off Indians, nesters, and renegades with equal determination.

Valentine was a supply point on the railroad east of Springview and also had a land office. Its many saloons were patronized by cowboys and rough characters of the area. About a month before the Crosbys arrived the vigilantes were pretty active. Kid Wade was one of their victims. He had been accused of stealing horses and the sheriff was taking him to jail when the vigilantes overtook them near Bassett and hung him to a whistling post on the railroad. I've heard my father tell this story many times, as they lived on a ranch north of Bassett then.

But with all the troubles in this raw country, things went well for Grandfather and his family. While he spent his time at the bank, his boys and hired men were busy building at the farm. They constructed a fine six-room house, small barn with a haymow, tool shed and corrals, and of course a good well with that spinning windmill. There was always plenty of wind to pump all the water needed. From her perch on the tower Mother kept the family posted on what went on for miles around.

When all was finished a dance was held and folks came for miles to dance all night in both the house and haymow of the barn. People brought food, and some extra musicians came although the Crosbys had an orchestra of their own. Gertie chorded on organ, George played violin, Fred the cornet, and Bert and Wib took turns on the drums.

Grandma Crosby was a good housekeeper and in no time had the new house looking like a home. She had nurtured some geranium slips through the long move and grew bright red and pink flowers in the windows. She was also

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noted for her good home-baked bread, wild plum butter and wild grape and plum wine. Mother used to laugh about her dad and his brother Ed sampling a little too much one day. When Granddad started to open another jug of wine he picked up a stone pitcher of plum butter and as he tried to pour it he said, "Egads, Ed, but this is really rich!"

Mother and her father and brothers drove their fine team and buggy back and forth to Springview every day. It didn't take long to make the three miles either with the team or horseback.

IN SPITE OF Indian skirmishes now and then, drouth, vigilantes and blizzards, the bank prospered. The blizzard of '88 on January 12 was probably the worst storm in history for that part of the country. The morning had been rather nice, but hazy in the northwest. About the time school started the storm hit in a blinding fury. Later in the day the teacher used the bell rope and had the children follow her, hanging on to the rope, and she got them safely the short distance to the small hotel in Springview. Grandfather came to the hotel too and the children thought it quite a treat to stay at the hotel. He was worried about little Guy and his wife at home, but they had plenty of fuel and food and knew better than to try to go outside. So all weathered the storm in fine shape.

In 1889 Dakota Territory was divided and the states of North and South Dakota became part of the Union. White settlers pressed ever closer to the Rosebud Indian Reservation and the Indians became restless. There was a severe drouth and the Plains were no longer black with buffalo nor shook with the thunder of their hoofs as in days of old.

The Indians had heard of a new religion in which the Messiah would destroy the white men, restore the buffalo to the Plains, and make the tribes strong again. The Indians began performing the Ghost Dance, which alarmed the settlers. Sometimes the rumors were out of proportion or misinterpreted, causing more trouble.

Mother's trips to her windmill tower lookout became more frequent and her brothers teased her saying, "Gertie the Indians won't scalp you—they'll like your reddish-blonde hair so well that the chief will want you for one of his wives." She would be angry for awhile, but any shadow on the windowpane or strange sound in the night sent her flying up the windmill tower again. (I'm sure I would have hid under the bed rather than risk going outside!)

The winter passed with more rumors than danger, but in the spring of 1890 the Messiah craze revived and the Ghost Dances were renewed. The Indians donned their white, fringed ghost shirts which they thought protected them from the white men or the soldiers' bullets. From the land of Sitting Bull on the Grand River far in the north, to the Red Cloud agency near Ft. Robinson on the Nebraska border, they danced the Ghost Dance days upon end.

Troops of cavalry were sometimes called out and there were Indian police at the agencies too. When Sitting Bull was shot in a scuffle with Indian police, the Sioux of the Rosebud were excited and angry and attacked a party of whites in the Badlands. The troops then drove all the Indians back to Pine Ridge where a huge Indian camp was set up, but they were ordered not to dance. Most of them obeyed, but with reluctance, and a few still danced for days in the shelter of canyons along the rivers and the Badlands.

Grandfather Crosby always said that the settlers and the military misunderstood the meaning of the Messiah craze and Ghost Dance. Others have said too that what ensued was revenge by the military for Custer's defeat in Montana. The story of that infamous battle and massacre at Wounded Knee Creek has been told many times. The Pine Ridge Sioux were so enraged by it that they did attack and burn a few of the white settlers' buildings southeast of Pine Ridge.

This was getting too close to the Crosbys, and some of them were ready to leave this part of the country forever. But not Grandfather Crosby who said, "I came here because I saw a future in this part of the country. No matter what happens it still has a future, and I'm staying to see it!"

Some of the settlers to the northwest did become alarmed and left hurriedly for Ft. Robinson for protection. Many of them passed the Crosby farm saying they could see fires before they left and were sure the Indians were coming. Mother hardly came down from the windmill tower long enough to eat! She begged her father and mother to take them out of this approaching danger. But they weren't nearly as upset as some of the neighbors. When she implored her mother to please take her, Grandma stoically replied, "Well, I'm not leaving without my geraniums. I've worked hard to have those beautiful flowers." Then she began to enumerate countless other things she'd have to take along. So Mother gave up and went back to her lookout.

A group of armed men were sent farther west and nearer to Pine Ridge to watch and keep the settlers posted. Later they told of what a good time they had, drinking and playing poker, as there didn't seem to be any danger to report. About ten years later the family moved to Naper, Nebraska where another Crosby Bank was established. By this time my mother was a young lady and a good seamstress. She sewed for whites and Indians alike; her childish fears were over.

The Crosby family. Front row (from left): Fred, George, Doc (Rolandus LeGrand), Guy and Mary. Second row: Gertrude, Wilbur ("Wib" died while still a young man at Butte, Nebraska) and Bert.

THE HANDKERCHIEF THAT BROUGHT WRATHFUL TEARS

By Louise Riotte

ON February 16, 1903 a little item appeared in the *Daily Ardmoreite*, published at Ardmore, Indian Territory, recounting an event which had produced the proverbial "tempest in a teapot" in Dallas, Texas, across the border to the south.

It seems that the good ladies of Dallas sent a request to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, wife of the President of the United States, for a handkerchief to be auctioned off at "Columbia's Reception,"

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The Porum Range War

(Continued from page 14)

Checotah, a small village in McIntosh County whose county seat was Eufaula. Davis was tried in Muskogee County for the cattle had been kept on his ranch near Porum in that county. Before the trial of Pony started, great numbers of men from both factions began to drift into Eufaula. By evening the tension was such that Judge Leslie B. Cole who was to sit on the bench in the Starr case, instructed deputies to go to the two hotels and search and seize every weapon there.

The newspaper accounts stated, "Dozens of Winchesters and sixguns were taken from both sides. Hair trigger tempers and persistent rumors of possible mass killings induced Judge Cole to then order the whole town disarmed, as in his opinion, 'A click of a trigger would bring on wholesale slaughter.'"

From the June 11 edition: "The trial of Pony Starr on the charge of stealing cows from T. J. Jamison dragged along on the second day with little new evidence other than that which was introduced in the two trials of Bob Davis. The state, however, promises to spring something new this afternoon in rebuttal.

"The state finished its case this morning and now witnesses for the defense are being heard. There have been several new witnesses summoned, among them a woman from Tahlequah at whose home Pony Starr and Bob Davis are supposed to have met Dan Foster and Cliff Sellers; and Starr and Davis are alleged to have offered them pay for assisting in stealing Jamison's cattle. Another witness, who has been summoned by the defense, is W. F. Severs, an attorney who has been taking part in the prosecution of the Davis boys for years. Just what the defense hopes to show with Severs has not yet been announced.

"Dan Foster was the first witness to be called this morning. He testified to meeting Starr and Davis in Tahlequah and getting money for assisting in stealing cattle for the defendant. He also said that Pony Starr had told him to get out of the country or he would meet the same fate of Mack Alford, who was shot from ambush. He said that the defendant told him that no witness had ever lived to testify against the Davis boys in any important case. Foster was with Cliff Sellers at Tahlequah he said. Foster is the man who admitted in a former trial to having served terms in the penitentiary.

"To offset the testimony of the Katy agent at Checotah to the effect that Pony Starr had signed a contract to ship a herd of cattle, including Jamison's, to Kansas City, District Clerk Ross Houck was placed on the stand to identify Bob Davis' signature. He identified the handwriting on the Katy contract and on a number of bonds as that of Davis. The agent had said that Pony had signed Bob's name.

"Charles McClure of Porum testified that Foster had told him Bob Davis and Starr did not steal the cattle, but had bought them from Foster and Cliff Sellers.

"During the trial today Mrs. Pony Starr sat in the rear of the courthouse."

Pony Starr was convicted and given a term of six years in the state prison at McAlester. His lawyers at once appealed and he was freed on bond. When tried again later he received a one-year sentence and again appealed; eventually the case was thrown out of court.

ON June 16, the grand jury returned thirty-two indictments against men involved in the Porum riot; Bob and Amon Davis and Leonard McCullough were indicted for the murder of Deputy Jim Work on the same day. Two indictments were returned just before the grand jury made its final report against

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Attorney S. M. Rutherford acted in behalf of Pony Starr and Joe Davis upon their arrival at Muskogee. After a discussion between the district attorney and Rutherford it was announced that no warrant would be issued for their (Starr and Davis) arrest in connection with the killings during the Porum riot.

T. L. Hester, who was charged with "directing, advertising and selecting persons to participate in the riot at Porum." The grand jury also requested six more special deputy sheriffs be sent to Porum "and stay there until the case is resolved." Porum was now an armed camp, but armed by the law and not by the lawless.

On June 17, Attorney S. M. Rutherford arranged bond for Bob and Amon Davis and Leonard McCullough, and the men were instructed to remain at the home of Sam Davis in Muskogee. They were told that if they returned to Porum or any of their far-flung ranch holdings until after the trial, their bonds would be forfeited.

Once again Sheriff Wisener had his hands full. Rumors of attack on the Sam Davis home persisted, and the sheriff posted armed guards around the house with orders to fire at the least show of mob violence. The Davis boys reacted by saying, "We don't need you, just let us have our guns." Day and night the armed men were on patrol. Amon and Bob were not seen, but Old Sam, patriarch of the Davis clan, walked boldly and unafraid through the streets of the town and sat quietly on his wide porch smoking his pipe, seemingly with the utmost disdain for the threatening mob.

On June 19 twenty-two arrests were made on indictments of inciting and participating in the Porum riot. Each of the twenty-two men appeared in Muskogee and were released on $1,500 bond each.

On August 2, newspaper headlines proclaimed that Bob Davis and Pony Starr, if cleared of the Work killing and numerous cattle theft charges, would go to Arizona to buy a ranch as they were tired of bloodshed and fighting. Leonard McCullough would accompany Bob as ranch foreman. But a week later the paper admitted that the Porum feud was still simmering.

"Men still being warned to get out of Porum range territory. Threats being made by mail to friends of the Davis' and Starr. Charlie McClure was shot at by a masked man as he stepped outside his ranch home early one morning. A note thrown through his window last night told him, 'You are going to be killed for riding to the Hester ranch.'"

On August 28, the *Times Democrat* carried the story of the murder of Charlie McClure.

"Charlie McClure, friend and sympathizer of the Davis boys in the recent Porum feud, and principal witness for Davis and Starr in cattle stealing cases to come up this fall, star witness for the state against 30 men charged with rioting at Porum, when a pitched battle occurred between Pony Starr, Joe Davis and about 30 masked men, was assassinated at seven o'clock Saturday in the town of Porum, while on his way home from the residence of Bob Davis.

"The crime, which adds another chapter to the famous Porum feud, occurred at the northeast corner of the high school building in Porum. Two unknown, masked men, who had learned that McClure had gone to the home of Bob Davis earlier in the evening, lay in wait for him in the entrance of the school building. When McClure passed the corner of the building they opened fire. Four shots were fired, every one taking effect. McClure was killed instantly. The murderers then went across the railroad track, where two horses were tied and, mounting, rode away to the hills.

"The assassins were seen by some of the women in the neighborhood, who declare that one wore a black mask and the other a red mask. They were not real masks but handkerchiefs tied over their faces.

"Deputy Sheriffs were unable to get any traces of the assassins. Sheriff Wisener, who was in Colorado, was wired, and arrived home this morning.

"It appears that McClure was shot in the back. He had gone past a certain point of the schoolhouse with his back towards the entrance when he was shot to death.

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"McClure was a Cherokee, slightly over 40 years old. He was a quiet, unassuming sort of a fellow, and during all the trouble at Porum, was a staunch friend of the Davis boys. He was a star witness for the defense in cattle stealing cases. When 30 Porum citizens and people who live in the vicinity were indicted for rioting and inciting riot, it is said that McClure gave much evidence as to the identity of the men, and was to be a principal witness at their coming trials. He has been repeatedly threatened by people in the neighborhood and for some time had received anonymous letters urging him to leave the country or take the consequences.

"Jack Davis, Joe Davis and Pony Starr called on the district attorney and the sheriff today, and urged them to do all they can do to apprehend the slayers of their friend, McClure. They accuse members of the mob who took part in the riot with Pony Starr, with being responsible for the death of McClure.

"Many people at Porum believed McClure was responsible for a great deal of the trouble in that part of the country and claim his activity in behalf of the Davis boys brought about most of the violence in the southern part of the county."

THE TRIAL of Bob and Amon Davis and Leonard McCullough began in district court on September 11. McCullough entered the old courtroom first, his hands shackled together and handcuffed to the deputy with him. Directly behind McCullough came Bob and Amon Davis, hands and feet shackled, and the old corridors rang with the echo of the chains that bound their legs together.

The courtroom was tense and in spite of the rule that all men entering the room must be searched, there was fear that blood would be shed. Even the ladies had to submit to a thorough search by the jail matron; these included Mrs. Starr and Mrs. Bob Davis. The two small children of Bob and Mrs. Davis and the daughter of Pony Starr and his wife stood quietly by while their mothers were searched. Judge DeGraffenried sat on the bench.

It was not until September 26 that a jury was at last selected to hear the case in the killing of Jim Work. So widespread was the knowledge of the Porum Range War and there were so many friends on both sides that it was most difficult to select a jury. Most people who did not know any of the persons involved had formed opinions from newspaper accounts and panel after panel of jurymen were dismissed. Judge DeGraffenried remarked, "Men with this many friends should not be fighting and killing."

The star witness for the state was, of course, Deputy Sheriff Bud Robertson who was with Work when he was killed at the Davis ranch, and his testimony belied the rumors that Deputy Work had been murdered by the three men hiding behind hay in the Davis barn.

September 27, 1911: "The state played its strongest hand today in the case of Bob and Amon Davis, charged with the murder of Deputy Sheriff Jim Work, when it put J. A. (Bud) Robertson on the stand and introduced as evidence the bloody coat, vest and shirt worn by Jim Work on the day that he was killed. Mrs. Work, who identified the clothing, broke into tears for the first time during the trial. The blood-stained clothing was introduced after strenuous opposition on the part of the defense.

"'Bud' Robertson, a Porum liveryman, the only eye-witness to the shooting of Work, was on the stand practically all morning, but in spite of the awful gruelling of Attorney Rutherford for the defense, stood by his story.

"'Deputy Sheriff Jim Work came to my place on May 4 and asked me to go with him to the ranch of Bob Davis, to arrest Davis,' said Robertson. 'Work had three warrants charging Davis with stealing cattle. He said he wanted someone to go with him because he was afraid he would be waylaid and killed on the road. He said there was no danger of trouble, as Davis would not resist, he had never done so before. I did not want to go. Work told me that he intended to take Jim Eddy, but Eddy was guarding Pony Starr who was already under arrest.

"'On the way to Bob's house we stopped at Jim Eddy's house, tied up our horses and walked to Bob Davis' home. Work was armed with an automatic rifle and a six-shooter and I had a small revolver. We went around the foot of the mountain to Bob's house—on the south side. We then crossed into Davis' hog pasture and went up to the edge of the timber and sat down among the blackjack trees. There we waited for Bob to come home. We presently saw Bob riding up to the gate. Amon Davis and Leonard McCullough were with him. Jim Work and I walked down the road toward Bob.

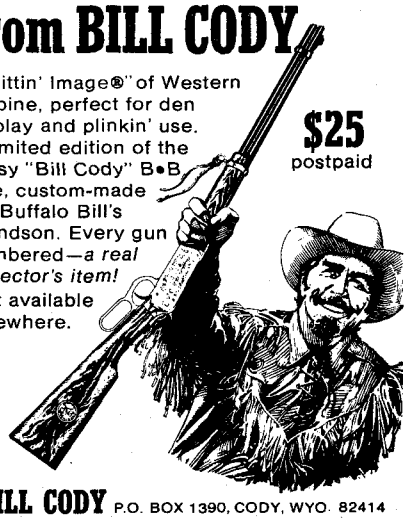
"'Work hollered at Bob to stop, saying that he had a warrant for him. Jim had just read me one of the warrants and placed them all back in his pocket. When he hollered at Bob he pulled a warrant from his pocket and held it up in the air so Bob could see it. Bob started to run and Jim (Work) hollered: "Stop! I've got a bench warrant for you!"

"'Bob, who was riding a horse, spurred the animal and made a dash for the house. Amon Davis stopped and threw up his hands. Bob started to get off his horse and Work said, "He's getting his gun!" Then Work brought his gun down over the warrant that he held in his left hand and shot twice. Bob dropped from his horse and ran into the house. After Work shot he said, "I believe I hit Bob."

"Robertson and Work then, according to the witness, retreated from the house for a space. 'I said, "They are going around," said the witness. Work said, "Let's head 'em off." We went around the edge of the clearing and got even with the house. We were running for a gate to cut the men off. Somebody began shooting at us from the house and we stopped. I slipped and fell. Work then went to shooting.

"'They stopped shooting and Work turned around to load his gun, and Bob

COLLECTOR'S ITEM from BILL CODY



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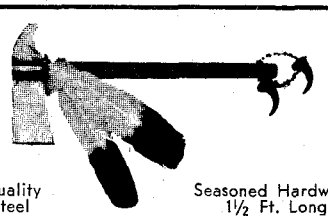

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Davis began shooting from a window. Work, while loading his gun, turned from the house. Finishing loading his gun, he turned around and shot one time. Work then exclaimed, "I'm hit." I said, "Let's get out of here," and we started. I saw Bob Davis shooting from the house. I saw Amon Davis, but he was on his horse. Bob was shooting from the window in the house. We were then about 100 yards from the house, which I could see through an opening in the trees. In trying to get away we went towards the fence. Shooting started again from the house. Jim then turned around and emptied his gun. Work began to get weak and staggered. I held him up and he said he was only wounded and the sickness would soon pass. Jim said he could go no further and told me to get a doctor. Jim could not walk and sat down on the ground. The spot where I left him is out of sight of the house. When I got back he was dead.'

"On cross-examination Robertson declared that he did not see Amon Davis do anything. He was on his horse in a bunch of trees. The witness became confused as to direction from the house and Attorney Rutherford drew a diagram of the place on the floor. Squatting over the marks on the floor the attorney for the defense and the witness parleyed. In spite of the hammer and tongs manner in which the attorney attacked Robertson's story, he stood by it substantially, but became confused in a few details.

"During the cross-examination there were many clashes between the attorneys for each side and the jury was withdrawn from the room a number of times while the lawyers argued and the court passed upon the questions of law.

"During one of these clashes Rutherford charged that there was a conspiracy among the witnesses for the state to send Bob Davis, Joe Davis, and Pony Starr to the gallows. He insisted on questioning the witness relative to his being in Muskogee county jail. The defense finally won its point.

"Bud Robertson admitted he was in jail here for some time, not as a prisoner, but because his family and friends were afraid he would be killed. They advised him to come to Muskogee and seek protection, he said, after he had been shot at one night while sitting on his front porch. Others, he said, had seen the shot. He had a full house of boarders and they all left him fearing they would be shot. He reported to the sheriff and the sheriff told him if he was afraid, he could stay in the jail, which he did. After a time, however, he went back to Porum.

"'ISN'T it a fact that you were drunk at your house one Sunday and fired a shot in you own house?' queried Rutherford.

"'I was not drunk, I was drinking. I fired two shots at a cat that had scratched the face of our baby,' he explained. He denied he was ever so drunk he had to be put to bed.

"Wrapped in a dirty newspaper, the coat, vest and shirt worn by Jim Work on the day of his death were brought into the courtroom. This was followed by the little woman in black, the widow of the slain man. There was not a whisper in the courtroom and the moment was a dramatic one.

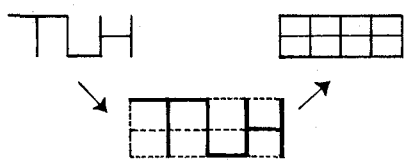
"Speaking soft and low, County Attorney Disney picked up the bloody coat and asked Mrs. Work to identify it. Then followed the strenuous opposition of the defense, which was overruled. Mrs. Work identified the coat as that worn by her husband when he left home on the morning of May 4 and the coat she found beside his body when he lay cold in death a few hours later.

"When the vest was lifted before her eyes, the little woman broke down and cried. She sobbed and nodded an answer, brushing the tears away with a white cotton handkerchief. Then the shirt was identified, and all the clothing offered in evidence and marked as exhibits in the case.

"The state had more witnesses to put on the stand this afternoon and then the defense will have an inning. It is doubtful if the case will go to the jury before Friday morning.

"The case against Amon Davis, who was on trial with Bob Davis, charged with the murder of Deputy Sheriff Jim Work, was this afternoon dismissed on the motion of County Attorney W. E. Disney.

Brand changing was a serious charge, but this diagram shows how easily it could have been accomplished. To change the TLH Connected to the Window Sash . . .



A running iron could have done the job easily.

"The state finished its testimony this afternoon in the Bob Davis case, Mr. Rutherford outlined the defense. They will claim that Bob Davis fired but three shots and he fired in self-defense; that he was fired upon from the woods and did not know that he had had a shooting scrape with an officer until it was all over. The defense will try to prove that there was a conspiracy among the witnesses for the state to take the life of Bob Davis, Jack Davis, Joe Davis and Pony Starr.

"The defense attacked the state witnesses and sought to impeach the testimony of Bud Robertson, the state's star witness, and show that Deputy Sheriff Jim Work had been bitter towards the Davis boys.

"Rutherford put a witness by the name of Grant on the stand and tried to show that Grant had been intimidated by state witnesses in the very shadow of the courthouse during this trial. This was ruled out by the court. Grant testified he had heard unfriendly talk against the Davis boys. He overheard a man talking to Jim Work and the man asked Work to loan him his gun on the morning of the killing. Work replied, according to the witness, 'No, I am going to get me a man with that.'

"R. B. Ramsey, former sheriff of Muskogee county, testified that while he was sheriff Jim Work was a deputy under him for five or six months, and Work asked him if he had any warrants against the Davis boys, Work would like to serve them himself.

"John Brown, an Indian, a native of this country, testified that he was acquainted with Bud Robertson and that the latter's reputation for truth and morality was very bad.

"Chester Pitts of Porum told of having been in Porum during the county campaign for sheriff, and he and Bob Davis went behind a store to take a drink of whiskey. They talked of the sheriff's race. Work then accosted Pitts, he says, and asked if they were talking about him (Work). 'He said if Bob Davis was talking about him he aimed to kill him,' said the witness.

"The defense will probably get all its testimony in today. The state has some rebuttal testimony which it will introduce, and arguments will probably not be made until tomorrow afternoon."

ON OCTOBER 4, Judge DeGraffenried gave his instructions to the jury. Many said and the newspapers said, "Judge DeGraffenried's instructions favor Davis."

The judge instructed the jury, "If you find that there is a question of doubt in your mind that Bob Davis meant to kill a deputy sheriff, or if there is a question that he might have thought he was acting in self-defense then you must find in favor of the defendant. If you find that he deliberately killed a deputy sheriff then you must find for the state."

The jury filed out. Flies hummed in the stuffy courtroom and the baby of Bob Davis whimpered in the heat. The sound seemed all too loud in the tense silence. Mrs. Davis sat quietly, her other child beside her while she hushed the restless baby. Mrs. Pony Starr, her lifelong friend, was beside her also. Some people went to the outside for a drink of water, others fanned themselves in the close atmosphere of the stuffy courtroom. All waited.

Forty-five minutes later, the jury sent word they had reached a verdict. There was a flurry of activity and Judge DeGraffenried once again admonished the crowd of spectators that he would brook no display, permit no demonstration of any kind, when the jury filed in with its decision. Guards took their places at strategic points near all windows and doors for such fear was held of gunplay that no chances were taken.

When the jury filed in, Bob Davis showed no emotion. His wife's face was pale. The judge intoned, "Gentlemen, have you reached a verdict?"

"We have, Your Honor," replied the foreman of the jury.

"Will the prisoners stand and face the jury," instructed the judge.

Davis and McCullough rose and faced the jury of twelve men, both men still calm and seemingly confident.

"Gentlemen, what is your verdict?" the

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judge asked. There was a tomb-like quiet in the courtroom.

"We find the defendants not guilty."

The jury had found 'not guilty' at the first count and thus just five months from the day Deputy Jim Work died at the Davis ranch the men were free.

Immediately Sam Davis and Jack made bonds to the tune of $35,000 in cases which had had no bonds because of the already heavy bond for appearance in the murder trial. So once again Bob was free and once more he could return to his ranch at Porum.

On November 10 the county attorney made a move that the indictments against the men involved in the masked mob be dismissed, claiming that the men who had testified were exempt from prosecution. After much argument back and forth, Judge Hester alone, of all the men, was exempt. Yet he and he alone was charged by the grand jury of planning, directing and inciting the riot.

The same month, the cattle stealing trial for which the Davis boys were under heavy bond began, and once again feeling ran high. It was rumored that the Anti-Horse Thief Association had assessed its members $150 each to provide money to try to convict the Davises. The case was hard-fought with the attorneys almost coming to blows and being frequently admonished by the judge for their conduct.

At last the jury was out and the waiting began. On November 18, the jury reported that it was hopelessly deadlocked. They were disbanded and once again the Davises were free. At different times during the following several months, they were tried, each time being acquitted. It was all over.

BOB moved to Arizona where he had bought a ranch, and McCullough went with him. Sam Davis sold his lovely old home in Muskogee and moved to Tahlequah. Amon Davis moved to Wagoner, Oklahoma, and died there January 25, 1924.

Sam became so old that he needed someone with him, so Bob Davis sold his ranch in Arizona and returned to Tahlequah, where they both died quietly.

Pony Starr bought a ranch in the beautiful Kiamichi Mountains in southern Oklahoma and lived there for several years until age forced him to sell. Then he moved to Ft. Worth, Texas where he died in May 1947, just thirty-six years, almost to the day, after the mob violence at Porum. Mrs. Starr lived on in the Fort Worth home for a while but she, as well as her daughter Nina, longed for the old ranch at Porum. They moved back and bought a home just a mile from the little ranch house. Here Mrs. Starr died in 1962. She is buried beside Pony in a Ft. Worth cemetery.

Nina Starr, who at the age of eight had witnessed the terrible fight, told me in 1964 that Pony, knowing he was near death, had told her that he wanted to be buried in Ft. Worth and not to bring him back to the Starr cemetery at Briartown (not far from Porum) for he did not want people diggging into his grave like they had some of his relatives. According to Nina Starr one of the old graves had been found desecrated rather recently.

Nina Starr gave me this eye-witness account of the mob attack. After fifty-three years her memory was most clear and vivid:

"I HAD GONE up on the hill just a little way to my Grandpa Starr's to play. There were several kids there and we all saw the masked men riding in the little hollow. Some of the kids said there was going to be a parade in Porum for the men were all dressed funny—in women's clothes and their faces blacked and all kinds of get-ups on. We watched them. When they got right in front of Papa's they suddenly spurred their horses and came riding fast right up close to the front door, firing all the time as they came closer. I started running for home for I knew they were trying to kill my daddy and mama for they had been bothering us for a long time. Often at night they would ride by and shoot their guns near the house. We had not been able to have a lamp lit for months because of threats of death.

"As I crossed a little branch or sort of a low place between our house and Grandpa's I ran into my uncle, Cass Horn. There were oats growing there, tall and hard for a little girl to get through. Uncle grabbed at me and caught my dress, saying, 'Be still, get down!' I gave a jerk and tore my dress but I got loose and went flying on to the house. Horses were down everywhere and screaming something awful. Men were dead and dying too. I saw Cliff Hester down out in front, right by our coal cellar. He was trying to crawl inside the coal cellar but couldn't make it. Of course, I did not know then it was Cliff Hester, for he had on a long red dress. I just knew he was screaming and holding his stomach. I saw another man fall screaming from his horse right by the stock pond, just a few yards north of the house. The air was full of bullets, bark flew from a big tree in the yard, and a great splinter flew from the corner of the house. Through it all I kept running and screaming. I just wanted to get to my mama and daddy.

"What do you mean, you think the magic has gone out of our marriage?"

"Inside the house there was only Joe Davis and my daddy. Mama had run to the barn and now she brought two saddled horses to the door, for by now all the mob had run away. When men and horses started falling they just ran fast. They did get two wounded men from the ground and rode away with them over the saddle in front of the riders.

"Then in September I saw Charlie McClure murdered—shot right off his horse as he rode behind a surrey full of kids, of which I was one. We had been to the Davis ranch for Sunday dinner and were on our way home with Charlie riding his big grey horse right behind the surrey. Four rifle shots rang out all together. We didn't know there were four, but Charlie had four bullet holes through him.

"I saw the two men. They had bandanas over their faces, and they ran for their horses behind the schoolhouse from where they had hid to kill Charlie. We all ran back but Charlie was dead."

CHARLIE SHOEMAKE gave me this eye-witneses account in June of 1962, at the age of eighty-eight. He died in 1963.

"I drove a dray in Porum for five years. My brother, Hugh Shoemake, was deputy sheriff in Porum and another brother, Dick, was city marshal. I was delivering a load of feed at the Dr. Vowell home just across the railroad track from Pony Starr's ranch house. I saw a whole bunch of men with black stockings over their faces and in all kinds of get ups—women's dresses, coats turned wrong side out, women's aprons over pants, all kinds of stuff like that—come riding out of this little draw over by Pony's house.

"Then all at once rifles started raining bullets all over the Starr house. The mob was milling and I counted seventeen but lost track. There were at least twenty-five, I would say. Rifles started pinging from the house now and I knew they were in bad trouble for no sooner did the shots ring out from inside the house till men and horses started falling. Horses were screaming, men were screaming, cursing, milling and shooting. I saw three fall almost together, then two more. The mob seemed confused then and instead of getting away from there it seemed like they just bunched up, not knowing what to do after some of their mob started falling from their horses. This was only a few seconds, of course.

"I saw Mrs. Starr, who wasn't afraid of the devil himself, run from the back door of the ranch house and streak for the barn. She had a double-barrel shotgun in her hand. One of the mob took aim, fired and fired, four or five more times. Failing to bring her down, he then threw his empty gun at her. Then she did the bravest thing I think I ever saw. The man threw his .45 directly at her, after emptying it and failing to cut her down. As the heavy .45 came sailing at her, Mrs. Starr stopped and caught the gun in mid-air. She flung it back at the

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masked man and ran on to the barn. This was almost as soon as the first shot was fired at the house and as soon as she reached the safety of the barn I heard that old shotgun bellow and I saw a man fall."

(Author's note: Mr. Shoemake told me this about Mrs. Starr with the assurance I would not reveal it until after Mrs. Starr's death, as he was the only witness to see her fire the shotgun.)

"I saw Cass Horn, the brother of Mrs. Starr, run from the house and across an oat field and fall down in a low place. He was behind the house from the mob and they did not see him, I am sure. I never saw Nina, Pony's little girl, run home from her Grandpa's. Guess I was watching the mob falling and screaming. I never heard Winchesters talk as fast as those two in the hands of Joe Davis and Pony Starr.

"When it was over, the whole town of Porum was out there. Cliff Hester was down, shot through the stomach right in front of the house, and we picked up two more, badly wounded and clearly dying, out of the yard. One got about 200 yards northeast of the house and fell on the prairie. One died on the way to the hospital. We were going around gathering up the dead and wounded among the eleven dead and dying horses that were down all over the place. A lot of the damage seemed to me to have come from the barn.

"Just as the mob broke up, I saw a man whose horse was shot down go running across a pasture. Joe Davis came out the back door running and shooting after him. He ran in some heavy brush and Joe went back to get on his pony, which Mrs. Starr had at the door by then. Pony and Joe rode south smack-dab through the middle of the folks who were gathering at the Starr ranch. They rode on through the main street of Porum heading for the hills. Not a single shot was fired at either of them.

"I had left my dray at Dr. Vowell's and went over with the rest of Porum and it was a bloody mess that I will never forget. Men dead and dying, horses dead and dying while screaming as only a wounded horse can scream. I saw Eddie Constiable, a range hand there, and I saw Bonnie Call in the fight. He was hiding behind a cedar post, shooting. A bullet cut a hole in his hat near the very top and another cut his hair off square across the top of his head. He ran away and later my brother arrested him for some more trouble and took him to Muskogee. He got sick, and was moved from the Muskogee jail to the hospital and died there.

"After it was all over I asked a big stock man, Frank Vore who lived at Webber's Falls, what he thought of the feud and he said, 'Tell you, Charlie, I knew them all. I honestly think it was a bunch of cattle thieves fighting a bunch of cattle thieves.'

"That's my opinion, too. I knew them all, had no trouble with any of them. When I was asked to use my dray to haul the men from the scene of the riot I told the deputy who asked me—it was my own brother—'You find your own dray. I won't use mine.' And I didn't.

"I heard Jim Work tell my brother Hugh not two weeks before he was killed that the Davises didn't have the guts to shoot a man. I couldn't help wondering if Jim thought that while he was out there dying. He was a sort of glory-seeker, seemed to me. Always trying to show how tough he was."

ROY PARSONS, when he was seventy-nine and living in the old Pony Starr ranch house, gave me his eye-witness account in 1964 also. And here we learn one phase of the escape of Pony and Joe never mentioned in the old records.

"Pony and Joe rode for the hills southwest of Porum and they were heading for the Jack Davis ranch near Eufaula, but the pony that was in the barn, that Mrs. Starr had saddled, was no good. Pony knew he'd never get far with it, so he and Joe agreed that Joe was to go on to Jack's and hide and wait there for Pony.

"Pony rode north and a little west to my brother's place. My brother was Bill Parsons, and he had a ranch on Dirty Creek not far from Martin. Pony rode there and hid out at Bill's while a kid of a range rider named Wiley Brammett went to Aunt Fannie Starr's near Pony's home and got Pony's good saddle horse out of Aunt Fannie's pasture. Wiley rode the horse back to my brother Bill's and late at night Pony took off for Eufaula to join Joe. Brother Bill's ranch was just twenty-three miles from Porum.

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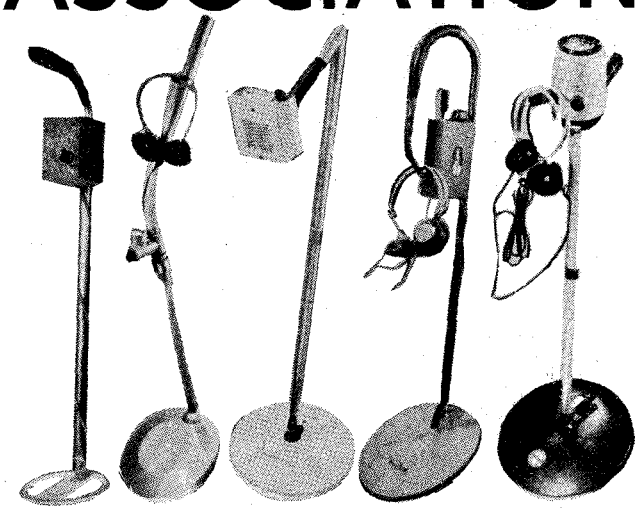

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"You see, when Pony got to Joe they had to ride clear over to Claremore to catch a train and Pony had to have a good horse. That's all I know about the whole thing but I heard several men say there were more men killed in the mob than anyone knew.

"I have found three .45-70 Winchester cartridges in the yard here since I have lived here. One I found just last summer."

At last only Joe was left, the youngster who at nineteen had held off a mob of some twenty-five to thirty men. Joe was destined for more trouble and in 1916 was arrested and convicted of robbing the Golden State Limited train in Arizona. He was sentenced to a long term in the pen, but a philanthropist became interested in his case. Securing his release, the man was amply rewarded by seeing Joe become a respected member of society, living in quiet retirement in an Oklahoma town. Talking with Joe in 1964 he told me, "Mrs. Myers, I have spent fifty years trying to forget things that happened. I was a kid, and I think I have paid my debt to society. I'd rather forget the whole thing." I agreed with Joe that he had paid.

Last Train Through Hell

(Continued from page 15)

Many people ran to the Eastern Minnesota railroad tracks where a passenger train and a freight had been hurriedly coupled together. The train was held until 475 people had climbed aboard; but already the heat was raising big bubbling blisters in the paint on the sides of the cars. As the two locomotives pulled out of town the train's engineers, William Best and Ed Barry, from their cab windows saw houses consumed almost instantaneously by heat and smoke, never to rise again. And as in any natural disaster, fate played tricks.

Ninety people in Hinckley sought refuge in a cleared space along the railroad tracks and were burned to death. More than a hundred were saved when they stood in the shallow waters of a gravel pit. Others plunged into the roiling waters of a creek on the northern edge of town where some survived and others were swept downstream by the swift current and drowned.

IN the meantime, the train from Hinckley raced north ten miles to the village of Standstone where it stopped for a minute while the passengers shouted warnings of the approaching fire. Once more underway, the last car of the train passed over the Smoking Kettle bridge at Standstone just before the flaming span fell into the gully below. Twenty minutes later, fire leaped out of the timber and swept over the village, destroying it almost completely and burning forty-five people.

The Denver (Colorado) *Rocky Mountain News* for September 4, 1894 carried the following item concerning Sandstone: "Sept. 3.—About all that remains of what was once a prosperous village, Sandstone, is the small shack used by the Sandstone Company for an office; and this would have met the same fate as the rest of the buildings but for the fact it was located near the quarry and the flames missed it. Crowded into it and another house were over 200 people who had lost everything except the clothing they wore.

"When the St. Paul and Duluth relief train from Duluth arrived at Miller's junction, word was received that the town of Sandstone was entirely burned and the people were in need of immediate aid. A party from the relief train started with provisions to look after the destitute people.

"After passing the Eastern Minnesota tracks; and before coming to the glowing coals and ashes that marked all that was left of Sandstone, several bodies were seen, the victims apparently having been overtaken by the flames as they were fleeing to safety.

"On reaching the quarry below the town where the people saved were waiting, the relief people gave them provisions; and those who were not injured were sent to the relief train about four or five miles away. Those who were burned and children were left in the Sandstone Company office building until today when they will be cared for.

"All of those saved at Sandstone were in the river when the cyclone of flames passed by and only managed to escape by wading as far instream as possible and throwing water over one another.

"The coming of the flames sounded like thunder and came with such rapidity that the people who lingered to save property or neglected to seek safety in the river, perished in the avalanche of flame. As far as could be determined between forty and fifty bodies were lying in the streets burned to a crisp.

"The relief committee paid scant attention to the dead, as the living needed immediate aid. The town had a waterworks but as one of the Sandstone survivors remarked: 'The whole of Kettle River would not have had an effect on the solid sheet of flames that advanced on the town and swept it out of existence in less than an hour.'

"The relief train took 245 people back to Duluth for aid."

ANOTHER excerpt from the *Rocky Mountain News* stated: "Milwaukee, Sept. 3.—A special from Iron Mountain says that the whole northern and eastern country is a mass of burned ruins and the loss will amount to thousands of dollars. Yesterday the people of Norway, Wisconsin had to fight the fire for ten hours to save their town from destruction. The intenseness of the heat may be judged from the fact that vegetables were cooked in the ground."

Train number four was on its way from Duluth to St. Paul with Jim Root at the throttle of the locomotive when he saw men, women and children rushing up the track toward the train. Root stopped the engine and climbed down from the cab. White-faced children were boosted aboard by women whose hair had been singed and men with blistered hands whose eyebrows had been burned away. The people informed Root that the nearest water was a swamp hole known as Skunk Lake some six miles back.

He climbed back into the cab and reversed the engine. As he opened the throttle a terrific explosion came from somewhere outside. It shattered the cab windows, and flying glass inflicted cuts on Root's neck and forehead. As the train pulled away, railroad ties were aflame and so were parts of the coaches. The far end of the train was ablaze.

In the cab of the locomotive Root was momentarily overcome by the heat, and he fainted. When he came to, the train was moving very slowly because he had instinctively partially closed the throttle as he passed out; Root pulled it wide open and the train raced backwards towards Skunk Lake.

The coal in the locomotive tender was on fire when the train stopped at Skunk Lake. Grabbing a pail in the cab, the fireman leaped down, obtained buckets of water, and threw them upon the burning coach doors so the passengers could alight in safety. Many people plunged into the water and muck of the hole.

Engineer Root lived, as did some 300 others who came to Skunk Lake, but the fire had taken an awful toll of life and property. It destroyed the towns of Hinckley, Sandstone, Mission Creek,

Evidence of the destruction of millions of board feet of lumber in the Minnesota fires.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

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Pokegama, and Partridge. The death list was not completed until six weeks after the fire when the body of a farmer was found deep in a well on his farm. The fire had claimed 413 victims.

From 1870 until the end of the century it is said that the annual loss from forest fires averaged $50 million dollars. No Federal legislation dealt with fire prevention and no organization was set up for the purpose of fighting forest fires. In the absence of Federal and state regulations, early-day logging operations were wasteful and created conditions which made holocausts almost inevitable.

Logging crews working through a forest left treetops and branches in their wake in great stacks. Railroad builders left acres of branches and treetops where they cut timber for ties and other construction purposes. These tops and branches, when they dried, became as inflammable as tinder. In logged-over areas, a bolt of lightning or a carelessly extinguished campfire could very quickly turn a beautiful forest into a hellish inferno.

In the fall, the dried branches and treetops were in their most combustible state, and forest fires were most likely to occur during that time. To people living in the logging country, autumn was a particularly anxious time of the year, for it was then that hunters were roaming the woods creating additional hazards by their occasional carelessness with fires, matches, and burning tobacco.

Rodeo Champion Earl Thode

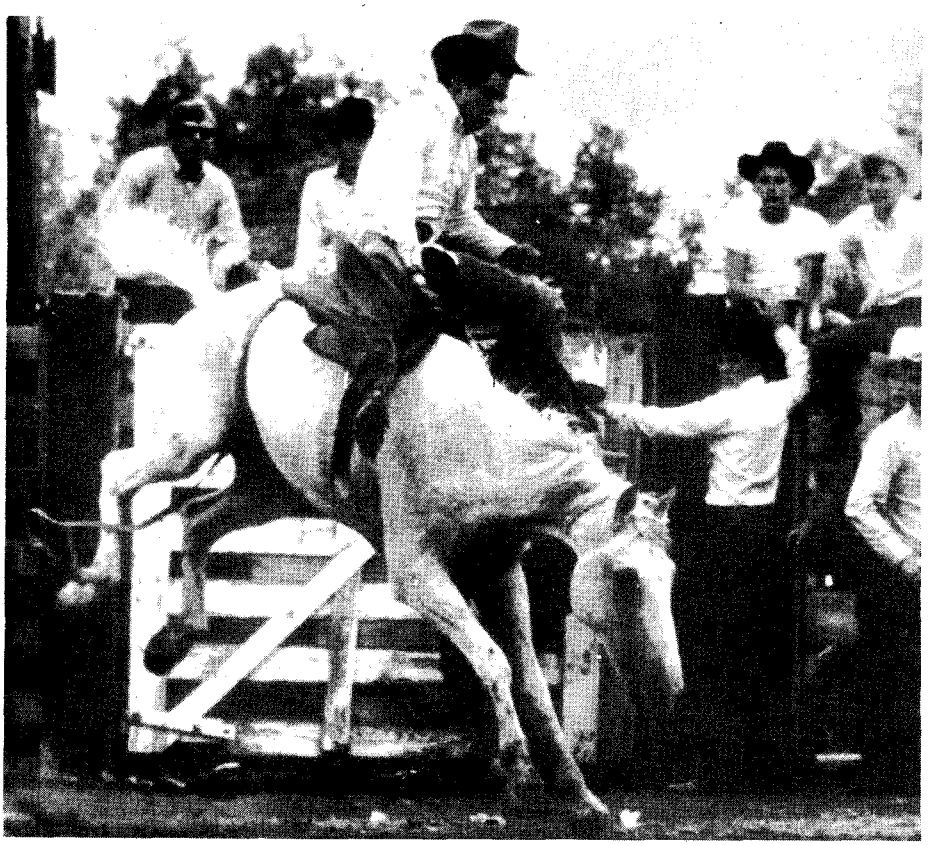
(Continued from page 23)

IN 1937, he entered only two rodeos, one in Prescott, Arizona where he won second and one in Calgary, Canada, where he took first in the broncs. At the great Calgary Stampede, Earl Thode was to ride his last bronc. As he stepped down he was run over by the pickup horse, dislocating his left elbow.

When he retired from active rodeoing, his time was spent in ranching and as arena director for various shows. For years he was director of the "Fiesta de los Vaqueros" in Tucson. He also traveled to New York City to direct the Madison Square Garden show, where he had competed many times. During this period, Earl was active in the Masonic Lodge in Casa Grande, riding in all the El Zaribah parades on his famous stud Bosok, his retired rodeo horse.

In the 1950s Earl Thode bought the old Francy Ranch in Vernon, Arizona in the beautiful and rugged White Mountains. He moved most of his interest there and decided that would be the end of the trail, as he loved the high wild country. Across from the old home ranch an arroyo was dammed up to form a big lake which was stocked with various kinds of game fish to be enjoyed by his family and friends. Earl Thode little dreamed as he worked so hard on the beautiful lake that before they would have a chance to really enjoy it, it would take his life. On May 18, 1964, Earl Thode was drowned. A small treacherous boat capsized and threw him into the lake's icy waters. His grave lies in the little Mormon cemetery of Eager, overlooking his ranch in the beautiful White Mountains he loved so well. He was my neighbor for years.

Les Mason, one of Earl Thode's bronc riding students, is shown here winning the National High School Bareback Championship in 1970 on Grey Back.



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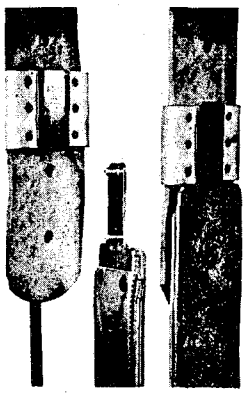

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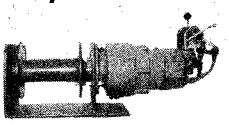

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Grass-Grown Streets

(Continued from page 21)

Downs by name—must be credited as one of our far West's unsung heroes, because when Stanford later sold the Lincoln for $400,000, he was able to join Hopkins, Crocker and Huntington in building the Central Pacific Railroad. Further, he went on to become a U.S. senator, governor, and founder of Stanford University—all because a now-forgotten mine foreman had more faith than his boss. Sutter Creek has other claims to fame. At one time it was the site of the largest—and only water-powered—iron foundry in the United States; and the notorious Hetty Green owned outright the great Central Eureka gold mine.

The village actually possesses more charm than many of its better known neighbors. The Methodist Church has long since celebrated its 100th anniversary, and the venerable Botto Saloon still overlooks the townsite, silently keeping its numberless secrets. I especially recommend the town's outskirts to those packing metal detectors; and to the gold-panners, its many sand-bottomed streams.

WHETHER your drive south from Sutter Creek to Jackson will require ten minutes or three hours will depend on your love of, and thirst for, the last remnants of California's fabulous past. Actually, the distance is a mere four miles, but you'll probably make numerous stops to explore and photograph the relics of a long past era.

Near the outskirts of Jackson are convenient rest stops where camera buffs can let themselves go, panning the valley with its old townsite, and the Kennedy Mine's gallows frame. The Kennedy is reputed to have the deepest vertical shaft in our country—5,913 feet; a headframe 100 feet high which cost $210,000; and more than 150 miles of underground workings. The tailing wheels, built in 1912 to carry the mine's waste over a spur to a pit beyond, are 68 feet in diameter. These enormous wooden wheels carried away 500 tons of tailings a day.

Across the highway slouches the skeleton of the Argonaut whose underground tunnels once connected with those of the Kennedy. Tragedy struck the Argonaut in 1922, taking forty-seven lives. Miners' bodies were removed through the Kennedy tunnels. The Kennedy produced $35,250,00 as contrasted to Argonaut's production of $25,200,000, both amounts based on the price of gold during that time. These two titans of western gold mines welcome visitors to their surface workings via directed tours.

Jackson affords its share of windows into the past if you avoid the main street in favor of its byways. Off the beaten trails, quaint houses are still in abundance—with gingerbread, fan windows, flower-spattered front yards—all ready for your shady, leisurely strolls. The business center, however, has been marred by recently constructed facades, and the one-time lamplit "Houses of Joy" are rouged with neon to compete in more legitimate ways for the visitors' dollars.

A brass plate has been set in the sidewalk at the exact spot where pioneer justice was meted out at the old hangman tree many times during bonanza years.

Mokelumne Hill was rowdy—and nobody pretended it was nice. Nor is its history confined to local violence. Twice it waged "foreign wars," adding alien blood to that already staining its streets and outskirts. Situated seven miles south of Jackson, "Mok" Hill is one of the most fascinating along the Ghost Town Trail. Its moss-grown buildings are of every conceivable material, including stone, wood, rhyolite tuff and brick. These are scattered without form or pattern, many of them sagging or collapsed from age. Strangely, this very farrago intrigues both tourists and outer-fringe fanatics alike. Scores walk gingerly along the somber sidestreets or climb chewed-up spurs to stare down on a town which was swept out of life long before its contemporaries.

Perhaps when we search for the cause of Mokelumne Hill's early violence we should remember that the area was thronged with a conglomeration of people of all nationalities.

The "Mok Hill" vicinity was the richest placer field in Calaveras County—so abundant in free gold, in fact, that after its first discovery in 1848, claims were limited to sixteen feet square. South of town, in Chili Gulch, one Dr. Concha not only worked his own claim with peon laborers, but compounded the felony by registering additional claims in their names.

In 1849 slavery was much frowned upon in California, so the Mok Hillites summarily declared war on Concha and his Chilean workers. Whether due to the slavery question or because they were weary of the slaughter in their own town—at least one murder every weekend for seventeen weeks, with five citizens dispatched on one occasion—the miners attacked Chili Gulch, defeating the doctor—but not without several deaths on both sides.

Apparently contented to butcher each other for a while, the Mokelumne Hill miners didn't declare another "foreign war" for two years—that one as unprovoked as the assault on Chili Gulch. In 1851 a group of French miners staked their claims and founded a community high atop a knoll which they named French Hill. They were industrious, excellent at their trade, minded their own business, and soon had developed a prosperous little village. Those reasons alone were sufficient to arouse the "Mok Mob"—but when the "foreigners" displayed a French flag at their diggings, the self-styled Mokelumne Hill Vigilantes charged up the hill, armed to the teeth with every makeshift weapon at hand, dispersing the Frenchmen for all time. There was no apparent excuse for the infamous "French War." Researchers other than I have attributed it to envy and greed.

AS I drove out of Mokelumne Hill I passed the last, tattered remains of a proud and pillared store. Melancholy

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seemed to drift down from French Hill, and I suddenly recalled the words of a great U.S. President: "We have earned the hatred of entrenched greed." To enter the crumbly environs of a century-old town, ease down its pastoral by-roads and sorrow over weedy yards girdling long-abandoned homes, almost invariably conjures up a gentle people, living undisturbed lives in a tranquil world. And usually this imagery is consistent with the facts, because the law-abiding outnumbered the mobs. The Hartes, Twains and Stanfords, together with multitudes of hard-toiling solid citizens, far eclipsed the Frees, Cranes, Bonneys and Stantons. Knowing this, I've never nursed a bad taste from one old diggings to the next. Thus, the pleasant eight-mile drive to San Andreas washed away all thoughts of the envious and the covetous who had, on occasions, swarmed over others' claims.

SAN ANDREAS is steeped equally in fantasy and history. The Joaquin Murieta legends—mostly local inventions—I deem too unfounded to consider here. Conversely, it's a matter of record that Black Bart was here as a concrete facet of the town's story—he belongs.

With two exceptions the colorful style of 1850 San Andreas must be searched out behind its present-day business district. When the highway was widened, dozens of venerable buildings which had lent character to the town since the 1860s were razed. However, the old Odd Fellows Hall and the Chamber of Commerce Building—both dating back a century—still stand as examples of San Andreas' former charm. And the residential area fairly oozes the serenity of "Hometown America."

As I sauntered along a quiet bystreet—notebook under my arm—I was looking for a friend, preferably a talkative and well versed one, and good fortune was with me. She was tall—leggy, but not thin—fresh and brisk like the wind. Her sunny cheeks and slightly tilted, freckled nose attested to a life outdoors. She had been raking leaves between the curb and sidewalk, but as I approached she stopped, leaned on the rake, a broad smile crinkling the bluest eyes I'd ever seen. When she spoke her voice was friendly. "Never seen you before. Looking for somebody? I know every soul on this street."

"Nobody in particular," I replied, "just someone who can fill me in on San Andreas—no Chamber of Commerce stuff—but sort of pre-progress data for a magazine article."

She walked over and sat on the curb. Removing her gardening gloves, she stuffed them into one apron pocket, produced cigarettes and matches from the other. Dropping down beside her, I accepted a smoke, and we introduced ourselves.

"Don't be taken in by the Joaquin Murieta stories," she said. "Oh, he was here all right—might even have stopped occasionally—but the 'tall ones,' such as the bulletproof vest myth, have been invented, then have grown through the years."

"Any land feuds—claim jumping?" I asked.

"Not really. A hundred years ago the Mexicans worked these fields unmolested. Then the Americans came in and crowded them out with little or no bloodshed. When the pickings got too lean, the Americans moved on and the Chinese worked tailings that were too lean for the others."

"How about Black Bart? He must've given the town some pretty nervous moments, according to my sources."

My new friend flicked her cigarette into the street, then sat smiling for several moments before answering. "Bart pretty well covered the Sierra roads—to the tune of about thirty stage holdups—but there are no records to tie him into a caper in San Andreas. Besides, he'd hardly have caused any real scares since he never fired a shot or harmed a victim. It was our sheriff here in Calaveras County who finally caught Bart near Copperopolis—the sheriff and a Wells Fargo man."

She asked if I'd visited the Odd Fellows Hall and Chamber of Commerce. When assured I had, she directed me to the old Pioneer Cemetery west of town. I'm glad that I accepted her recommendation, and I sincerely pass it on to you. History is there, green with moss and blackish with lichen—scribed, carved, even crudely scratched into century-old concrete, sandstone and marble—but it's there, so read it before it's obliterated by the soft summer breezes and the harsh winter gales.

Long will I remember San Andreas and Prudence L. I hope that someday our paths will again cross on that same tranquil street, off the beaten trail. I'd even bring my own rake and gloves!

BETWEEN San Andreas and Carson I stopped in Angels Camp only to have my gas tank filled. Angels Camp seems bent on never letting the world forget that it was the setting of Twain's "Jumping Frog" story. Consequently, the town is jumbled around the statues of Twain and the legendary frog. The town's placer deposits gave out quickly, so it became a mining center, never achieving the colorful distinction of other Sierra ghost towns.

Between Angels Camp and Carson Hill the last moldy vestige of Albany Flat—circa 1850—is rapidly disappearing. Only one structure endures to mark the site of a one-time town. It once was the home of James Romaggi, native of Genoa, who planted orchards and grapes to fulfill his dream of developing the finest ranch and village in the Mother Lode. Today any vestige of a ranch or vineyard is gone, but the remains of the massive, sprawling old house retains the dignity of its 120 years.

Carson Hill was the richest camp in all the Sierra Nevada fields during the gold rush era. The town was named in honor of James Carson who arrived at the location with George Angel, founder of Angels Camp, and the Murphy brothers, founders of Murphys.

The portal of the famous Morgan Mine tunnel—fifteen miles long, but now un-

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safe—overlooks the townsite. One of the shafts is 5,000 feet deep. It was from the old Morgan that the nation's largest gold nugget was recovered — weight 195 pounds; value $73,710.

The present town is shrouded by enormous trees, and its tranquility is priceless. Along the silent streets I could barely distinguish each house in the deepening twilight. One cabin—nearer the street than its neighbors—invited me to pause and share for a while its wistful lonesomeness. I still remember the ivied chimney and the cat drowsing on a sagging front porch.

I realized with sadness that night how near the end of my journey down the Sierra Ridge really was. My wish was that some of the smaller camps had been accessible—such as Hardscrabble, Lovers' Hollow, Pitchfork and Bedbug. Then, as I drove through the hush of high-country night, my anticipation heightened at the thought of Columbia, Chinese Camp, Coulterville and Bear Valley ahead.

Flight From the Bosque Redondo

(Continued from page 37)

At last they, too, lifted their blankets and stood before him and he embraced each, warning them to be very careful in leaving camp—to watch until the guard had passed, and then to go silently to the closest clump of vegetation and remain motionless until his return trip was made. They stole silently into the darkness.

After a long interval San Juan came to the fire to tell the father that the men whose only weapons were their primitive ones were leaving. The two seated themselves. Occasionally one went to a few of the arbors to replenish the fires with wood. Then they seated themselves and talked softly of the bewildering conduct of the white men, of their treatment of the Indians. Until the coming of the white men the Apache had never known hunger. They had been a wild, free people. The Mescaleros were one of a number of Apache tribes whose territory was that between the Rio Bravo (Grande) and the Pecos. It extended from the mountains of northern New Mexico far southward to the land of dates and tropical fruits. They were a nomadic people, wandering where they wished or remaining in one place so long as it suited their needs. Their migrations had assumed a pattern determined by the seasons and the harvesting of foods.

When the century plants started thrusting their huge central blossom stalks upward, the Mescaleros cut away the thorny leaves so that they might reach the stalk and cut it for food. They left enough of the leaves upon it to protect it during the baking. In pits used year after year and lined with flat stones, they burned wood to form a bed of coals and upon them they placed much green vegetation. Then they filled the circular pit with the cabbages of the plant, covered them with more greenery and topped the whole mass with clay which was tamped down for three or four days. When the heads were removed and peeled the juice had candied. The mass was cut into thin slices and dried. It kept indefinitely and was very nutritious. A year's supply was prepared and distributed in various caches, all near water, over the routes they were accustomed to traversing.

When the heat of the spring caused the Mescaleros to move to the White Mountain they made their homes upon its slopes where the weather was cool and pleasant. They planted corn and pumpkins in the little canyons of the Bonito and Ruidoso; and they remained until the deer had fattened upon the mast and piñons. They killed enough for their winter's supply of meat; and they tanned every hide for use in making clothing and coverings for their tepees.

The Mescalero Apache chief, Peso.

When they left for Mexico they cached their cooking pots, a supply of meat and mescal, and sometimes surplus weapons for use upon their return. At each source of water they knew that if attacked and forced to break camp without being able to take supplies they would find some wherever they stopped again for water.

Why had the white man wished to deprive them of this land which the Apaches had never despoiled? Why did he seek to exterminate them? Had not Carleton ordered Indian men shot on sight? Why had they been driven like cattle from their camp on the Bonito where they had, as Cadette had promised, refrained from fighting? They had scrupulously kept their word to the soldiers, who had in return promised food, clothing, and blankets. True they had received a few of the latter but never enough food to satisfy hunger. Nor were they permitted to hunt. Though deprived of the few guns they had, they could have killed deer with their bows and arrows had the soldiers not killed the deer.

Could it be for the gold the white man so coveted that he dug in the earth until the mountains protested? No Apache wanted the forbidden stuff; and no Apache wanted to claim as his own property some tract of land which Ussen had created and given to all Indians.

They agreed that it was the cruel and ruthless Nan tan Carleton who had come in from the West who had brought these terrible tribulations upon the Apache. Though Kit Carson had bidden them camp on the Bonito, it was the officers at Fort Stanton who ordered them to leave that camp because they were polluting the water. How could that be when the Mescaleros as well as all other Apaches, had no sickness? They had never known a "children's" disease; they had never had the common cold; above all else, they had never had the dread "white man's disease" which the Navajos had contracted from the soldiers. Their women were chaste. Only one sickness did they know—the *viruelas* of the Mexicans. It was that sickness that had caused hundreds of deaths among the Navajos, camped upstream from them. So many had died that the bodies could not be buried and the soldiers had compelled the Navajos to throw the bodies into the water. In November the river was low, and the bodies did not wash downstream but remained in the holes, infected with vermin. The Apache does not fear death, but he fears the dead, even his own beloved dead.

And now their helpless women and children were fleeing in the darkness, which they also feared because the ghosts of the dead are abroad in the night. Yet not one woman, not one child, had protested making the attempt at escape.

That first terrible summer at the Bosque Redondo had been bad, very bad, for the Apache had not been given the pick and shovel by Ussen as had the white man. His was the bow and arrow, the lance and sling. Yet he had bent his back, dug ditches, and planted seed. Though seldom he had enough food to satisfy his hunger, he fared much better than he had the second year (1864) when thousands of enemy Navajos had been brought to the Bosque to harass and rob him. Starvation was preferable to living adjacent to the Navajos. Worst of all was this terrible disease.

THE DIPPER told them that it was time to leave. Everything was quiet as they slipped noiselessly past the guards, and into the night with a few other men armed as they were. Not until they were well out of hearing did San Juan speak: "Our great chief [Cadette] has kept his word. He promised to stay here; and when the chief gives his word, it is binding upon every member of his tribe. He promised to stay if we were supplied with food and clothing. Some was given as promised, but far too little to supply our needs. But he did not promise to stay and drink the water off the bodies of the dead. Had we done so, we would soon have joined those dead. There was no other way."

The two little girls easily evaded detection by the guards, and slipped slowly and softly from the camp. Hand in hand they felt their way through the

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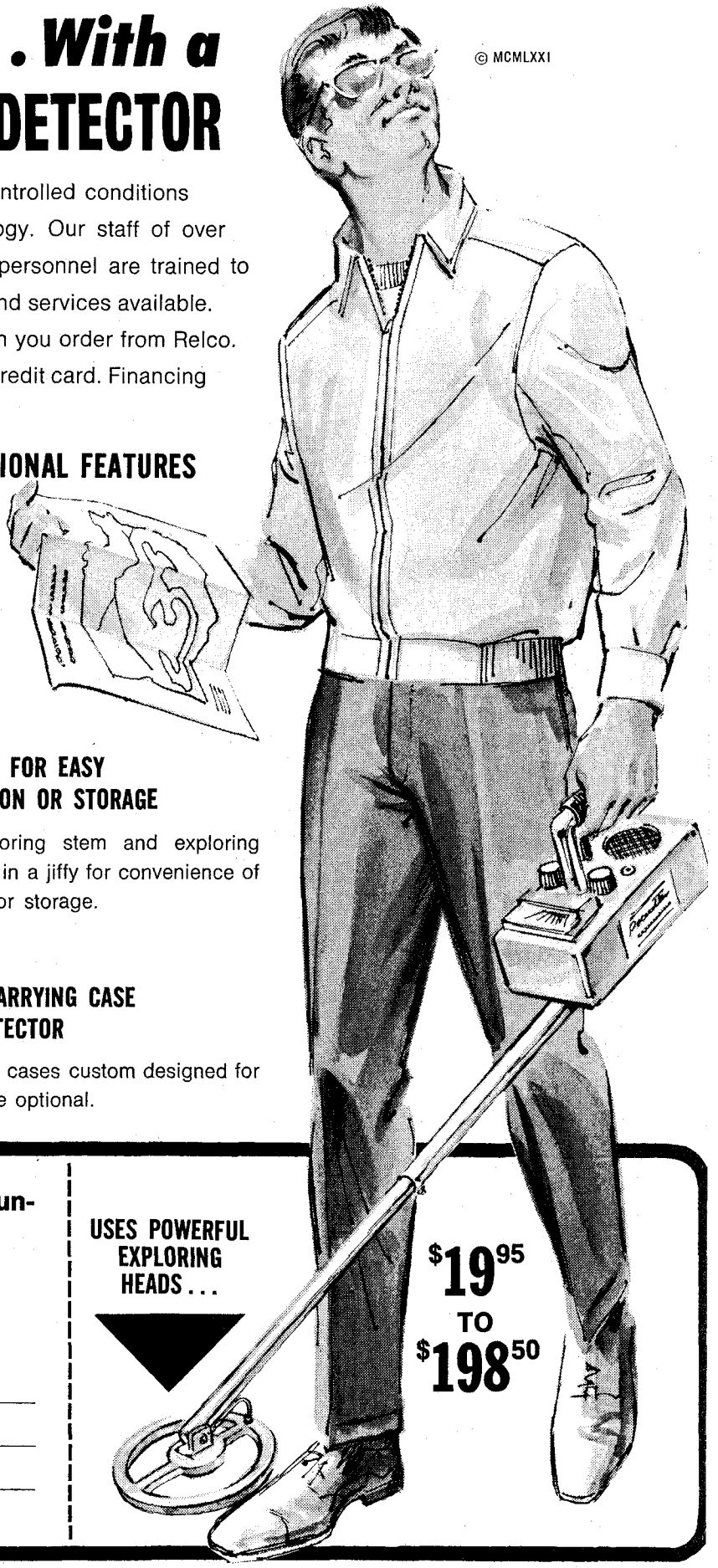

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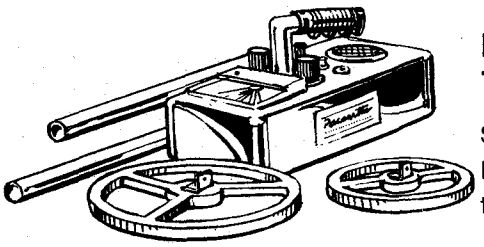

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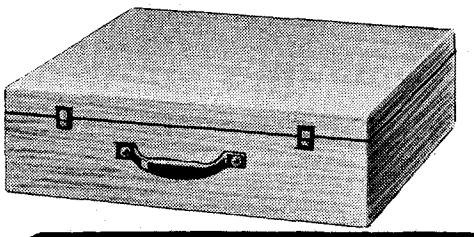

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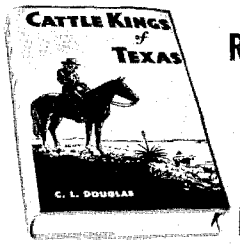

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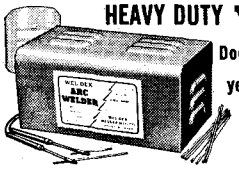

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spare vegetation, slipping occasionally from hummocks, turning aside the cacti. They stopped at intervals to listen for pursuers. And at each stop Oo nah kah checked the directions by looking at the Fixed Star about which the Seven turn. All they had to do was keep those at their backs.

It was well past midnight when the older girl realized that the Star had moved in the sky. It was no longer at their backs but over their right shoulders. Suddenly she knew that they were going away from the river when they should have been traveling parallel to it. She turned and started south. A long time later she reached the brink of a dry arroyo. Again she checked her directions. The arroyo must lead to the river; and all they need do was follow it. The banks were steep. They crumbled as the children slid into the water course. But when day came, it would conceal them; and it would afford a hiding place until darkness came again.

But as they followed it, the river's continual bending and winding confused them until Oo nah kah was again in doubt as to directions. And as the first intimations of dawn appeared in the sky, she could not determine the east. Too, the arroyo was more shallow. That might mean that its general direction was westward. She must climb to the brink and orient herself.

Until it got lighter it was useless to go farther; she and Too neh must rest awhile until they could see a long distance. Then, if there were a hill near, they could climb it and look for trees which would grow only along the river. The nearest elevation was far away from the arroyo, whose shelter the Indian girls feared leaving, but crouching and taking advantage of cover, the two girls climbed the hill. From its summit they could see nothing except the sun's light, but that was sufficient. Now they knew how to find the Pecos. They started downhill, running toward their hiding place.

Too late! A horseman had seen them and was riding to cut them off. Not a soldier—an Indian. As he came near, Oo nah kah recognized him to be a Navajo. He pulled his paint pony to a stop beside them and sprang from it to seize the older girl by the arm.

"If you try to escape I will kill you," he said, and though the words sounded different than if spoken in the Apache tongue, they understood the man. He was, Oo nah kah decided, not her father's age but already a chief. That meant they were to be slaves to the Navajo. If she had only taken that knife!

He made the older girl mount behind him, and the younger after her sister. "Hold to my belt," he ordered.

AS THE PONY climbed the hill and descended the north side, the girls obeyed instructions. But when it reached level ground, Too neh loosed her hold on that of Oo nah kah, who pushed it aside, and by moving her head tried to warn the younger against disobeying orders. But Too neh persisted in attempting to pull her sister's right hand from the man's belt. When Oo nah kah realized that the child must have a motive for so doing, she permitted her sister to take her hand and guide it downward toward the folds of her sister's high moccasin.

The Navajo spoke angrily and Oo nah kah hastily replaced her hand upon his belt. He wore nothing but breech clout, moccasins—and beaded headband—and that broad, bare back presented a tempting target. If she had only brought the knife!

Her mind began to work nimbly. It is in the folds of the high moccasins that Apaches carry their valuables. What had Too neh in hers? Could it be?

A rabbit jumped from a clump of brush and the horse shied sharply. Oo nah kah released her hold of the belt, and reached for Too neh's moccasin. Her sister's guiding hand enabled her to grasp and withdraw a knife. As the horse steadied itself again, the older girl lifted the weapon high in both hands and plunged it into the Navajo.

Again the horse shied. The Indian rider sank slowly upon the neck of his steed, and Oo nah kah pushed his inert body to the ground. But Too neh, too, had fallen from the horse. While Oo nah kah struggled to get hold of the buckskin thong with which the animal was guided, her sister cried to her to come back—to rescue her.

When Oo nah kah succeeded in turning back the horse, she saw that Too neh must have been hurt by the fall, for she was still sitting on the ground. The Navajo had raised his bow and fitted an arrow into position for shooting. Oo nah kah rode straight for her sister. The Navajo fired the arrow straight at the horse. To her great relief the girl saw that it had fallen far short of its mark. Perhaps the man's strength had failed. Regardless of that, she must get to her sister.

"Catch the horse's tail as I ride past," shouted Oo nah kah, and rode straight toward the child, guiding the horse between Too neh and the Navajo. She felt the whiff of air as the arrow sped past her head; but Too neh was so frightened that she failed to catch the horse's tail as he sped past her. So the attempt had to be repeated, until upon the fourth trial the younger girl was pulled to safety.

When Oo nah kah looked back, the Navajo had slumped forward. Perhaps he was dead. She did not wait to see. With Too neh seated behind her she turned the horse southward.

"And that is the way the story is told," said May Second.

The Three Mysteries of Indian Joe

(Continued from page 19)

dangerous thing and Joe's destiny would soon prove it.

It all started one day when one of Granville's more prominent and successful businessmen received a threatening message. In essence, the contents of the note were this: He was to put a large amount of money in a brown paper bag, then drive his fancy team of blacks (alone) across the railroad tracks and north of town to the Buffalo Creek bridge. There he was to place the paper

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bag under the bridge, get back in his buggy and return to town. If he refused, the note threatened harm—even kidnapping—to his son who was three years of age. The businessman was Clayton Stubbins, the town's banker. The threatened child was his son, Donald.

Clayton, a soft-spoken, intelligent young man, had learned early in life how to handle tough situations. With his father's assistance he had built and developed his own bank (the first all-brick building in Granville). He then had built a beautiful two-and-a-half-story home isolated by large pine trees just on the outskirts of Granville. The home was part of the largest farm combine in Granville's history. A huge red barn housed the best breed of horses and Holstein cattle. There were also additional matched red buildings which housed pigs, chickens, and turkeys.

He, his very pretty young wife, Molly, and their little boy Donald, were quite popular with Granville's citizens. Three more children (Lois, Allen and Edith) would follow, but at this particular time Donald was the bond which made the Stubbins home complete.

AT FIRST the threatening note on the child's safety seemed so amateurish it was almost comical. But Clayton Stubbins was not in a frame of mind to take chances. A threat on his son's safety could not be ignored. Six of his trusted friends agreed to stake out Buffalo Creek Bridge on the night in question. They scattered out around the bridge, hiding in the tall broomgrass and weeds that edged the creek banks. At twelve midnight, paper bag in hand, Clayton drove his team of matched blacks across the railroad tracks and headed north toward the wooden-railed bridge.

The clopping sound of his horses' hoofs echoed in the stillness of the night. Finally he pulled the team to a stop just short of the bridge and stepped down from the buggy. Knowing he was surrounded by six unseen friends bolstered his courage as he skidded down the embankment and placed the paper sack under the bridge, securing it with a large rock. Then he walked back to his buggy, turned his team around, and cautiously moved out of sight into the darkness and back to town.

Ever so quietly the six stake-out men watched from their hidden places, their eyes straining to see in the darkness and their ears alert for the slightest sound. Hour after hour passed uneventfully. As dawn approached they could see that the brown paper bag was still in place, the large rock holding it fast. Then, as the sun was just creeping over the horizon, they heard the sound of horses' hoofs. Someone was approaching!

The six men crouched—hugging the ground—in the tall broomgrass. They barely breathed and their hearts pounded fiercely as the sound of buggy wheels grew louder and louder. When the buggy stopped, a man stood up and looked all around.

"It's a false alarm," he called out, "come on, men, let's go." The man was Donald's father, Clayton Stubbins.

Each of the six breathed easier as they came out of hiding and started toward the two-seated buggy. Clayton jumped down and skidded down the embankment and under the wooden bridge. He kicked the rock aside and picked up the brown paper bag. As he reapproached the buggy, he opened the bag and dumped its contents on the ground before his friends.

"You see," he said, "that amateur conman wasn't going to get anything anyway."

To his friends' astonishment, there on the ground at their feet lay a pile of crumpled newspapers.

The blackmail story spread through town as the day wore on. Everyone had his own theories, his own suspicions and imagined motives; but it was generally known that if *anyone* knew who the culprit really was, that person would be Indian Joe. No one suspected Joe, himself, but all agreed that if Joe ever decided to open his trap-like mouth, the rest would be easy.

PERHAPS that consensus and the tension that accompanied it was the reason Joe went off on another of his three-day binges. And, knowing how whiskey was the only thing which could loosen Joe's tongue, the sender of the threatening note began to panic also.

Three days later four men, working on the railroad section crew, found the limp (and very dead) body of Indian Joe lying alongside the tracks near the

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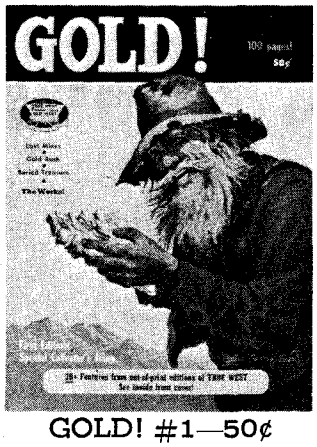

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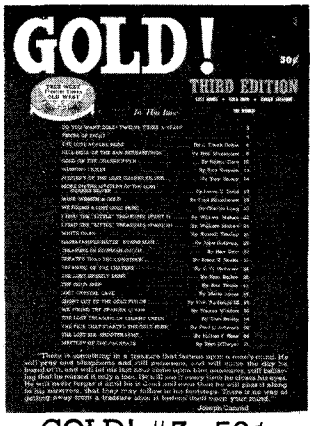

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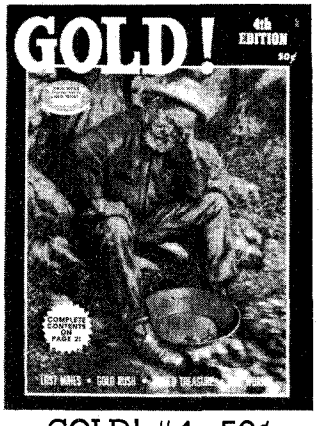

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Granville depot. Witnesses silently watched as the four men carried the lifeless body down the wooden boardwalk to the funeral parlor.

There was no autopsy, no period of mourning, no church funeral. There was, however, a large amount of buzzing gossip and pool room small talk as to how his death really occurred. Many of the townspeople were certain he had been murdered to seal his lips, then thrown against the tracks to make it look as if he had been hit by the nightly freight train.

Others argued that indeed he *could* have been staggering down the tracks when the train came steaming through town. They all pondered as to where he had gotten his whiskey in the first place.

Indian Joe was placed in a plain pine box and buried just outside the fence (which was the custom) at the farthest corner of Granville's cemetery. The closest thing to his unmarked grave was the Great Northern Railway which ran nearby.

But the mystery which surrounded Indian Joe's death was to be nothing compared to the mystery which followed a couple of months after he was buried. To verify a new rumor they had just heard, some of the townspeople took to their buggies and hurried to the far end of the cemetery. There, they stood quietly staring, thinking, wondering. At the head of Joe's grave was a blood-red tombstone. It was handcarved from a piece of red sandstone familiar to the area. Carved at the top (half-moon style), it rose conspicuously from the weeds which surrounded the Indian's remains.

The inscription had been chiseled out by hand and read simply:

J. M.
Oct 14
1903

The only new thing the lettering revealed was that Joe's last name started with the letter "M."

HOW did the mysterious tombstone get there? When did it get there? Where did it come from?

Indian Joe was giving Granville's citizens more food for thought, and some of them were getting a little edgy. From where he had arrived was a mystery in the first place. Secondly, the circumstances of his death had never been explained. Now there was the mysterious tombstone!

Perhaps out of conscience, the townspeople decided to have Joe's remains moved over the fence from the outside prairie to the inside of the cemetery. A compromise of conscience is what it all amounted to; the new grave was to be inside the cemetery, but just *barely* inside.

Two men were hired to dig Joe's final resting place three feet inside the fence. When that was finished they began spading the mound where the Indian's remains still lay. When the casket was free of the damp clay around it, the two men raised it to the surface.

It was late afternoon and the few cottonwood trees nearby were casting long shadows across the earth. The two workers hurried to lift the coffin over the fence to its new resting place, and in their haste, the coffin tilted and something inside shifted noisily to one side.

Both men were visibly shaken as they set the pine box near the new excavation. Neither could explain what kind of sound they heard inside, and curiosity got the better of them.

Using the blade of one of the spade shovels, one of the men gingerly pried open the coffin's lid. In utter amazement, the pair stood back to survey the contents of the box. Inside was a broken piece of buggy wheel and two discarded rusty shovels. Nothing more!

Donald Stubbins at three years of age. Banker Stubbins' infant son was the would-be victim of the threatening note.

The workers pounded the lid back in place and buried the pine box at the new site. After placing the red tombstone at the head of the grave, they hurried into town to reveal their findings.

Many explanations were forthcoming, some of which touched on spirits and witchery. But it was generally believed that a small group of Joe's Indian friends had come quietly during the night and removed the Indian's broken body, leaving in its stead the shattered wheel and rusty shovels. The red engraved tombstone remained "whole" as a monument and as a reminder of three mysteries which have never been answered. Where did Joe "M." come from? How did he really die? Where is his body today?

Granville's cemetery is typical of those of small prairie towns which dot the

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Great Plains. Many of the graves are well kept. Some of the tombstones are quite large and are chiseled from solid granite and marble. The singing of meadowlarks is a pleasant, if wistful, sound, and the color of wild prairie flowers gives contrast to the broomgrass which is everywhere.

But down in the farthest corner, away from all else, stands a weathered sandstone headmarker. Badgers have dug their holes into the grave, and weeds have covered it to near obscurity.

Gladys Hunter, who was born in Granville and is considered the town's historian remembers how, when she was a little girl, she and playmates used to play among the tombstones in the prairie cemetery. Inevitably one of the youngsters would yell, "Look out! Here comes Indian Joe!" And they would all scatter like jackrabbits.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

cember 1968 TRUE WEST brought back memories of my past in Kentucky where we logged trees with horses. I then came north and spent seventeen years on the Pennsylvania Railroad where men were about the same type as the lumberjacks —hard-working men who drank a little on weekends.

Times haven't changed much; only less men are required to do the job. Chain saws have replaced the axe almost entirely and crosscut is on the way out. Machinery on the railroad has done the same thing. The trackman (which I was) is disappearing fast. No more heavy lifting, as there once was, to lay rail and put in ties. I work in a factory now but the memories of the past come up and I wonder if the open air wasn't better.—Virgil Ward, Box 288, Bettsville, Ohio 44815

Three Graves On A Hillside

Since my letter came out in the June, 1967 TRUE WEST, I've had many requests for information about the three graves on the hillside west of Datil, New Mexico. This is a true account told to me by my uncle John W. Cox and his wife, Ettie.

They had been ranching a few years and were well enough established to have three men working for them. One was Uncle John's kid brother Joe. This was about 1900.

One evening two Mexican men came by the ranch and made camp for the night. They had two burros packed with their bedding and clothes. They unpacked and began to prepare their evening meal. The two boys Uncle John had hired decided to go out and talk to them and find out the news about the country. One of the campers threw a sheepskin rug on the ground for them to sit on and one of the boys said he took a little stick and picked on the rug as he sat there. These men said they had just come in from the small settlement of Mangas and had been shearing sheep. About the only news was that the smallpox was raging over there.

Nine days later the two boys came down with the disease. Uncle John and Aunt Ettie did all they could for them. Their neighbors, the Morleys, who lived about fifteen miles away, heard of their sickness and rode down the canyon within calling distance and found out what they could do other than get near the house. Anyone who hadn't had smallpox sure didn't take any chance of getting it for it was highly contagious and most of the time fatal. The Morleys rode to Datil to get what the sick boys needed, if it was there to buy.

It was impossible to get a doctor as the nearest one was sixty-five miles away and it would require two-days travel to make the trip. Travel in those days was by horseback or by wagon and there weren't any telephones. The Morleys would bring the supplies within a mile or so of the ranch and hang them on a tree limb high enough that coyotes or other varmints could not get them. The boys lived about a week, with Uncle John and Aunt Ettie taking turns sitting up with them; when they died I've heard Uncle John had a Mexican man come help with digging the graves and burying them. Neither of their folks could come as they were some distance away. Nine days later Uncle Joe came down with smallpox, but Uncle John never took it. Aunt Ettie had had the disease when she was a child.—Clara (Cox) Osborne, 600 N. Spurgeon, Altus, Oklahoma 73521.

Nelsons and Reuben Root

This is a follow-up of an article in your April 1969 TRUE WEST. On page 38 you mention Jack and Kitty Nelson and Reuben Root. I have known these people since the early 1920s and all have passed on now.

Jack and Kitty were caretakers at the government dam at Bumping Lake for years and I spent many happy days fishing at their place. When the Nelsons retired they built a cabin at Goose Prairie and lived there until Kitty's health began to fail when they then moved to Yakima. Kitty passed away several years ago and Jack lived with their daughter.

Jack wrote a book, *We Never Got Away,* telling about his life at the dam. My sister bought one of the books for me for Christmas and Jack was to autograph it for me but died before he could. Reuben Root passed away many years ago.—Howard A. Fear, 12908 Tisch Avenue, Tacoma, Washington 98445

Dear Editor:

I was very much interested in "Peter Filscov's Promised Land" in the April 1969 TRUE WEST.

The straw burner pictured is a Reeves double simple 32 H. P. I fired one in Montana of the same make and size. I also fired with coal and tended plows, busting sod. Reeves was one of the best. It's a shame that such reliable and cheap power had to be replaced by the Tin Lizzy and gasoline. Many of these old steamers can still be seen in action at "Thresher Bees" and museums.

Up until I was ten years old I lived in North Dakota. My folks took up homestead land in the Mouse River Loop Country. I can remember the large fields of flax, which was a beautiful sight in full bloom. Newly broken sod was most always planted to flax. It was a fast growing crop and was best suited to new land. Also, straw was a very good fuel for the straw-burning steamers and was often used for fuel while breaking sod.

I can remember the early-time sod homes and the old sod barn on our place. I still have a photo of our home, with the coal shed made of sod. The average homesteader started out with sod buildings; they were cool in the summer and gave good protection from the long cold winters. It was about the only material at hand for the early pioneer and not much skill was required to throw up a set of buildings. Some of these places were very crude but others, put up with a little more skill and workmanship, lasted many years.

Photos of these early homesteads, harvest scenes, etc. are often brought out very clearly in your magazines. They are interesting to us older ones and give the younger people a chance to see how we lived—Basil Buckmaster, Box 311, Eureka, Montana 59917

Celestial Visit

This is my first time to write in to you. I want to tell you about the time I was reading a story in a 1962 TRUE WEST issue called "Shadow of the Cross." I was reading the story to my family one night when my oldest daughter said, "Look! Look!" I told her to be quiet, that I was trying to read. When I had finished the story, my daughter said that she had seen an angel come from the ceiling and land at my side and put its hand on my shoulder and then disappear back up toward the ceiling. No one else saw the angel except my daughter, who was nine years old at the time.

Since your magazines are read in Missouri, maybe some of the readers could help me concerning my grandfather. I would like to find out if any of his relatives are still living there. My grandfather's name was William Oliver Masters. He was born at Marble Hill, Missouri, in 1845, and lived most of the time at Bloomfield. He was in the Civil War from 1864 to 1866, and served with the 13th Regiment Veteran's Volunteers Missouri Cavalry and Company A, Second Regiment Cavalry, Missouri State Militia.—Charles E. Masters, 614 Easley Street, Fort Worth, Texas 76108

CORRECTION

Regarding photo identification in the Carlsbad Caverns story (April, 1971 TRUE WEST): Photo page 25—George Stone is the seated figure in Throne Room; photo page 24—George Stone is seated figure among stone terraces. Jim White appears in the photo directly above.

These errors were brought to our attention shortly after publication by author B. D. Sorrells and later corroborated by Mrs. George Stone.

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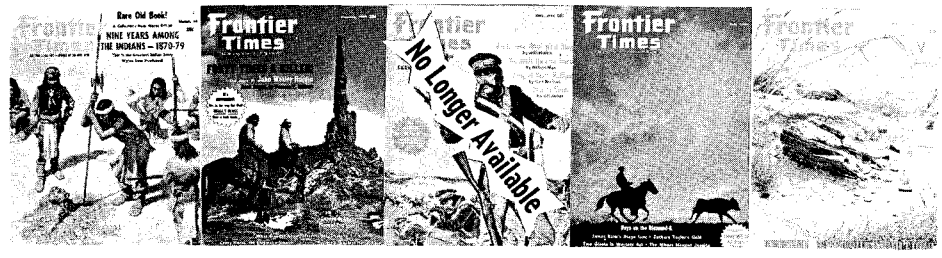

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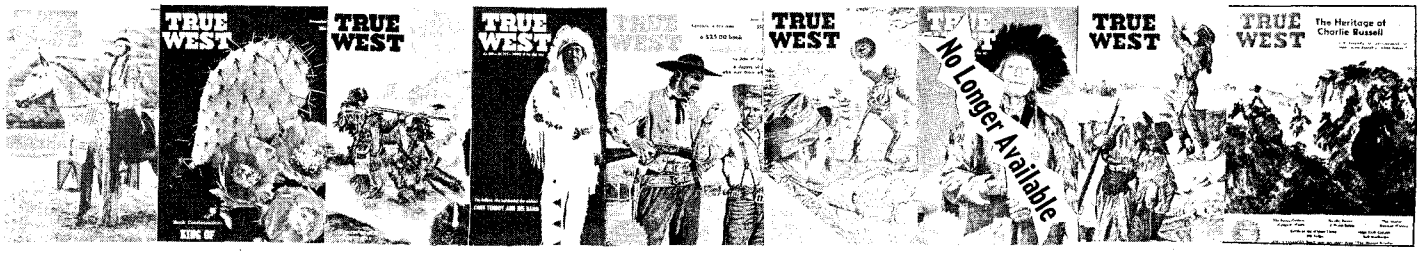

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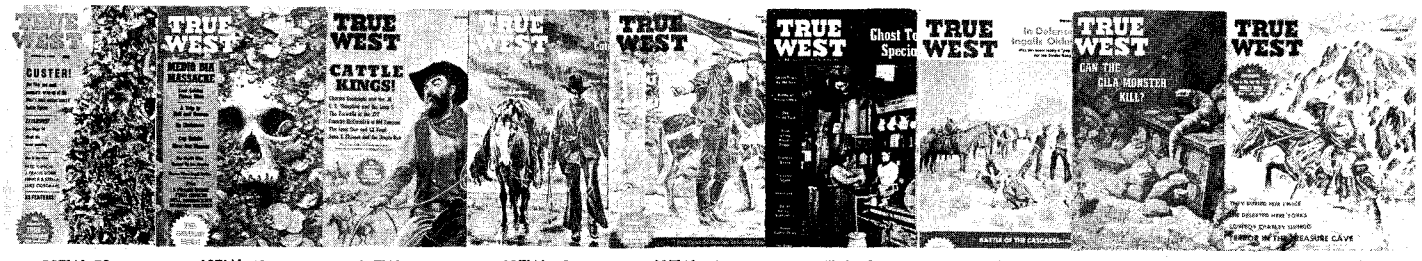

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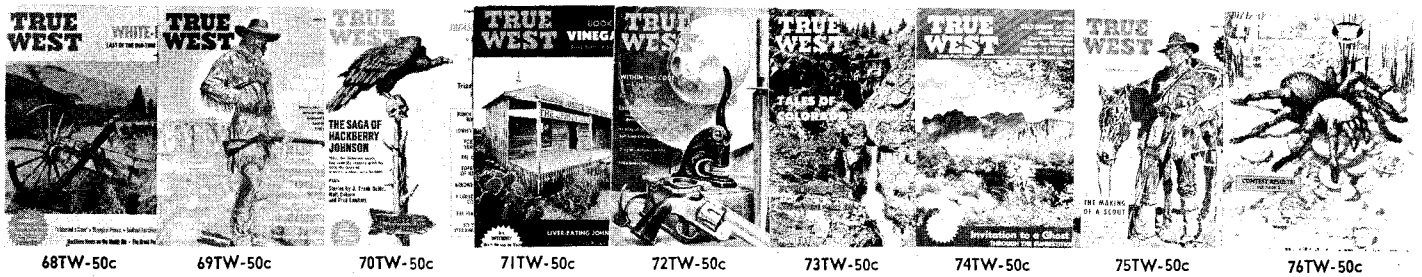

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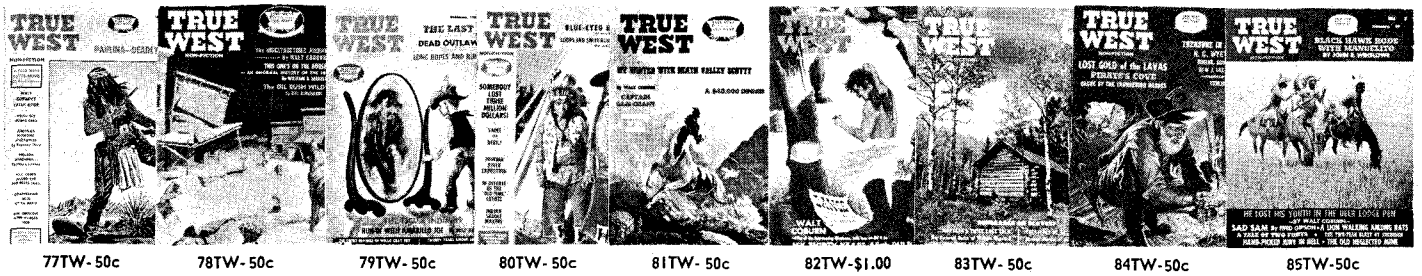

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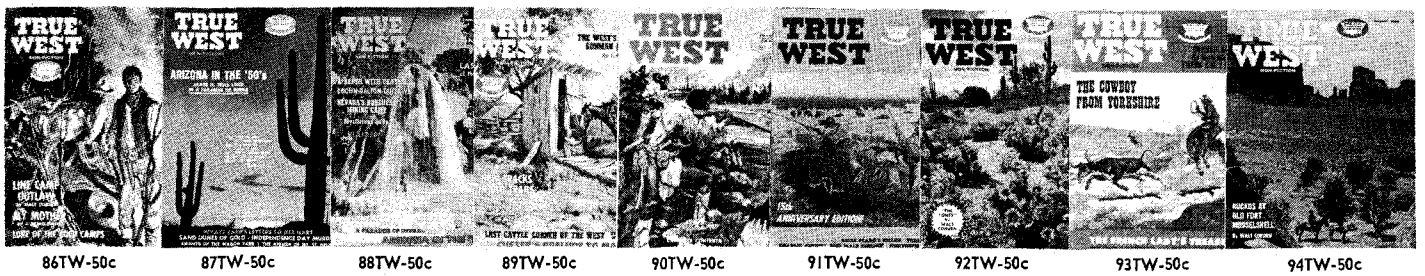

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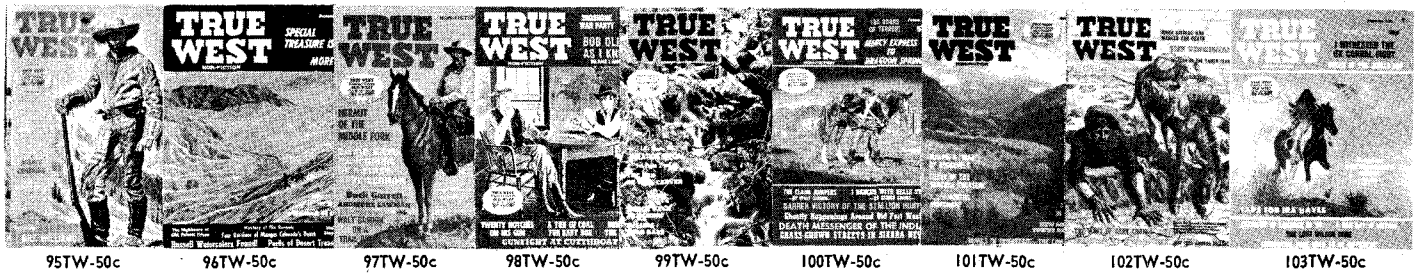

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Galveston Disaster in 1900

(Continued from page 31)

It was Professor H. Walter Husky, the principal of our school. With him was Gordon, the colored man who took care of the town doctor's driving horses and was a great friend of us children. They were both strong men but it took all of their strength to help us down the outside swaying stairway and across a vacant lot against the howling wind to Dr. McCoy's more substantial brick building. Other people had already sought shelter there and the doctor's wife and grown daughter were helping frightened women take care of their children. The doctor was bandaging a man's face which had been cut by flying glass.

After Gordon boarded up the window and went out to the barn to make sure the horses were all right he and the professor went out in the storm to lend a helping hand where needed.

As the long night wore on, Mother paced the floor and I know she was thinking of what it was like out on the bay where the mountainous waves could toss a tugboat around like it was a match stick.

WITH the coming of dawn the storm died down. Mother looked out and saw Dad coming. With a cry of relief she ran out to meet him. The *John P. Smith* had sunk at the wharf where she had been moored in San Jacinto Bay, but Dad and Frank Reynolds, the tugboat's engineer, were able to get ashore and make their way over the storm-torn road to La Porte. Dad had sent other members of the crew ashore before the storm reached its peak. He met Professor Husky and Gordon and they told him where to find us. Battered and weary, those two men were still out helping people in distress. Some men, Professor Husky and Gordon!

All lines of communication were down between the mainland and Galveston and my folks were worried about relatives and friends living on the island. When Dad found out that a sloop named the *Tide* had ridden out the storm on San Jacinto Bay he made arrangements with her owner, Mr. Eidelbauer, to sail her to Galveston. Frank Reynolds and Mr. Charpentier, a good sailor, volunteered to go with him. The day after the storm they set sail and I knew they were among the first men to go to Galveston from the mainland after the storm.

Mother was busy salvaging and drying our furnishings in the McNeil building and we couldn't watch the sloop go out, but all the next day we anxiously scanned the bay watching for her return. In the late afternoon when we saw her white sails billowing in the breeze we hurried over the debris-littered road to Morgan's Point to see her come in.

The bayous and streams which emptied into the bay, swollen by the torrential rain, carried uprooted trees, wrecked buildings, fence rails and dead animals on their crests. The *Tide* was buffeted by floating objects, but she was a sturdy boat and made it safely through the cut at Morgan's Point from Galveston Bay into San Jacinto Bay. There was no place to land on Galveston Bay as the Sylvan Pier at La Porte had been washed away.

Some of our relatives were on board and with glad shouts we hurried to meet them. They had gone through a night of terror when the gulf water had forced them to seek safety on the upper floor of their house, but the house had stood and they were safe.

Other news from Galveston was bad. Some of the people who had lost their lives were friends of our family. Father was especially saddened when he found out that a very close friend, Captain William Letts, and his entire family had been drowned. The *Louise*, a fine seagoing schooner under the command of Captain Letts, had ridden out the storm, but he had gone home to his family. The waves and wind wrecked his house and he and his family were lost.

At one time Dad had owned the schooner *Colombo* and for some time Bill Letts had been her captain. My sister still has an oil painting of the *Colombo* when Captain Letts was her skipper.

I. R. Holmes, the head man of the company that owned the *John P. Smith*, told Dad they would have her raised and put back in service; Dad could still be her captain. But his plans were changed. He had decided to move to western Colorado. Not because he was afraid of the sea. He knew it and loved it, but he liked the Rocky Mountains more, and he knew Mother would never be happy on the Texas coast again.

We had been in Colorado once before when I was a baby. Then Dad had owned half-interest in a livery stable, had operated a stage line to mining camps

Volunteers removing debris on 21st Street looking south.

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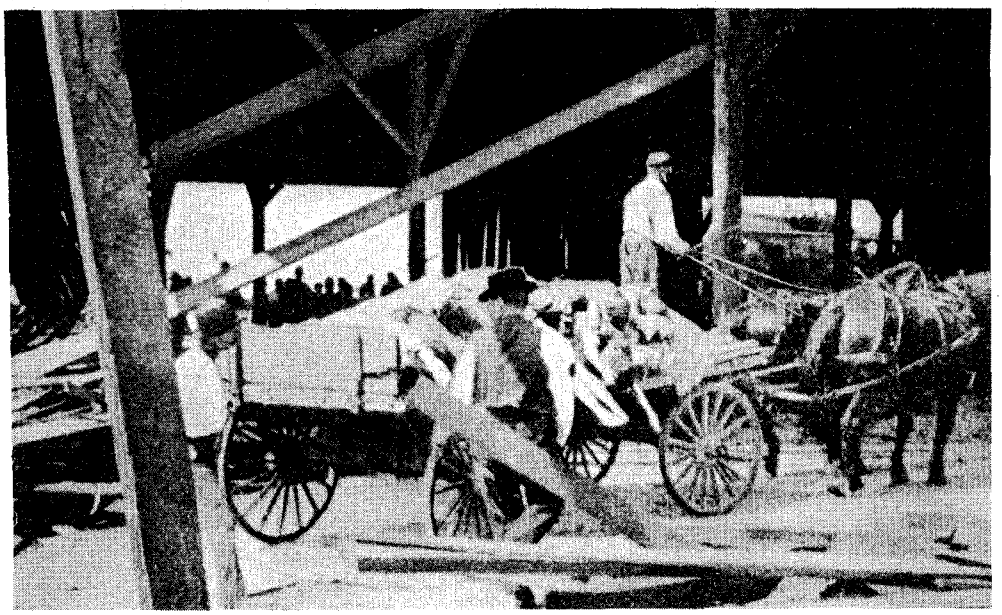

Removal of dead bodies to the barges for burial at sea.

high in the mountains and had been a lawman. He had been caught in the spell of the Rockies and had always wanted to go back.

In some ways it was a hard decision for him to make. He had owned and sailed several schooners—the *Christine*, the *Colombo* and the big *Mary Lorena*—had been partners with Dick Tompkins in a fast sloop named the *Ella* with which they won many races even against the *Country Girl*, a fast sailing yacht designed by blind Doctor Jack Beasley. The *Ella* and the *Country Girl* were so evenly matched that if Bill Lawton, probably the best racing skipper on the coast, sailed either boat he would win. The only difference between the two boats was Bill Lawton's sailing skill.

Dad had a steamboat pilot's license and was licensed as a bar pilot to guide big ships over the bar in and out of the port of Galveston. Financially the coast was good to him.

A great sea wall was built later to protect Galveston, and a thriving and beautiful city arose from the wreckage but we were not there to see it. In November 1900 we boarded a train for Colorado and never went back to Texas to live. It was not until 1954 that I saw the city of my birth again. But I still remember the night of the big storm.

Ettie and the Doctor Book

(Continued from page 34)

chance it. Wait till spring to go to visit your folks."

But Mrs. Manson still couldn't believe that Ella had had diphtheria since she hadn't been anywhere to catch it. She must have had a bad spell of grippe. They would make a bed in the wagon and Ella could rest and be kept warm. They would drive only to DuBois then take the train. She would take Ella to see a doctor just as soon as they got to Salt Lake. Everything would be perfectly all right. Ettie, who had become very fond of the little girl while nursing her, told the child goodbye with the uncomfortable feeling that everything was not going to be all right.

The Mansons set off happily. Ettie heard nothing of them for about a month, then they came back without Ella. "You were right," Mrs. Manson told Ettie sadly. "Ella died the day after we got home. The doctor said she had diphtheria and it had weakened her heart so she couldn't stand the trip."

Ettie's judgment was vindicated but it was a sad triumph for her.

THERE WAS another time when Ettie's judgment was proved sound and with happier results. A neighbor, Rube Smith, was thrown from his horse while working with cattle. He fell "like a thousand bricks" and was unable to get up. Men working for him carried him into the house and someone let Ettie know. She came as soon as she could and discovered that Smith was not seriously injured except for his leg which had received a bad break. Ettie and Mrs. Smith straightened the broken leg and applied splints. Had it been impossible to get a doctor, Ettie could and would have set the break. But it was summer, the weather fine, the roads as good as they ever were, and Ettie's son Charles (then fifteen) owned a fast horse and offered to ride to Salmon City for the doctor. All agreed that was the thing to do. The Smiths were well able to take care of the expense.

I have been told, but I do not remember (and all who knew are long gone) just how long it took Charles to make that more than forty-mile ride to Salmon from the Smith ranch, but he must have set some sort of record for people in the Lemhi recalled it long afterwards. "A good horse and a good rider. The doctor got to the Smith's much sooner than was thought possible."

The doctor brought his case of surgical instruments and after a brief examination declared, "Gangrene's set in. That leg will have to come off."

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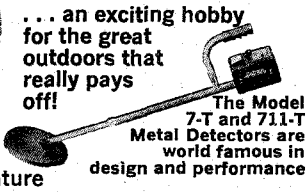

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Our newsstand sales are our life's blood and you just can't sell a magazine when nobody sees it! So if you will join the "Pull 'em Out" brigade, Podner—you'll have us smiling like a pussycat lapping warm milk!

Smith was as stunned as if he'd been hit with a club. He couldn't, for the moment, speak. The thought that he might lose his leg had never entered his mind. He hadn't been in any great deal of pain. Mrs. Smith was near to tears.

Ettie had seen gangrene and had studied about it in Dr. Chase. "Rube's leg shows no symptoms of gangrene," she said quietly to Mrs. Smith. This gave Mrs. Smith courage to ask the doctor, "Isn't there some test you can make? Some-way to be sure it is necessary before you amputate?"

Smith recovered his speech and started demurring. Quite naturally the doctor was not pleased at having his diagnosis questioned, especially by ranch women who weren't supposed to know about such things.

"I'll show you," he replied angrily. "There's pus on the bone." Taking from his case a long probe he jabbed it into Smith's leg clear to the bone in two places. Smith yelped with pain. The probe brought healthy red blood, nothing more. The doctor was forced to set the break which he did resentfully and not too gently. The doctor asked and received a very generous fee but much less than he could have charged for an operation, and clearly he had intended to amputate.

Smith's leg healed and served him well the rest of his life, which happened to be a good many years. The Smith family had reason to be grateful to Dr. Chase.

But there came a time when both Ettie and Dr. Chase were overruled with good, even somewhat humorous, results. Con Murphy, an Irishman who liked to dance a jig and who was a bachelor neighbor of the Webbs, was brought low with some sickness marked by pain, fever, sometimes delirium, complete loss of appetite, and weakness. So ill was he that friends who came to sit with him at times shook their heads and "reckoned he didn't have much time left in this world" or that he was "about to cash in his checks."

But Ettie never once gave him up. She visited him as often as she could, dosed him with what Dr. Chase recommended —and most likely she prayed. One day he seemed a little better and the next morning she found him with pain and fever gone. "I'm weak as a cat," he told her. "There's a hole where me stummick ought to be. I need something to put strength into it."

So far as Ettie could see there was not a thing in the cabin suitable to fix for a sick man to eat. But she had a few chickens and there was nothing better to put into a weak, empty stomach than chicken broth. "I'll bring you something good," she promised Con, "just as soon as I can fix it. It will take a couple of hours."

Ettie ran most of the way home. "Jim," she called to her husband, who was splitting wood, "Con is going to get well. He wants something to eat. Hurry and kill a chicken. Don't bother to pick it. Just yank off its skin and pull out its insides, while I get the kettle to boiling."

Soon the skinned and well washed chicken was in the pot with a bit of rice added to give substance to the broth. While it boiled, Ettie baked a custard, "something tasty and nourishing but easy to digest." When all was ready she took a jar of soup in one hand, the pan of custard and a white napkin in the other and hurried back to the sick man's cabin. There she spread the napkin over an old platter to make a tray for a bowl of the broth and a dish of the custard and took them to Con, happy that she had been able to supply just the right food for a man who hadn't eaten a bite in days.

Con took two sips of the broth, one spoonful of the custard and pushed them away. "Me stummick don't take to fancy vittles. Nothing in 'em to put strength in a man. What I need is some cabbage biled in hambone. There's a couple of heads of cabbage down in the cellar and there's a hambone in a sack hanging on the outside. Now, Missy, if you'd be so kind as to fix me a dish of that."

"But, Con, boiled cabbage is not the right kind of food for you just now. You've been very sick."

"Missy, me stummick knows what it wants."

Ettie went outside and located the dingy flour sack hanging under the protruding roof of the cabin. Upon opening it she found the hambone and what little ham was left on it, covered with a thick, fuzzy mold. She showed it to Con. "Look, this isn't fit to eat."

"Just scrape off the fuzz and wash it in some sody water and it will be fine."

Ettie scraped off as much of the mold as she could, and put the hambone into a pan of water to which she added a spoonful of soda but with little hopes that it would clean away the mold. Then she lighted a lantern and went down into the windowless cellar to get the cabbage. She found the two heads, slippery and slimy, with bugs feeding on them. "Rotten clear through" was her verdict, although they couldn't have been quite that bad. She brought up a head so Con could see for himself that it was beyond using. "I can't fix this for you," she said. "It smells so that Old Hob [Con's cat] wouldn't stay in the house if I cooked it."

Con was not interested in Hob's reactions. "Slip off a few of the outside leaves, then bile the rest of it good and I'll eat it."

"No," said Ettie firmly. "I can't fix you up a mess of spoiled food. If I did and you ate it, it would most likely kill you and I would be to blame."

Con realized that argument was useless. Ettie would go to great lengths to do a favor if she felt it right to do it. If she didn't, well then no meant NO.

"Missy, on your way home you'd oblige me to stop at Mole's and tell him I'd like to see him, please."

Mole Beard, an old prospector, lived just off the short cut trail Ettie would take going home. She could not refuse to relay Con's message. "But," she warned, "don't let Con talk you into fixing any of that rotten cabbage and moldy hambone. Eating spoiled food can make a well person mighty sick. It could be the death of Con, sick as he's been."

"I won't do nothing to hurt Con," the

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old man assured her.

The next day Ettie went again to see how the sick man was faring. She hoped that after she had gone he might have changed his mind and eaten the good food she had left for him.

Con was sitting up in bed, looking much improved and just finishing a plate of boiled cabbage. He grinned at her. "That was fine," he said. "Had some last night; Mole fixed it for me like I asked. Sets a man up. I told you me stummick knows what it wants."

"You could have knocked me over with a feather," Ettie said years afterward. "Con had been right at death's door for days, and then there he sat as chipper as could be, having eaten that stinking cabbage. I guess, like someone said, 'his stomach must be parboiled.' "

Con was soon up and around again and ready for his favorite accomplishment, dancing a jig.

FOR AS LONG as she lived, Ettie and Dr. Chase's book were never far apart. Once during her later years a young man gave her five dollars for taking charge when his daughter was born, then staying and caring for mother and infant for four days. That, I believe, was the only cash Ettie ever received for her ministrations. One woman made her a gift of a pair of goose feather pillows and the Smith family showed their appreciation with many kindnesses. There may have been a few others, but for the most part her pay had been a "thank you." It was all many had to offer.

Sometime after Ettie's death in 1934 I visited Lemhi Valley and met Angie who had been friend and neighbor of Ettie's when they both had young children. Angie recalled the time her brood of six had all been "bad sick in bed" with something, probably scarlet fever. The baby was almost dead when Ettie arrived and she could not save it, but she stayed and nursed the others back to health. Gratitude still showed as Angie said, "She was so awfully good in sickness." A simple statement, but I was wishing Ettie could have heard the way she said it.

Ettie's old dictionary wore out and was replaced with a new one; somehow her old Bible was lost; but the quaint book *Etiquette and Deportment* and Dr. Chase's *Last Book of Receipts and Household Physician* came into my possession when she had no further use for them. Somewhat the worse for wear, they are among my keepsakes. Just a glimpse of those old books brings to mind a vision of one who would not permit hardship, tragedy, poverty or illness to deprive her of the education her mother had longed for her to have and which she herself so greatly desired. She had indeed been a brave girl, a remarkably courageous woman—Ettie, who happened to be my mother.

The $125,000 Saddle

(Continued from page 39)

producing any of the animals or other figures overlaid on the silver plaques. Each was handcrafted as a separate creation.

The leather in the saddle, the skirts, fenders, tapaderos, and front and back jockeys are of two thicknesses. The top or outside layer is filigreed; that is, the design has open work in it where the background around the scrolls and floral figures has been skillfully cut out. The lining leather provides the backing. On many saddles having a flower-stamped or carved design, open spaces between or around the leaves or petals are filled in with a background stamping tool. This tool makes a mass of small raised dots which add to the beauty of the saddle but do not require the skill or time of a filigree job.

Ed's saddle is the ultimate example of gold, silver and leather artistry. By adding diamonds or other precious stones the value could be increased but only the value, for the craftsmanship is considered unequaled anywhere.

ED BOHLIN has given various other objects elaborate ornamentation and beauty with gold and silver. His inlaid, single action, .45 Colt pistols are also in a class by themselves. He made the first two for William S. Hart, then later on completed guns for Tom Mix, Buck Jones, and other motion picture cowboys.

One of the many other unusual outlets for Ed's particular talent was in overlaying telephones in gold and silver for a small but discriminating group including P. K. Wrigley, one of the DuPonts and Mae West. Mae's particular model had an elaborate travel case for the many trips between her homes in Hollywood and New York.

I asked Ed how he got the experience in working with leather and silver.

"I went to work for the Pitchfork Ranch near Cody, Wyoming, and rented a little shop in town where I worked doing leather and silver work between cowpunching jobs or horse wrangling. The last job I had in Cody was in 1921."

The year following was to be a memorable one in Ed's life for he left the range to travel with a Wild West troupe. It happened this way.

"I worked once more for the Antlers outfit in 1922 and when I got through I rode into Billings on my saddle horse—leading two pack horses. I wanted to buy some leather. I went by a motion picture theater that, like many other establishments, had a hitch rack in front. I tied up the horses to see if it was true, like the advertising said, that they had horses on the stage! The ticket seller told me to go back and look for myself. I did. Entering back of the stage I happened to see Augie Gomez who had also worked for the Antlers Ranch. He was doing trick roping, he said. Later the owner of the act asked me to come along. 'Do you really mean it?' I asked, and he said, 'Sure, you can ride the bucking horse and do a little roping.' So I joined up with them at $35 a week."

This was the Gus Hornbrook vaudeville troupe which had been a popular stage show for many years. In fact, this was their twenty-eighth transcontinental tour. "Arizona Joe and Cheyenne Days"

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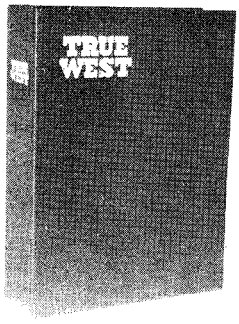

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The bridle and bit also match the unique designs of the silver work on the saddle.

was the name of the act. Ed stayed with the show until after Christmas and left it in Los Angeles at the end of the run at the Pantages Theater. A few things happened the closing week which caused him to think he could get a better job.

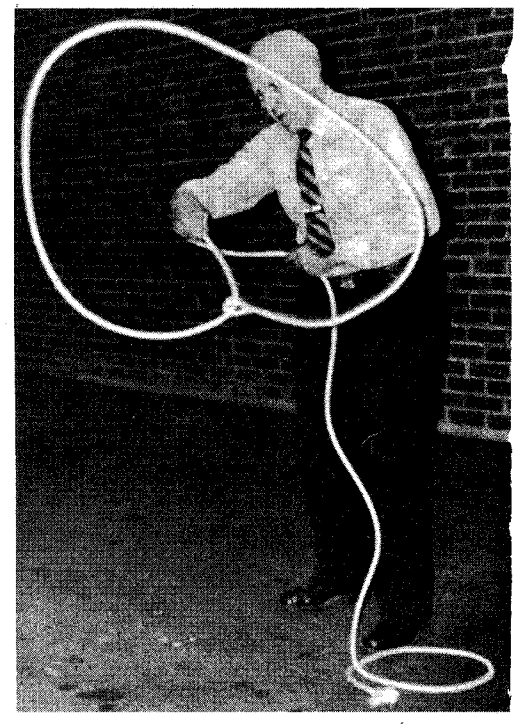
When the show had arrived in Los Angeles, Ed had to ride one and lead the other horses from the railroad car to the theater. A stranger standing backstage immediately tried to buy the elaborate leather jacket Ed had made and was wearing at the time.

Ed told me, "Two nights later when I opened the act, spinning a few loops, I noticed the same man standing in the wings watching. I missed a couple of loops because I kept an eye on him to see that he didn't make off with my coat. When I finished my part of the act I went over to him and asked, 'What do you want?' 'I want to buy this coat,' the stranger said. 'Here's a check for the $35 you asked for it the other night.' I looked at the check and it had Tom Mix's name and picture on it."

Pat Christman, who worked for Mix, told Ed to come out to the studio the next morning. On his arrival he was directed to the star's dressing room where he showed Mix a tooled leather bag he had made. Tom told Ed he was quite a leather worker and then asked if he had made the fine alligator vamped boots he was wearing, too. Ed said he had and Mix asked if he could try them on. The boots had beautifully hand-carved tops, the kind of flamboyant style which appealed to Tom, and they fit perfectly.

Ed continued reminiscing saying, "Dustin Farnum walked in just then and they joked back and forth a few minutes; after which the two of them walked off. I stayed in there quite

Today, at seventy-five, Ed Bohlin shows some of his former skill as a trick roper by doing a stunt they call the "Butterfly."



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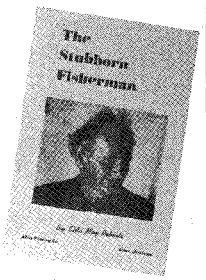

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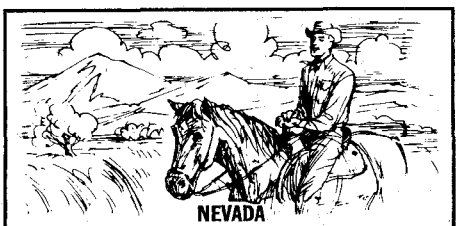

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awhile waiting. Then, bootless, I went to the office to find out what had happened to Mr. Mix. 'Oh, he went on location,' the secretary said.

" 'But he has my boots on!' I replied furiously.

" 'That's all right,' I was told. 'Here's a check for the boots and the bag.' "

It was a check for $250! Ed was almost speechless for he had never seen that amount of money before and he was so pleased he didn't mind going back to the hotel in his stocking feet. Pat Christman told Ed the next day that Mix wanted him to stay in town for he could use a man of his talents.

It wasn't long before Ed got his big break. He had been working in a number of Mix's pictures and one day he was asked by Universal if he could make 400 buckskin suits for a motion picture the studio was planning to make. Ed quoted a price of $45 each. A day or so later he was told he had the job and was given a check for $22,000! The overpayment, he found out, was to go toward other work they had figured he could do.

This was the beginning of the million dollar industry which has been known for almost half a century as the Ed Bohlin Saddlery. It should also be remembered as the birthplace of the fabulous $125,000 saddle.

A Place Called X

(Continued from page 17)

die joined the fantastic diamond rush.

SO IT WAS DECIDED. They would make a run for the diamonds. Cab Tabernor, George MacGregor and Jack O'Flynn bought their supplies as inconspicuously as possible. They swore to remain close-mouthed; prospectors always do.

They got to Mattawa (Ontario) and started out on the Ottawa River, heading for that large X on the crude waybill. After several days, they hadn't seen another person, and they felt confident that no one followed on their back trail.

At Grand Lake Victoria, the three men transferred to the Bell, all new country, none of it mapped. Hour after hour they ran white water. Day after day they fought the thick brush and willows along the shore as they scouted unknown rapids.

The trip was more exhausting than they had anticipated and it took longer, but they kept going. The summer heat was almost unbearable, and mosquitoes "as big as robins," deer and black flies, and no-see-'ums drew blood until exposed flesh became raw welts. Away from water it was unbelievably quiet, except for the occasional plaintive song of a camp robber or the eerie, mournful, spooky, ominous howl of timber wolves at night.

One evening they made camp early on a bank of the Bell and as they prepared their evening meal they heard the unmistakable sounds of paddles, the long Indian stroke which gives speed yet maintains silence. Four canoes bore down on their camp. The three men around the campfire had noncommittal faces. but obviously someone had blabbed the news about their plans, their route, or they had been overheard.

Indians manned the oars but there were two white men aboard, Mike Hackett and Gore Bruce, the latter an enigmatic, unpredictable Englishman. Hackett and Bruce hello-ed the camp and the Indians beached the canoes and took care of the tents and supplies.

The five men sat and talked, sparring with each other. Tabernor, MacGregor and O'Flynn soon realized that the cat and mouse game was no use. Without saying so, Hackett and Bruce hinted that five men made better odds than three. So they all shook hands and the two parties joined forces. That night they drank around the campfire and talked about their plans.

It went better the next day and the party headed for the Nottaway and that nebulous X on their map, near James Bay. Finally they reached a place which suited them for a base camp. Just at dusk one evening, Geordie MacGregor noted a blazed spruce and the blaze appeared to have some writing in it. The next morning they dropped the spruce, carefully cut out the blaze block, melted the gummy material, and found the names of the two Dutchmen above the crude outline of a diamond.

The five prospectors did a Highland Fling. That inscribed blaze verified the whole story in their minds and now it was just a matter of locating the source of the diamonds. Later the same day, the party found a crude shack, not much more than a spruce lean-to, but it had been built by someone. Rock chips lay scattered around the ground.

Encouraged further, the five men worked sun-to-sun days, picking, shoveling, blasting, single-jacking, working on every outcrop they could find, filling their pack sacks with rocks to beat on around the fire at night. Days became weeks, and weeks turned to months. Still no diamonds. Not even a chip. Sumac leaves turned red, poplar yellow; the wind carried an ominous feel, and the sun stayed low on the horizon for the short time it was up.

Time to go—they all knew it—but no one mentioned it. Daily rations were cut drastically, still they stayed on. One turn of a spade could do it. One downward stroke of a pick could make them independently wealthy.

ONE MORNING they woke to find slushy ice at the stream's edge. That meant they had stayed a day too long, or maybe several days.

"Let's make tracks, chaps."

Swiftly they packed and began the long space canoe trip to Mattawa. They had waited too long, but they had waited too long before. Each day the river had more ice and then the snow began. They stayed with the river as long as they could but one morning it was frozen over from bank to bank. Canoes were useless and were abandoned.

Temperatures plummeted, winter snapped and snarled at them, and the wind soughed mournfully in the spruce forest. The half-starved, near-frozen prospectors constructed four toboggans and struggled on. It kept snowing, a si-

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lent-white, swirling snow which exhausted the desperate men after their hard summer and their grueling race with death.

Snowstorms were followed by wind-stinging blizzards. Trees cracked, and breathing needled the nostrils. Snow deepened along the trail, except that there were no trails, and in places snow drifted into small mountains, blocking their way.

For days on end they hung onto each other for fear of straying apart. They could scarcely see their own breaths, icing before them. Their feet froze and some days they stayed in their tents, huddled in blankets, afraid to let the fire die, afraid to sleep in their cold, numbed state lest they wouldn't wake.

Rations were desperately low, yet they had a long way to go. Finally Tabernor collapsed. MacGregor and Hackett were practically out on their feet. Bruce and O'Flynn piled Tabernor on a toboggan and threw away every item except tents and clothing. They built fires and brewed some tea. It was no use; they couldn't make it.

Discussing their plight, the four remaining men decided that Bruce and O'Flynn should push ahead and get help, if they could find help and in time. They divided the tea leaves, all that remained of the rations.

ON AN icy-clear, bitter-cold morning, Bruce and O'Flynn struck out, following the Bell River. Their only hope was to come across a trapper's cabin, any habitation at all. Finally they crossed the Transcontinental Railway, later the Canadian National (it is not clear whether they crossed a survey line or an actual railway spur or whatever), which had been pushed through only that summer, intersecting the Bell not far from what became the town of Amos.

Bruce and O'Flynn had to decide which way to go, upstream or down. Fortunately for them, the two men chose upstream, and after an estimated twelve-mile hike they saw a thin curl of smoke floating toward lead-gray skies.

"It was the finest sight of our lives," O'Flynn said later.

That curl of smoke emerged from a supply depot, run by a man named Brown. Bruce and O'Flynn stumbled inside, blubbered incoherently about their comrades, and sank to the floor, utterly exhausted.

Brown spiked some hot tea with Hudson's Bay Company rum and spooned some to each man. Bruce and O'Flynn slept like drugged men. Removing their hobnailed boots, Brown dressed their feet, threw a blanket over each, and started cooking up a large pot of stew.

Meanwhile, the three prospectors on the Bell River hung around camp. Tabernor was near death. MacGregor and Hackett had strength enough to keep the fire going and they constructed a crude lean-to so that Tabernor wouldn't freeze.

On the day following the departure of their comrades, MacGregor made a pot of tea, using the last of the tea leaves. Their prospects looked grim, hopeless, until an Indian couple spotted their fire while running a trap line. The Indian's wife fed the prospectors hot herb drinks until they regained some of their strength and could eat a hot meal. After a couple of days, the weather broke and food and supplies arrived from the depot.

Traveling slow, the five adventurers made the final trek to Cobalt. Not one of the five attempted to maintain any further silence about their trip, and they gladly shared their waybill with others. Right then they had had a belly-ful of that "down north" country on the Nottaway River near James Bay.

During the following summer, prospectors headed in droves for that cabin in the far-flung area to the north. In a wild melee of activity, they literally dug up the entire northland. But no diamonds.

None of the original five hopefuls ever returned. Hackett, O'Flynn and MacGregor mushed to the Kirkland Lake gold strike in 1911. Gore Bruce moved on to places unknown, but he became a legend. One rumor has him shot to death by Mounties in a barroom brawl. Another has him going raving mad under the Northern Lights in an Arctic wasteland. And yet another rumor has him eaten by a lobo wolf pack.

Tabernor, apparently, had had enough of Canada and returned to the States.

WHEN A STORY becomes second- and third-hand, it's difficult to sort fact from fiction. How much truth there was in the story and waybill that the Detroit barber gave Tabernor cannot be determined now. Many hoaxes have been pulled in the mining game.

But fantastic as the story sounds, some merit can be attached to it. Diamonds have been found in both Canada and the United States in the rich, black, clayey glacial till. Richard Flint in his *Glacial and Pleistocene Geology* shows the general location of eleven occurrences of diamonds in glacial drift: One in Ohio; three in Indiana; one in Michigan; and six in Wisconsin. Roger Colton, a geologist from Golden, Colorado, with the U. S. Geological Survey, states that a diamond picked up in Kentucky is on display at the U. S. National Museum in Washington, D. C.

Since the glaciers moved down from the north it is logical that the source of those diamonds was north of where they have been found. Flint's map would place the possible source to the northeast, but there is a lot of country to the northeast. Some have suggested that a possible source could be the Belcher Islands in Hudson's Bay, north of James Bay.

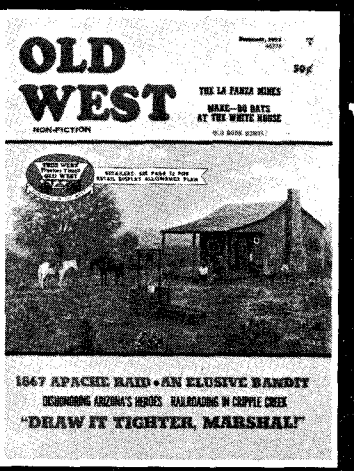
But diamonds have been found and they came from somewhere, spawned in that unhospitable area in the vast Canadian Shield. And the possibility of a diamond deposit cached by nature near the Nottaway River in the vicinity of James Bay may not be so fantastic, after all. Isn't it nice to think so?

City Without Night

(Continued from page 30)

fish which frequently found their way down the flume to the tank. Frequently a housewife got trout dinner in her water ration.

A GOOD INVESTMENT



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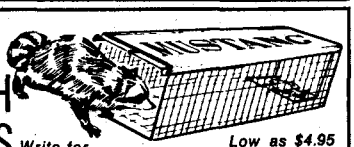

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That the tank was full of fish was common knowledge. One night two Cousin Jacks, as the Cornish miners were called, leaned quietly on the bar, sipping their favorite drinks. Suddenly one said, as if speaking to no one in particular, "That tank's full of fish."

"I've got dynamite. Let's go!" his partner replied and they disappeared into the night. The plan was to set off a charge of dynamite at the base of the tank to stun the fish so they would float to the surface where the men could easily net them. The first charge produced no results so they remedied the situation with a larger charge. It blew a large hole into the side of the tank and sent the stored water roaring down the hill. The Cousin Jacks went downhill too—clear to Philipsburg! There they were picked up by Marshal McLeod and brought back to McLure.

"Jailing this pair won't pay for repairing the tank," McLure told McLeod. Instead he offered them a mediocre lease to work and the cost of the repairs was to be taken from their income. They accepted, and in a few days struck richer ore. In two weeks they had not only paid for the repairs of the tank but cleared $2,000 apiece!

THERE are countless such stories of how fortune smiled on those who had faith in her, the Silver Queen. But she didn't smile on Big Slim who had been prospecting around Granite Mountain for some time and had somehow acquired some stock in the Granite Mine, at that time just in the development stage.

"That hill's no good!" Slim told the bartender in a Philipsburg saloon for the hundredth time. "If I had the price of a horse I'd get out of here."

"Tell you what," the exasperated bartender finally told him. "I've got an old white horse I'll trade you for your Granite stock."

"Shake. You've got yourself a deal," Slim told him and started for his stock. A couple of hours later, after a few farewell snorts, Slim mounted the horse and rode down the road. Two weeks later McLure struck it rich and two months later the bartender sold the stock for $14,000 and followed Slim down the road, bound for his old home in Illinois.

To me the most interesting men in Granite were the teamsters who moved the equipment for the mines and the mills up that mountain. One of the most monumental was the hauling of the 34,000-pound casting for the Granite Mine engine from the railroad at Philipsburg. Imagine a wagon that would hold seventeen tons! Thirty-two horses were used to pull it and the whole outfit must have strung out longer than three of the longest highway trucking rigs of today. On that crooked road both ends of the outfit probably were seldom in sight. There were other gigantic freighting jobs too, among them hauling the 22,500-pound hoist cable for the Granite Mine.

The Silver Queen! They worshipped at her feet and left her to become a ghost. But some left her before she became a ghost—because of ghosts. For some time the women residing in the vicinity of the Bi-Metallic Mine had been bothered by a peeping tom. They asked the night watchman at the mine to cover the area and apprehend the man. He refused flatly. Hallowe'en night the women prepared for revenge. Covered by sheets, and with eerie wails and screeches, they jumped at the watchman from hiding places along his route. He never finished his rounds and by morning was gone from Granite forever.

Nature works incessantly to undo the work of man. High up on Granite Mountain the Douglas firs grow to hide the scar that once was a rich and glamorous camp. Among their green shade, and stark against the sky, loom the sun-browned, rotting timbers of the Granite Mine's gallows frame. It is hard to believe that at the bottom of the yawning hole beside it still lies untold wealth.

But as one leans against the massive timbers, with his back to the hole that made it all possible, one cannot help admiring the breathtaking view of the valley below to the glittering, snowcapped peaks far to the southwest. Then one becomes sure that though she might have been the fabulous, glittering Silver Queen, and the City Without Night, she was above all entitled to be called the City In The Sky.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 41)

a local entertainment in the interest of a Dallas kindergarten. The handkerchief, when received, created a storm of bitterness and wrathful indignation among the ladies who were managing the festival.

The handkerchief was cotton, machine hem-stitched, and was appraised by certain of the ladies to be of such poor quality that it could be duplicated at any dry goods store in Dallas for the small sum of ten cents or "three for a quarter." Many were the remarks made about Mrs. Roosevelt's handkerchief, her lack of taste, and downright stinginess.

A meeting to discuss what to do, which was held at the Elks Club, saw some of the most prominent society women of the city present. The gift had been solicited by Mrs. W. A. Galloway, editor of the women's and children's department of a Dallas paper, who had written Mrs. Roosevelt asking her to give something which could be sold, the proceeds to go to the free kindergarten fund.

What made matters infinitely worse was that she had written at the same time to Mrs. Jefferson Davis and had received from her a costly handkerchief which had been beautifully hand worked by Mrs. Davis herself and bore her monogram.

AFTER much discussion over Mrs. Roosevelt's gift it was moved and seconded that the "piece of cotton" should be returned to the donor after it had been exhibited at "so much per look" at the reception. History doesn't reveal who thought up this idea. I am glad to say, however, that Mrs. Roosevelt did have one staunch defender, Mrs. Henry C. Coke, one of the foremost society women of that era in Dallas, who un-

(Continued on page 72)

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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TEXAS HEROES

Ten Tall Texans (Naylor, $5.95) by Daniel James Kubiak is a revised edition of a 1967 book and includes a chapter on the contributions of Mexican-Americans to the fight for liberty and Texas Independence. Kubiak, member of the Texas Legislature, and past president of the Texas State Teachers Association, has been honored for portraying Texas and its past to young readers. *Ten Tall Texans* includes biographical sketches of Houston, Zavalla, Austin, Navarro, Milam, Crockett, Bowie, Seguin and Travis. In addition, a chapter is devoted to Andrea Castanon Candelaria, the woman innkeeper near the Alamo, who survived Mexican victory at that historic spot. This book will add much to adult libraries and will be useful to students studying the heritage of Texas.

NEGRO FOLK TALES

"Certain critical readers with a right to an opinion regard Martha Emmons as the foremost master of Negro dialect that Texas has produced" wrote J. Frank Dobie in his notes on contributors to *Straight Texas*, the 1937 publication of the Texas Folklore Society. Miss Emmons was president of the Society in 1969 and her *Deep Like the River, Stories of My Negro Friends* (Encino Press, $5.00) is Number Four in the Society's series, Paisano Books. In her foreword Miss Emmons explains that she has reduced the amount of dialect in the stories told her by her friends but has retained enough to keep the flavor. With this your reviewer agrees—the stories are delightful. Recommended.

HUTCH ON GENE

Beyond the Desert (University of Nebraska Press, $1.80) is a Bison Book (#363) reprint of a novel by Eugene Manlove Rhodes. It is a fine novel on a subject dear to the heart of most Westerners—the search for pure water. However the important thing about this edition is the fine introduction by W. H. Hutchinson, our greatest (Gene) Rhodes scholar and a member of the Chico State College faculty in California. It alone is worth the money but there is more—a front cover illustration by W. H. D. Koerner, noted Western artist. A bargain.

FIGHTING BULLS!

We give excellent credits to Eduardo Bonet, Luis Fernandez Salcedo et al for their spectacular book *Bulls and Bullfighting—History, Techniques, Spectacle* (Crown Publishers, Inc. $12.50). The instructive narrative is enlivened with 560 dramatic illustrations, 510 of which are in color. The fourteen authors bring to the book a depth of information that covers the theoretical origin of the genus Bos; probably auroch ancestors of Spanish fighting bulls; bull fighting origins in ancient Egypt and Rome; myths and legends; the skillful breeding, selecting, feeding and training of the toros; the hierarchy of bull fighters; the tedious labor of learning the art of bull fighting; customs of the bull ring; and combat between torero and toro, which the bull sometimes wins. The major public focus naturally is on the matador, bull and a few ring assistants but a featured strength of this book is the basic background about the little known people who do the footwork required to put on the show. These skilled authors have left little unsaid about the breeders and staff who produce and select the mettlesome bulls for the arena; the reader is informed about irksome repetitious tasks inherent in the training of toros and toreros; and they describe the work of numerous arena personnel responsible for managing bulls and spectators. Included are the first official rules printed in English, a bibliography, glossary and index. Excellent.

WHEELS!

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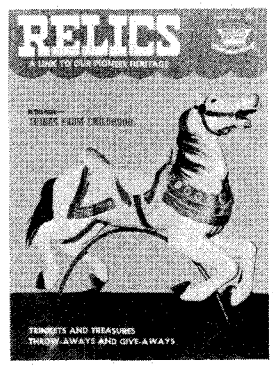

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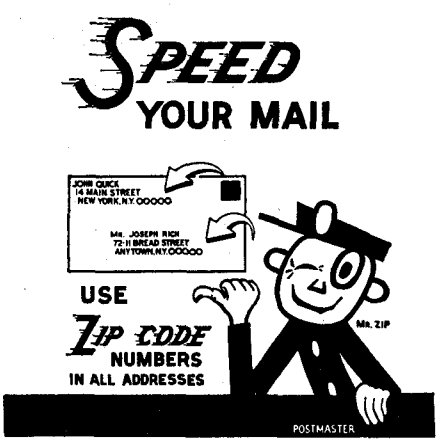

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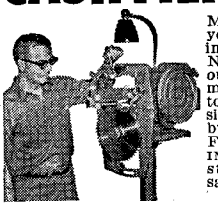

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 68)

hesitatingly spoke her mind and made this statement:

"I regret what has happened. I do not consider that Mrs. Roosevelt received fair play. I don't believe she really knew what she was doing in the kindergarten matter; don't believe she understood what was wanted or what was in contemplation as an entertainment. I hope the decision to return the handkerchief will not be carried out."

Later she was to remark: "It seems as though I were about the only woman at the meeting who would, or did, speak in defense of Mrs. Roosevelt. Those who criticised her the most severely were Northern women led by Mrs. Sharp, herself a Northern woman; in fact, practically all the severe talk was from Northern women. Mrs. Calloway, however, who wrote the letters to Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Davis, is a Northern woman but she was not present at the meeting, being ill at home. I believe she would have defended Mrs. Roosevelt. I have lived in Texas all my life and as a Southern woman I wish Mrs. Roosevelt had been treated more graciously."

Today, nearly seventy years later, those who read the life of Mrs. Edith Kermit Carow Roosevelt, wife of Theodore Roosevelt, 26th President of the United States whose terms of office spanned the years 1901 to 1909, may also be as charitable as Mrs. Henry Coke.

The President himself said of her, indicating the great esteem in which he held her, "Whenever I go against her judgment, I regret it." Her picture shows her to have been a very lovely woman, whose face reflects sensitivity and charm.

Perhaps these words may throw some further light on the "handkerchief affair" when we read: "Edith Carow Roosevelt was an efficient and gracious hostess. She carefully kept out of politics. And she hired a secretary to handle White House social matters so that she could spend more time with her family."

It is very possible that Mrs. Roosevelt did not know about and never even saw the handkerchief which caused such a furor of resentment among the good ladies of Dallas, Texas. At least let's give her the benefit of the doubt.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 35)

believe it was written by a Confederate soldier. I do not know what relation, if any, the writer of this letter was to my grandmother. Her maiden name was Spence. Her first husband was Benjamin Glass; her second, a man named Green. She lived most of her life in or around Atlanta, Georgia.

Camp Pritchard
May 11, 1862

"My dear Wife:

"I am proud of the opportunity of writing you this pleasant Sabbath evening to let you know I am not very well, but I feel better than I did last night. I think it is cold I have taken from exposure being out in the night and the nights are very cool and the days hot. If it were not for the wind stirring nearly all the time we would suffocate. It is very dry and dusty; the sand is about shoe mouth deep. We have a great deal of sickness in our camp. The flu is raging fatal. We have had two deaths in the Legion since I came. Several are now in the hospital; none of our Company is dangerous. Lieut. Barber and David Cavender is worst of any in our Company.

"The *Telegraph News* to Hardeeville yesterday evening says that Beaureguard has fought the great battle at Corrinth that has been expected. He whipped them and is still persuing them. The slaughter is greater than Manassas. No mail comes here today and we have not heard anything more. We will get a correct account of it tomorrow.

"Also, we have achieved another victory in Virginia. I do not think we will have any fighting to do at this place. Some think we will go to Tennessee, but none of us knows time.

"Write how you are getting along with your new ground; also who you bought your cow from; if she is a good cow. I have sent you fifty-nine dollars. I sent nine dollars by Jesse R. Duke to Dahlonega. I want you to do the best you can in my absence. I will assist you all that I can. I will disfurnish myself to do all for you I can. I have wrote to Father to go up at camp meeting and carry you down to meeting. I want you to go if you can. As I have but little to write you, you need not be surprised to receive a short letter with my promise that I will write more the next time.

"Goodbye for the present.—George W. Vaughn"

If any of your readers can identify any of the persons mentioned in the letter, or for that matter the location of Camp Pritchard or Hardeeville, I would greatly appreciate it.—J. T. McKissick, USNAVCOMMSTA, Box 120, FPO San Francisco, California 96630

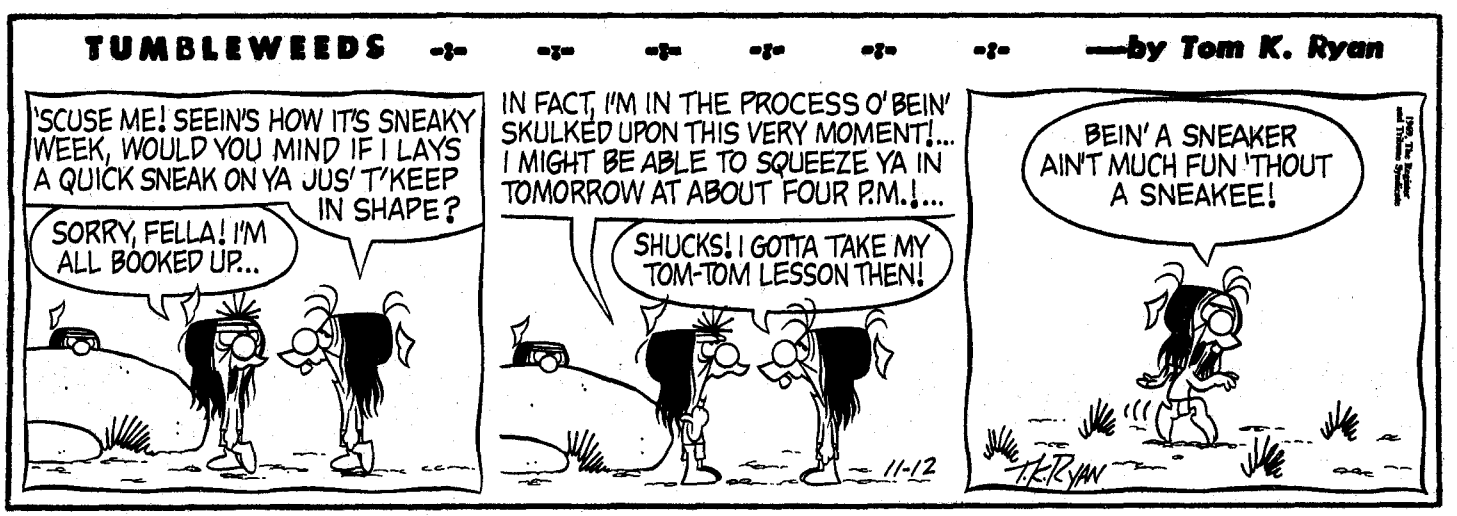
Frank Tedford

My uncle, Frank Tedford, was born in Plattsburgh, New York in 1874 and lived there until about 1900. He visited his brothers, Samuel and Robert, in Little Falls, Minnesota in the summer of 1911 and was then planning to go West. This was the last time he was seen. He was not married at this time, and his family included his parents, Robert and Sarah Colvon Tedford, the two brothers mentioned, and three in Plattsburgh, John, William and Sheridan.

Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Cleneth Tedford, Route 4, Box 197, Little Falls, Minnesota 56345

McCoy-Cooper-Eddy-Myers

I would like to hear from McCoy, Cooper or Eddy families in or around Texas, Arkansas or Louisiana; also, a Bill (Doc) Myers, whom I knew in Texarkana in 1934. We came to South Gate, California together. He had a sister and brother-in-law named Goldie and Ernie in South Gate and Huntington Park in 1934 and 1935. I am now the lost sheep and would like to hear from some of my old friends.—L. S. McCoy, Mar Adel Hotel, 313 N. Main St., Elsinore, California 92330



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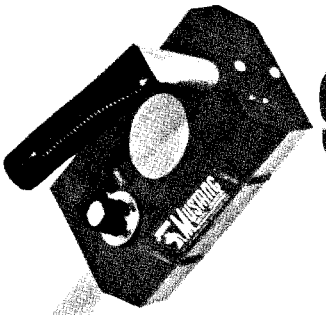

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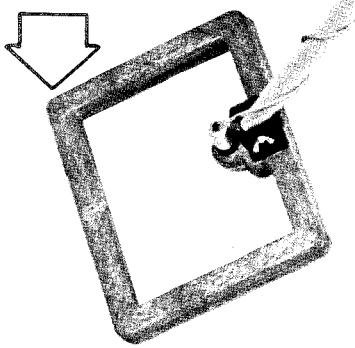

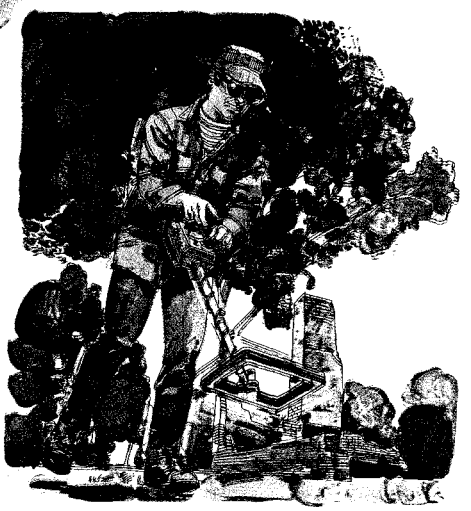

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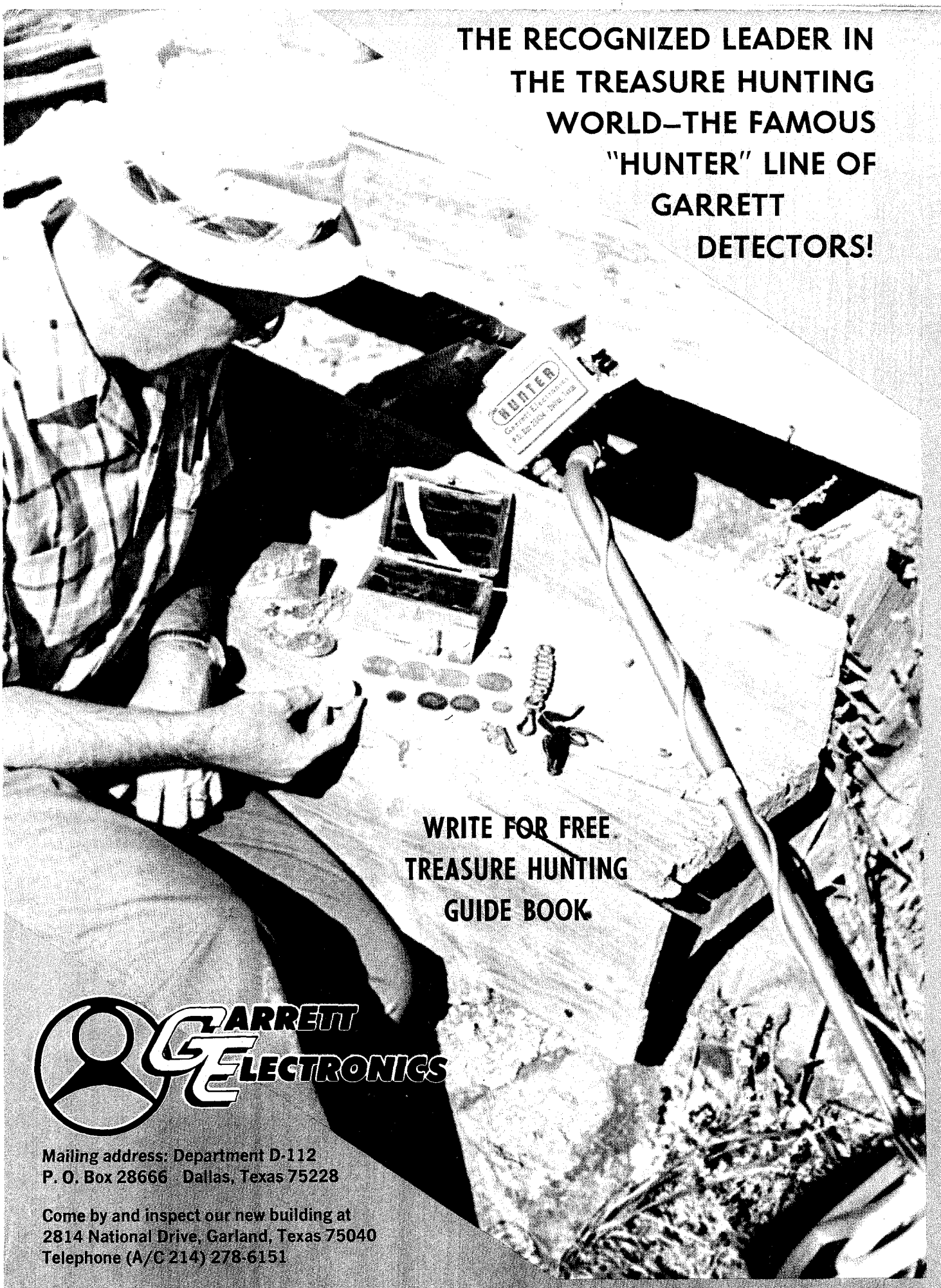

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